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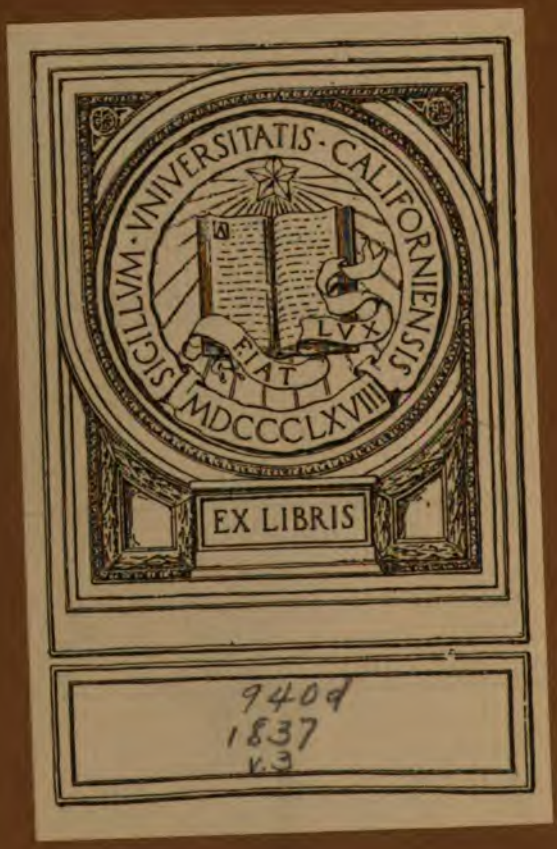
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Daniel R Russell

Jackson

Mississippi

June 18th 1840

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Daniel R. Russell
Jackson
June 1840

THE WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

COMPLETE

IN THREE VOLUMES.

EMBRACING

THE WHOLE OF THE "SPECTATOR," &c

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THE TATLER.

No. 20.] *Thursday, May* 26, 1709.

THOUGH the theatre is now breaking, it is allowed still to sell animals there; therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them inquire of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of May-Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox: and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, so famous for her ingenious Puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop, under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me, with a sigh, that, despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as sentry to a brandy-shop. The great revolutions of this nature, bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was at the height of its bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

> I was born of royal race,
> Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian.

> *Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono*
> *Ei per sono*
> *Inventurata Pastorella*———

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

"My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen, who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw, was a journeyman tailor, and his first minister of state a coffee-man. The empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an ale-house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobbler did his part to a miracle; but, upon inquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital: For as here they do not think the profession of an actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profession that in their opinion so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your playhouses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulledge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen, a player: and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen."

No. 42.] *Saturday, July* 16, 1709.

———*Celebrare Domestica Facta.*

THIS is to give notice, that a magnificen-palace, with great variety of gardens, stat

tues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-Lane; where there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esq. who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

The Inventory.

Spirits of right Nants brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow, in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds, after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new-moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogsheads sent over last winter.

A coach, very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting-sun, a penny-worth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signior Valentini.

A basket-hilt sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar, killed by Mrs. Tofts, and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl, to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D——is's directions, little used.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish Bassa.

The complexion of a murderer, in a band-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of clothes for a ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-masques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree: all bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's scimitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Œdipus and the Earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberts, sheep-hooks, cardinals' hats, turbans, drums, gallypots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind, blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in each line, and, according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, to draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing, that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Post-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

No. 75.] *Saturday, October* 1, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasant conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffes, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's Epistles. That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Aciliano plurimum vigoris et industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi præmium dari.

"Acilianus is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications, that, I think, ought by no means to be over-

looked, and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say, without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of King Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaffe. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph (for that was his name) was, for this reason, married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and fair. The issue of this match, with the help of his shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure, until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework, and fine skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident, in the reign of Richard the Third, the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with a hump-back, and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighborhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; his eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and a half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of Henry the Seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the Eighth.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffe's fell down insensibly into chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle-shanks, and cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs, till Sir Walter Bickerstaffe married Maud the milkmaid, of whom the then Garter king at arms (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, "That she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions."

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon mens' minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jackpudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into a house, and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-staff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a wit, and provided, that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's nightcap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh, to see me often with my spectacles on lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets.

As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of city, town, or country; crea-

tures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention, and a certain unthinking sharpness, in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great-grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenhat says, he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: there is scarce such a living creature as a True Briton. We sit down, indeed, all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, "The kingdom is his own." A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, "He will dispute that with him." A Norman tells them both, "He will assert his liberty:" And a Welshman cries, "They are all foreigners, and intruders of yesterday," and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousin-germans. For which reason I say, "Study your race, or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or 'squires, or run up into wits or madmen."*

No. 81.] *Saturday, October* 15, 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique pii Vates & Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.—*Virg.*

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature, which was not made in a human figure, could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it, a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three sirens, clothed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn; some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pen-

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

cils; some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs. In short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good demon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his council without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: and I observed, that most of the artisans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turnings and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths which run about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood a hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, "Death." The spectre that guarded the other road, was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but, by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than death itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breath a delicious kind of ether, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which showed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: it had four great folding doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions, a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good demon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of a

homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer, brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all (except Sallust) appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians who attempted, says he, to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman, (pointing to Polybius,) who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The Carthaginian took his seat; and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, "That whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians." Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself, and was heard to say, "That since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly:" upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar vacant, he took possession of it; and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit; to which he added, "That the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table." Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered with a great deal of seeming temper: but as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or a nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves, which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent, in his behaviour; and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, "That they did not know whom they dismissed, that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy." "That may be very true, (said Socrates;) but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time." This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I observed a cone or cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide for variety to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimeras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full. At the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club. On his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas. On his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason. The lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaffe: but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, "If they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood."

"* While I was transported with the hon-

* This last paragraph was written by Sir R. Steel.

our that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and living."

No. 86.] *Thursday, October 27, 1709.*

From my own Apartment, October 25.

When I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter.

Octob. 24.

"SIR,—I have orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Bart. to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knt. Thomas Rentfree, Esq. justice of the *quorum*, Andrew Windmill, Esq. and Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine tomorrow morning, being Tuesday the 25th of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand of so many persons of quality coming, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

"Sir, your most humble servant,

"JOHN THRIFTY."

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well, to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who, perhaps, had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple 'Squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs, (by the steward's letter,) and fixed my tea equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, "Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:" and another voice, "Nay, good Sir Giles ——" I looked out from my window, and saw the good company, all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The Knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right-hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The steward, in the rear, whispered the young Templer, "That is true, to my knowledge." I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the 'Squire to sit down before the Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: but I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. "Well, (said I,) gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea." They answered one and all, "That they never drank tea in the morning." "Not in the morning!" said I, staring round me. Upon which, the pert jackanapes, Dick Doubt, tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward, in his boots and whip, proposed, that we should adjourn to some public-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant; and Sir Harry filed off from the left very discreetly, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple 'Squire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the *Quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals, made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us, under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer-Lane; the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the simple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, "That he thought it hard that a common conjuror should take

place of him, though an elder 'squire." In this order we marched down Sheer-Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple-Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street: however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben. Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. "No! (said Sir Harry;) than take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house." Here the Templer tipped me a second wink; and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed, after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third; after which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me, in a low voice, "That the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning, at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him."——*

No. 88.] *Tuesday, November* 1, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

I WAS this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house, and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, saucy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had, for an hour together, made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs, with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man looking with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaked it off. He used the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked me, what I thought: I whispered, that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him, if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say, with great civility, and good mien, "That he hoped he had not disturbed us." I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, "It was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration." I answered, "That I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe." He seemed concerned at that, and told me, "He was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France." He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, that no articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

No. 90.] *Saturday, November 5, 1709.*

——————Amoto quæramus seria ludo. *Hor.*

THE joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked a hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed, that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows, of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion, with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato; and to show the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of Love in the following manner.

"At the birth of Beauty (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: among the rest, was the god Plenty, who was the son of the goddess Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time, an unhappy female, called Poverty, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it, in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was Jupiter's garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves, what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who should it be but Love. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of Plenty, (who was the offspring of Prudence,) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the son of Poverty, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the father he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: by the mother he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god: and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying."

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it. The supposing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty, the parentage of Plenty, and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in Spencer.

No. 93.] *Saturday, November 12, 1709.*

"DEAR SIR,—I believe this is the first letter that was ever sent you from the middle region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects that you can imagine, and have several pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemagne, or King Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself; they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musquet-proof until about fifty, they bring home the money thy have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the

gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me, by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the style of this letter a little extraordinary; but the Rehearsal will tell you, 'that people in clouds must not be confined to speak sense;' and I hope we that are above them, may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be,

"Sir, your most obedient,
"Most humble servant."

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I had several hints and advertisements, from unknown hands, that some who are enemies to my labours, design to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the disturbance my lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly: I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the dancing-master, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him? But I answered, his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of necessity. My late treatises against duels have so far disobliged the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to show me so much as one pass. I am therefore obliged to learn by book, and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all sorts of men, from eight feet to three feet two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life, or to take advantage of his breadth: therefore, I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault, than he has of me: for, to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch, by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed, I have writ against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses, I have not ever said, that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel, if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up with no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all hot young fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they stare at me, with their hats cocked higher than other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general, to look kindly at me; for I will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.*

No. 97.] *Tuesday, November* 22, 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque reornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ cursum sequi vellent.
Tul. Offic.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper (commonly known by the name of idleness) which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzic. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Pleasure, making their court to Hercules, under the appearances of two beautiful women.

"When Hercules (says the divine moralist) was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage,) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

'My dear Hercules, (says she,) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasures, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.'

"Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, 'My friends, and those who are acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.'

"By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

'Hercules, (says she,) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proof of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth; that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them: if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness.'

"The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: 'You see, (said she,) Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas, that which I propose, is short and easy.'

'Alas! (said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity,) What are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, to drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age. As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.'

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of a heathen; but am particularly pleased with

the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embryos show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about, as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

No. 100.] *Tuesday, November* 29, 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.—*Virg.*

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I WAS last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood,) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent ether, as made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned, and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that expresssion,) without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects. For on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasures to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature, and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet. I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess, the wildness of imagination (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a shadow hovering in the midst of a great glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might have been the angel or intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendours that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have all the species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, "That all titles, and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner." Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their ten-

ure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth, which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped; though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils. The light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called the Mount of Restitution; to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were plums, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most, was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe, from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was isssued out, requiring all children "to repair to their true and natural fathers." This put a great part of their assembly in motion: for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask a blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many under vows of celibacy appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, "That all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities and perfection." The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendour of the mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that were exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of virtue; in the second, the men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into their ranks, which they did not do at last, without the positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest genius, and strongest sense, were placed at the head of the column; behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the first station in the column of knowledge; but the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but lacqueys of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisted of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the front, at which the other shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught

made out of each column, of men who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit, unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the sur-sounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellences, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.

No. 101.] *Thursday, December* 1, 1709.

——Postquam fregit subsellia versu
Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.—*Juv.*

From my own Apartment, November 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury, but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen—But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing, therefore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth £150 *per annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day,) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of table-talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other mens' land. From the beginning of November till the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country: but sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon strange and lamentable accidents. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for his great and bloody news from Flanders in June and July. Poor Tom! He is gone—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and lament, that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic artisans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble inquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have a pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper

forms. The purchase of a handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandise, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit; how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings brought her in a very considerable dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the copy of which was sold for £2500.

I do not speak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great learning and virtue, cannot qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the Memoirs of Sir William Temple published in the same character and volume with the History of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a day.*

No. 102.] *Saturday, December* 3, 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 2.

A continuation of the Vision.

The male world were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, was so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important affair among womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others, of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others, their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, "That every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful." This declaration gave great satisfaction to the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might show their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddess, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased when they heard, that, in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking-glass.

The goddess then let down the mirror of truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended, and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which

* Sir Richard Steel joined in this paper.

were made entirely conformable to their real characters In short, the most accomplished (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddess so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in such different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror: multitudes started at their own form, and would have broken the glass, if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied she saw a fury in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a harpy; and the subtle jilt, a sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time, had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest master-pieces of nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprised at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a syren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I thought the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right-hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream, (but I cannot forbear relating it:) I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images, should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and the widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which have slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the goddess pronounced was, "That all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction, should lose the use of speech;" a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and (what should be the end of all punishments) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of ——. I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters; but, by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes; a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, "That all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it." This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at the want of utterance, though at the same time (as afflictions seldom come single) many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair ones either dumb or big-bellied: but I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, that a woman's first child might come into the world within six months

after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last till fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his Paradise Lost, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in the creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

——Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

No. 103.] *Tuesday, December* 6, 1709.

——Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala, derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.
Hor.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction, than a sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort-Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

"You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without lett or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button; in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

"ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE."

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber keeper upon court days. He let me know, that there were a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to set upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

"To Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

"The humble Petition of Simon Trippet,

"Showeth,

"That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

"That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

"That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

"That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success, if it be taken from him.

"Your petitioner therefore hopes that (the premises tenderly considered) your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

"And your petitioner shall ever, &c."

Upon hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when, upon observing him nearer, I found he was a prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in a week, and so abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court; and setteng forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses, who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the

weakness of his arms, and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off with great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. Thomas Smith, of King-street, (my own corn-cutter,) who attended in an outward room; and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occasion of it, my doorkeeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively, fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. It is well known (says he) we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life. Upon which, I asked him, "Whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive?" My young lawyer immediately told me, "He had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: (and further said,) that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land." I did not care to discourage a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their licences, upon paying their fees; and many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well dressed man, with a glass tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read his petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass. In answer to this, I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. "As you are now, (said I,) you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes loose their force before they can come at you: you cannot distinguish a toast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty, without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others"—— My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, "Mr. Bickerstaffe, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life, to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair." In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a licence for a perspective; but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly, as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The orange-flower men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake, was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it, if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the above said Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done;

for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving in to uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger, instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cookmaid.*

No. 108.] *Saturday, December* 17, 1709.

> Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terram,
> Os homini Sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
> Jussit———— *Ovid. Met.*

Sheer-Lane, December 16.

It is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason, I frequently look in at the playhouse, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled, which would determine the fate of a hero. While I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement, there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals, and, after great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of a human creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonry. Such a nice abhorrence is not, indeed, to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either view. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who,

* Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper.

by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions, in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, till one day talking of his setting-dog, the son said, "He did not question but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family;" and in the heat of the argument, told his father, "That for his own part, he expected to die like a dog." Upon which, the old man, starting up in a very great passion, cried out, "Then, sirrah, you shall live like one;" and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the Middle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory, of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden sayings, "That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself:" and it is certain, that this licentious sort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to disappoint and undo what the most refined spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of dress, good-breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and to set it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every art and science contributes to the embellishment of life, and to the wearing off, or throwing into shades, the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning, which gives a truer and better account of this art, than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

"Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, poesy seems to endow human nature with that which history denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore seeing the acts and events, which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; poesy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merit of virtues and vices, poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of Providence: because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and mispriison in the mind of man, poesy cheereth and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shows of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherishes the soul of man, joined also with consort of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

No. 110.] *Tuesday, December* 22, 1709.

——Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?
Virg.

Sheer-Lane, December 21.

As soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk Mr. Lillie to read to the assembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain declaration, by way of charge to open the purpose of my session, which tended only to this explanation, "That as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law, so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason." The solicitor of the new company of upholders, near the Hay-Market, appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment,

which was in substance, "That, whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, had, by the use of one instrument, called a looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force, in the motion of her eyes, and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged, in certain papers, commonly called love letters, (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals,) that they died for the said Rebecca: and whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be, according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca."

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, "It was, indeed, true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing than dead." She further alledged, "That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed." She ended her discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words, "I die," in letters of love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing rule, "That any persons, who in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprise."

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words: "Cruel creature, I die for you." It was observable that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, "How he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man?" He told me, "He was in love with a lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method." Though I was moved with compassion towards him by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet, for example's sake, I was forced to answer, "Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit." Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, "Faith, Isaac, (said he,) thou art a very unaccountable old fellow.—Prythee, who gave thee power of life and death? What-a-pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old stiff-rump, ha?" He was going on with this insipid commonplace mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, "That he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat till twelve, smoked tobacco till one, was at dinner till two, then took another pipe, and played at backgammon till six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed." I asked him what he had to say for himself? "As to what (said he) they mention concerning Madam Frances—" I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgment; for that he the said young man held certain lands by his the said old man's life. Upon this, the solicitor of the upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that witnessed to his life and conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth, before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them both to be interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, "That the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709."

And over the young one it was said, "That he departed this world in the 25th year of his death."

The next class of criminals, were authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work, were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death, by some posthumous children, that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with an amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superanuated benchers of the inns of court, senior fellows of colleges, and defunct statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out a handsome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, "That, in pursuance of the edict of justice in one of my late visions, all those of the fair sex began to appear pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular swelling in the petticoats of several ladies in and about this great city. I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable fashion. I shall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair ladies who are now making up their winter suits, that they may abstain from all dresses of that kind, till they shall find what judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expense; and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonitions."*

No. 111.] *Saturday, December* 24, 1709.

———Procul O! Procul este profani! *Virg.*

Sheer-Lane, December 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of "Good morrow, Mr. Bickerstaffe; good morrow, my masters all." The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious: and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being? What were the perfections it should propose to itself? And, what the end it should aim at? My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of the wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our bellman began his midnight homily, (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years,) with the usual exordium,

Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakspeare, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, say they, no spirit dares walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time

This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain instances, that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of virtue than the present.

It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection to consider, that the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of principles, and a falling off from those schemes of thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

extirpate common sense, and propagate infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of wit, learning, or reason, publish their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the scriptures, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave disputant, that reads, and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world, that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to a civil society, and a defamer of mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of deist, atheist, or free-thinker, in three different lights; in his solitude, his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man, that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependance and harmony by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and subject to as total a mortality as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is passed, or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and a halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach of death.

About thirty years ago I was on shipboard with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rolling of the ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain, that he had been a vile atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his estate. The good man was astonished; and a report immediately ran through the ship, that there was an atheist upon the upper deck. Several of the common seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprised when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, "That he never believed till that day that there was a God." As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, "That it would be a good deed to heave him overboard." But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, as we were gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in such high terms, that it produced the lie on both sides, and ended in a duel. The atheist was run through the body, and, after some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall, therefore, from time to time, give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, "That a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all." For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting; as Pugh! Pish! and the like. As I am a layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wise and good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient families of Bickerstaffes, I never call a man of merit an upstart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to hate a stranger, or despise a poor Palatine.*

* Sir Richard Steel assisted in this paper.

No. 114.] *Saturday, December* 31, 1709.

Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.

Plin. Epist.

Sheer-Lane, December 30.

I was walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the 17th of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst into tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, "Child, how does your father do? He began to reply, "My mother"—— but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying; and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, "Who (he said) would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him." The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performance of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the charracter of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief, for the loss of one who had ever been the support of him under all other afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow? We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret satisfaction, to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party-disptutes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that, instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, not altogether to be contemned, but rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me, turned away his face, and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow, according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bed-side: and what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the bed-side, she told me, with a low broken voice, "This is kindly done—— Take care of your friend——Do not go from him." She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn to pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bedside. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence: for I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles, relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: "I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies, (*necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris,*) the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief."

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described

by Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing; and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen: which I the rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said in his preface to Juvenal, "That he could meet with no turn of words in Milton."

It may further be observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it.*

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

No. 116.] *Thursday, January 5, 1709.*

———Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.—*Ovid.*

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

The court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the Petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that, upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it; by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly: and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face, as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left hand. "My pretty maid, (said I,) do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl I found had good sense, and told me, with a smile, "That, notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women." I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of the pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pully to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction, as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the Petticoat were now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the met-

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

aphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads, had more in the semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which, according to Sir William Petty, (supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff,) would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was represented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up. At this, all the company who were present, lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whalebone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which they insinuated, might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse,) had I not considered the great and additional expense which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of until some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I showed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, that since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had (instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns) cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but to show that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow gentlewoman, who has five daughters, desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood that (while I discard this monstrous invention) I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished then the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan, shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

No. 117.] *Saturday, January 7, 1709.*

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.—*Virg.*

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

When I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of those blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply in-

stances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such a humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass, the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendour of success, I close my book, and am a happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: for in this kind of writings, we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished, and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, (if I may so speak,) we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man considered as a hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country; and the embrace she gave him, nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are, indeed, some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in a case like hers. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be turned into a stock or stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. Give me, therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth, in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff, with a prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, "It is not in the power of heaven to relieve me!" when I awaked, equally transported and astonished,

to see myself drawn out of an affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded,) inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessary; whereas her decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-Cliff, in Shakspeare's Tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, Sir, here's the place. Stand still! How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast ones eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her boat; her boat, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles beat)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn.

No. 119.] *Thursday, January* 12, 1709.

In tenui labor.———— *Virg*

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myself with much satisfaction to the curious discoveries that have been made by the help of microscopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this world of wonders, which nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the visible creation, and began to want objects for her inquiries, when the present age, by the invention of glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our forefathers. I was yesterday amusing myself with speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that swim in those little seas of juices that are contained in the several vessels of a human body. While my mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great heathen anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of a human body, "A hymn to the Supreme Being." The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt, whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good genius stood at my bed's-head, and entertained me with the following discourse; for, upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

"If (said he) you can be so transported with those productions of nature which are discovered to you by those artificial eyes that are the works of human invention, how great will your surprise be, when you shall have it in your power to model your own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception! We who are unbodied spirits, can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the creation distinct and visible. This gives us such ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present conceptions. There is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new wonders of Providence, as we look into the different texture of its parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, mineral and metallic mixtures, and several kinds of animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless fund of matter. I find you are surprised at this discourse; but as your reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microscopes bring to sight shoals of living creatures in a spoonful of vinegar; but we, who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge Leviathans, that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible giants, accompanied with their respective dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings are of a human shape. "You may assure yourself (said he) that we see in these little animals different natures, instincts, and modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in creatures of bigger dimensions. We descry millions of species subsisted on a green leaf, which your glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as a hair or down rising on the surface of it, we find to be woods and forests, inhabited by beasts of prey, that are as dreadful in those their haunts, as lions and tigers in the deserts of Libya." I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural history of imperceptibles, containing a true account of such vegetables and animals as grow and

live out of sight. "Such disquisitions (answered he) are very suitable to reasonable creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious spirits amongst us who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses, may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a mite, and have seen the skeleton of a flea. I have been shown a forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope can show you in it a complete oak in miniature; and could you suit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible (added he) to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a dog opened, to observe the circulation of the blood, or make any other useful inquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little animals which we find in the blue of a plum: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the heart, the course of the blood, the working of the muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs, with great accuracy and improvement." "I must confess, (said I,) for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of human nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute animals, (though, indeed, no less wonderful than the other,) but in that of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the Horse and the Crocodile." "Your observation (said he) is very just; and I must acknowledge, for my own part, that, although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the creation in their immensity, than in their minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one confused white in the milky-way, appears to me a long tract of heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them."

The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up, and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good genius or a dream that left me.

No. 120.] *Saturday, January*, 14, 1709.

——Velut silvis, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille sinistrorsùm, hic dextrorsùm abit —*Hor.*

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of considering any particular passion or character in any one set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to lust, middle-age to ambition, old age to avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whither it would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves 'The band of lovers.' I found, to my great surprise, that several old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company. As I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to the band of misers, and were

walking up the path of Avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every man singled out some woman to whom he offered his addresses, and professed himself a lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleasing grottos, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other, in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a man pursuing a fine woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular, that several persons who stood only at the end of the avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often catched them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful; and that some of my own age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderness, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, catched them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called the Labyrinth of Coquettes; where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the several follies of those that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the fair ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to surrender to the first partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them, I saw the same great road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the multitude who had been dispersed amongst the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that stood before us. The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous love, and could not be entered but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single, and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the back-side of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, and the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Discretion; and of the other, Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance of this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity, who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot.

The name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have a haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon inquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called The Temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half man, half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak, and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

"Sir,—On Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love: if you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the bills, that it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. and question not but it will bring me as great an audience, as ever was at the house since the Morocco ambassador was there.

I am
(With the greatest respect)
Your most obedient,
And most humble servant,
THOMAS DOGGET."

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of censor, I returned the following answer.

"Mr. Dogget,—I am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right-hand box over the pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.

No. 121.] *Tuesday, January 12, 1709.*

———Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.—*Juv.*

From my own Apartment, January 12.

I was recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending to matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears: however, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, "If her lady had any commands for me?" She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, "that their family was in very great affliction." I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them. She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to

consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here she curtsied, and looking first at the cur, and then on me, said, indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty,) her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing, that the best as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them, I proceeded accordingly: "Pray, Madam, (said I,) can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?" "Sir, (said she,) we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to attend him: she was recommended to our family by one that my lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but—" "Good Madam, (said I,) you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this girl." "No, no, Sir, (said she,) begging your pardon; but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl, after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he catched cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my lady have slept a wink." "Has he (said I) taken any thing?" "No, (said she:) but my lady says, he shall take any thing that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits powder, or the cold bath. Poor Cupid (continued she) has always been phthisical: as he lies under something like a chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a consumption." I then asked her, "if she had brought any of his water to show me." Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, "I am afraid, Mr. Bickerstaffe, you are not serious; but if you have any receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my mistress is not to be comforted." Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer; and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner: "I have considered the nature of the distemper, and the constitution of the patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it safest to put him into a course of kitchen physic. In the mean time, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make Cupid his own druggist; for which reason I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call *album Græcum*." Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and, indeed, I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves in every thing to the humours and passions of their mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of sense, to superiority of condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathising with her mistress in her follies, to fall a railing at her. "You cannot imagine, (said she,) Mr. Bickerstaffe, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this ugly cur: if he dies, we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a parrot last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water; though every one in the family says, she was as innocent of the bird's death as the babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very morning, that if Cupid should die, she would send the poor innocent wench I was telling you of, to Bridewell, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the Old Bailey, for putting water into her milk. In short, she talks like any distracted creature."

"Since it is so, young woman, (said I,) I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary;" and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those evils and distresses that are necessary or natural to human life, I find my task growing upon me, since by these accidental cares, and acquired calamities, (if I may so call them,) my patients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of love, as husbands, or children, such virgins have exactly at such a year, grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our sex as theirs. A Roman emperor had so very great an esteem for a horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a consul; and several moderns, of that rank of men, whom we call country 'squires, will not scruple to kiss their hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their wives, that they had rather salute a favourite of the

pack, than the finest woman in England. These voluntary friendships between animals of different species, seem to arise from instinct: for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the 'squire and the hound, to be of the same nature with that between the lion and the jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a Turkish emperor. His horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his life who had preserved the emperor's.

*** By reason of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the fardingal till the 20th of February next ensuing.

No. 122.] *Thursday, January* 19, 1709.

Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti? *Mart.*

From my own Apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought necessary that I (who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age) should give an account of my actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the play on *Monday last, is looked upon as a step in my conduct which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true, in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box, which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up to do him honour, a respect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I must confess, that the universal clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I should be ungrateful at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shown to me by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts after a most ingenuous and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me, that the company of upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the Haymarket, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care, during the whole play, to observe the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual spectator in public diversions of this nature. Every one should, on these occasions, show his attention, understanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a gentleman as much by his laugh as his bow. When we see the footman and his lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his understanding and taste, the regard to virtue ought to be the same, in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profession of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When therefore we see any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason, I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy (which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents) received with a universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylades and Orestes, on the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to show friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

* A person dressed for Isaac Bickerstaffe did appear at the playhouse on this occasion.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice, in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

"Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, how much we have; not from whence, or by what means we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my own part, let me be rich, O, ye gods! or let me die. The man dies happily who dies increasing his treasure. There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends."

The audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begged the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a speech so impious, as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience.

It is very natural for an author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell stories; for which reason, I must beg the reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment and virtue of a whole audience in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither out of a desire to see him.

On which occasion, it is recorded of him, that he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and, without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of his play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was, that gave this divine heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hyppolytus, who, when he was pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, "That he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart." Had a person of a vicious character made such a speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the baseness of his thoughts: but such an expression out of the mouth of the virtuous Hyppolytus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my vision.

No. 123.] *Saturday, January* 21, 1709.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.—*Hor.*

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A continuation of the Vision.

With much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of law-givers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were so contrived, that we could not see the Temple of Honour by reason of the Temple of Virtue, which stood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the other structure had received us,

she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe, in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was vailed, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the Temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it upon the very same model; but at my approach of it, I found, that the stones were laid together without mortar, and the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to show herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and parting politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had began their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turnings and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the Temple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched into it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be Machiaval, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand. They often drank of the stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbade any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through a hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of ingots, and pyramids of money, but half naked, and shivering with cold. On his right hand was a fiend called Rapine; and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with the respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I inquired into. At the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often go up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanac before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dexterous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bobwig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who, after a short tour, brought him, in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time a person called Fraud, who sat behind a counter with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful

application of which instruments, he had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries, that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon inquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition, as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

"Oh, Poverty! (said I,) my first petition to thee is, that thou would'st never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou would'st not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, Oh, Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence."

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

No. 131.] *Thursday, February* 9, 1709.

——Sceius est jugulare falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero. *Mart.*

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work underground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmigration of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest product of the hills and vallies of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of a sloe, and draw Champaign from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

Incultisque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva,

"The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn,"

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of Northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury not only to Her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war; but these gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the court with great eloquence, "That this new corporation of druggists had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the college of physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure." He accused some of giving all their customers cholics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthfulest men in the city, provided that their constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the brains of the English nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late pamphlets, speeches and sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain satirist, whom he had discovered to be the author of a lampoon, by a manifest taste of the sloe, which showed itself in it by much roughness, and little spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats and animosities that reign among us; and, in particular, asserted, most of the modern enthusiasms and agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated port.

The council for the brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprised at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable advocate had little to say in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a necessity of making claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, "That the lands in Herefordshire were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war."

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then showed me on the right hand one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his colouring of any vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a glass of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it passed into a florid Hermitage; and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep Pontack. This ingenious virtuoso seeing me very much surprised at his art, told me, "That he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his colouring: but that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage." He added, "That he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the cider of one apple take only a vermilion, when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor." He informed me also, "That he could hit the different shades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the rose, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, perry or white port, to work in."

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a scarlet-dyer.

The artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet stepped out, and asked me, "What I would be pleased to drink?" At the same time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glass, and told me, "That it should be what I pleased to call for;" adding very learnedly, "That the liquor before him was as the naked substance or first matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what accidents or form they pleased." Finding him so great a philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right Bordeaux. "Coming, coming, Sir," said he, with the air of a drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tastes, and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little cruet that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glass of white wine, presented it to me, and told me, "This was the wine over which most of the business of the last term had been dispatched." I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drug which he held up in his cruet as the quintessence of English Bourdeaux, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for, notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than a kind of assassins and murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that

time; with a particular request, "That they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time."

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogsheads of the best stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

No. 133.] *Tuesday, February* 14, 1709.

Dum tacent, clamant.—*Tull.*

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the northern regions of the world, that silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervor, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and, after a little pause, recovered themselves again, as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methought this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any of the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. Ulysses, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of departed heroes, makes his submission to him with a humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb sullen majesty, and such a silence, as (to use the words of Longinus) had more greatness in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the poet, doubtless, imitates this silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas finding among the shades of despairing lovers, the ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of Venice Preserved, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation of past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the wheel, by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an idea of such a complicated distress in the actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers to give rules and directions for proper silences, as for penning a whisper: but it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly surprise, admiration, astonishment, nay, rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the play stand for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable suspense during the silence of a skilful actor.

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether divine. When one considers this subject only in its sublimity, this great instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to show the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a gener-

ous, or (if possible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind. And I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men of antiquity, I do not so much admire them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleasure a legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our own or any country has produced: after having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate, in the usual form, he adds, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen, after some time be passed over."

At the same time that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon silence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the Aposiopesis, called an *Etcætera*, it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an *&c.*

No. 146.] *Thursday, March* 16, 1709.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu et cæca magnaque cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.—*Juv.*

From my own Apartment, March 15.

Among the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another (who I believe is serious) complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who has buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities: many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot; and many a hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running-horse, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels; the one filled with blessings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that, as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature, with the presiding deities, did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunderbolts. The stars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the

several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right hand of Jupiter as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities, of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up till the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but, instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age: wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprise to the three sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldest sister presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

"O, Jupiter! (says she,) we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee, that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beside thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed."

No. 147.] *Saturday, March* 18, 1709.

——————Ut ameris amabilis esto.

From my own Apartment, March 17

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body: as by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burthensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit, that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when

one is engaged in the reading of him: and this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

"Juno, (says Homer,) seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in ambrosia, which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odour, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. "For (says the goddess) I would make use of them to reconcile the two deities who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at present, are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed." Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the cestus which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom till she accomplished her intention. This cestus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, desire, fondness of speech and conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

"Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came as by accident into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty as when he first stole to her embraces without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him till that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that (without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan, according to Juno's direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads, as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose."

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female, who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the cestus in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to avoid the appearance of being over fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of 216 hogsheads which are to be put to sale at £20 a hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house, in Exchange-alley, on the 22d instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long's vaults from the 20th instant, till the time of sale. This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a jury of men of nice palates and strong heads, who being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict till three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, "Extra—a—ordinary French claret." For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must at the same time do myself the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of brawn, and a jole of salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I

shall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers, that it may not be said hereafter my readers were better taught than fed.

No. 148.] *Tuesday, March* 21, 1709.

——Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus—— *Juv.*

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the diet of this great city, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton. This was that diet which bred the hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. I need not go up so high as the history of Guy Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a dun cow of his own killing. The renowned King Arthur is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, (which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy;) and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones, before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a professed lover of the brisket; not to mention the history of the surloin, or the institution of the order of beef-eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roast-beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary, who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that, instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time, were allowed three rumps' of beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do a beef eater in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of Daniel the historian, who takes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions, during the reigns of several of our kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great measure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricacies and ragouts.

For this reason we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry, who have been educated among the woods and mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it; as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a French ragout to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false delicates, are to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and (as the phrase is) eats well. At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me I took to be a roasted porcupine; however, I did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several hashes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I saw something like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but to my great sur-

prise, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death. I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that died such a tragical death. I was now in great hunger and confusion, when, methought, I smelled the agreeable savour of roast-beef, but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble surloin on the side-table, smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once; and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial English dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The desert was brought up at last, which, in truth, was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time, there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plumbs, disposed like so many heaps of hail-stones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them, and was half angry with the rest of the company, that, for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plumb, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house: for as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, particularly so in my food, two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenuous friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim, "That he keeps the greatest table, who has the most valuable company at it."

No. 152.] *Thursday, March* 30, 1710.

Dii, quibus Imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.—*Virg.*

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures, often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can only be matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the soul's immortality, and in reading the several notions which the wisest of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time, as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius, and elavated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of human creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to consult Tiresias how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the gods. The poet scarce introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his reader, and designs his description of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, sat him down by the Pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feasted upon the streams of his oblation. The first he knew was the shade of Elpenor, who, to show the activity of spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before Ulysses, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor (to inspire the reader with a detestation of drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead) describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulysses, that, for the repose of his soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses, with great sorrow of heart, promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghost of his own mother, Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who

he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence, and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his mother till he had consulted that great prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the empire of the dead. Tiresias having cautioned him to keep himself and his companions free from the guilt of sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promises him a safe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents his wise man, after the dispatch of his business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his mother. Her eyes were no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, "O, my son!" and inquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other hand desires to know what the sickness was that had sent her into those regions, and the condition in which she had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, they were all three inconsolable for his absence. "And as for myself, (says she,) that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body." Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied soul, in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces. "The soul (says she) is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews, but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream."

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood: "Each of them (says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity) giving me an account of her birth and family." This scene of extraordinary women seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of morality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who, at the appearance of his old friend, wept very bitterly, and, without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. "My wife (says he) has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman." The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shows, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. "Achilles (says the hero) came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus." By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles inquires after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour whilst he lay in the wooden horse. "Most of the generals (says he) that were with us, either wept or trembled: as for your son, I neither saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to

employ them against the Trojans." He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of Achilles (says the poet) was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he inquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This last circumstance of a deceased father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the sullenness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. "O that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles." The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. "Oh, Ajax! (says he,) will you keep your resentments even after death? What destruction hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who, out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them. Let me intreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you." Ajax, without making any reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that, notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hidious spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

No. 153.] *Saturday, April* 1, 1710.

Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur.
Farn. Rhet.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a concert of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupalo-painter of those times, to show the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eyes, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of humours runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great city might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these, therefore, in their order; and first of the drum.

Your drums are the blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies, overbear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The drum, notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies, who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the drum very much contributes to its noise.

The lute is a character directly opposite to the drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small concert. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a drum will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The lutanists, therefore, are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is, notwithstanding, very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are, however, very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding; a play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a ring at Hyde-park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The trumpet, however, is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a concert, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every concert. I cannot however, but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the concert, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true born Briton to be naturally a bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset-hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the bagpipe species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burthen of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that, whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an halfpenny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a concert by itself.

As for your passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrow-bone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female concert to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of drums; not to mention another of bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-Lane. The lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your hunting horns. Bass-viols are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a drum or a trumpet, a violin or a bass-viol; and accordingly, endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper; by which mixture of different musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a tabor and pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the lute; but, in spite of all my reso-

lutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the concert, by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

"DEAR ISAAC,—I intend to have a concert at my house this evening, having by great chance got a harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two lutes and a trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

"Your very faithful servant,
"NICHOLAS HUMDRUM."

No. 154.] *Tuesday, April* 4, 1710.

Obscuris vera involvens. *Virg. Æn.* 1. 6.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of Death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty, (apparitions very terrible to behold,) with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters, and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or (to use Shakspeare's phrase) the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the shades of the giant with a hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur, and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimera, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the dreams, but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy, which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book, that the souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, till they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not, however, with the infamous scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the soul's immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinions relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our divines, in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the souls of such who die without being initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed dog laid asleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but

because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends: the second, are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds, with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a re-hearing, and assigning them their several quarters, suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation: "Oh! how gladly (says he) would they now endure life with all its miseries! But the destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable." It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so frequent among the heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in every age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato, who says on this subject, "That a man is placed in his station of life like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it."

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the groundwork of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty materialized (if I may so call it) a scheme of abstracted notions, and clothed the most nice, refined conceptions of philosophy in sensible images, and poetical representations. The Platonists tell us, that the soul, during her residence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful being; a substance inflamed with lust, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: that these, and the like habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: that the torments of a vicious soul in a future state, arise principally from those importunate passions, which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that, on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds, very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the ecstacies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation, the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceased lovers.

"Not far from hence (says he) lies a great waste of plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In these there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements, and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion (says he) continues with them after death." He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene, with the shade of her first husband Sichæus.

The poet in the next place mentions another plain, that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors, as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers, who perished in the siege of Troy, as drawn up in squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notion, gives a view of the Trojan heroes, who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others, as singing pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the concert was the poet Musæus, who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to show the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together were not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes: the first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions, of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through, both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as

purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and swill themselves with the water of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consulted no author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.

No. 155.] *Thursday, April 6, 1710.*

——Aliena negotia curat
Excussus propriis.—— *Hor.*

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed to be a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matter of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest news-monger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland, than in his own family; and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke, and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer. I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, "Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?" I told him, "None, that I heard of;" and asked him, "Whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?" He told me, "No. But pray, (says he) tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the King of Sweden?" for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, "That I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age." "But pray, (says he,) do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound?" (and finding me surprised at the question,) "Nay, (says he,) I only propose it to you." I answered, "That I thought there was no reason to doubt of it." "But why in the heel, (says he,) more than any other part of the body?" "Because (says I) the bullet chanced to light there."

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north: and, after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English-Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers said upon the same subject. "The daily Courant (says he) has these words, 'We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.' Now, the Postman, (says he,) who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words; 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince, (says the upholsterer,) whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——," upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians,

who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that, by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him, that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions, which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff, and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stands neuter.

He further told us, for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extant than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When he had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but, instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the Allies, that they forget their customers.

No. 156.] *Saturday, April* 8, 1710.

—Sequiturque Patrem non passibus æquis.—*Virg.*

From my own Apartment, April 7.

We have already described out of Homer, the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young prince, who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the misery of bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may, however, observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy after the style and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The prelate in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's last judgment, where Charon and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferrymen of Styx, is admitted into the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the shade of Nabopharzon, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author having de-

scribed this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage; that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to show his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and, in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the apparitions that surrounded him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful dreams, and waking cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful dreams, an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur, and torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath a horror for: to which is added, a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. "Among these (says the author) are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others;" with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. "These crimes (says he) are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth."

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of the mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat on their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections in wich they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

"The rays of the sun (says he) are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sunbeams pass through crystal; it strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from

the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it."

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy, as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is at some time to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death, fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an hereafter can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

No. 158.] *Thursday, April* 13, 1710.

Faciunt ne intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.—*Ter.*

From my own Apartment, April 12.

Tom Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors, knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of the author, when he tells the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning, and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages, nay, though they write themselves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot, (for that is the light in which I consider every pedant,) when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found, upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author. "Ah! Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he,) you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition, (continued he;) and, after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the Æneid, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third Georgic, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down." "Perhaps, (said I,) these were not Virgil's faults, but those of the transcriber." "I do not design it (says Tom) as a reflection on Virgil: on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts reclaim against such a punctuation. O! Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he,) what would a man give to see one smile of Virgil writ in his own hand?" I asked him which was the smile he meant; but was answered, "Any smile in Virgil." He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class who are professed admirers of Tasso without understanding a word of Italian; and one, in particular, that carries a *Pastor-fido* in his pocket, in which I am sure he is ac-

quainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Geek and Latin, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and, in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trifles of antiquity, as a modern author would be contemmed for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:

> Un Pedant enyvre de sa vaine science,
> Tout herisse de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
> Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
> Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un Sot,
> Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
> La Raison ne voit goute, et le bon Sens radote.

No. 160.] *Tuesday, April* 18, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued for some time, till my maid could get herself ready to go down, and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the Upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see nobody, and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house, till I was stirring, and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up; and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home-news that every body in town would be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a tailor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the Upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows.

"MR. BICKERSTAFFE,—I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you a hundred pounds upon the great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same condition. Our

last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

"But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour I did this; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

"I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

"I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

"The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

"This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell till three o'clock to-morrow morning. I am

"Your most humble servant, &c."

"P. S. The King of Sweden is still at Bender."

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have, however, ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my mornings' rest.

No. 161.] *Thursday, April* 20, 1710.

———Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege pio.———

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called The Table of Cebes. I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench, that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, until at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling, through a great variety of winter scenes, until I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of Snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a paradise amidst the wildness of those cold, hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the Goddess of Liberty; whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south-side of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turns and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them, and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them, beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of

her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a tract of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddess sat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the cap of liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others, and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, The Ides of March.

On the right-hand of the goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British Monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet: her countenance had in it a very great majesty, without any mixture of terror: her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several arts and sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them, in particular, made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependant goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and, in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty; of the second, Commerce. The first leaned her right-arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not encumbered with fences and enclosures; till at length, methought I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that presented several objects to my sight, which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of trees, which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high till they are out of sight; and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers, to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Æthiopian; Ignorance with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with fleurs-de-lis. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a misshapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar, in this quarter were so very great, that it disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awakened me.

No. 162.] *Saturday, April* 22, 1710.

Tertius è Cœlo cecidit Cato. *Juv. Sat.* 2.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

In my younger years I used many endea-

vours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my pursuits till I arrived at my grand climacteric: but at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of Censor of Great Britain, reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments, as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These, in truth, have not been inconsiderable; for, besides those weekly contributions which I receive from John Morphew, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censors, whom I must always regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Bickerstaffe?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was twofold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies, the Dappers and the Smarts, the Natural and Affected Rakes, the Pretty Fellows, and the Very Pretty Fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties, your Pedants and Men of Fire, your Gamesters and Politicians. I have separated Cits from Citizens, Free-thinkers from Philosophers, Wits from Snuff-takers, and Duellists from Men of Honour. I have likewise made a calculation of Esquires, not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several centuries and subdivisions.

The second part of the Roman Censor's office was to look into the manners of the people, and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or building. This duty likewise I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon ragouts and fricassees. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles of London, which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately observed several warehouses, nay, private shops, that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots showing themselves, in order to their sale, through a sash-window.

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator who had been guilty of great immoralities out of the senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new society of Upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman Censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chastised, by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into bombs, squibs, and crackers, and another into drums, bass-viols, and bagpipes; not to mention whole packs of delinquents, whom I have shut up in kennels; and the new hospital, which I am at present erecting, for the reception of those of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moorfields. I shall only observe upon this particular, that since some late surveys I have taken of this island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor, Cato the Elder, stood for the censorship of Rome, there were several other competitors who offered themselves; and, to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that office. Cato,

on the contrary, told them, he presented himself as a candidate, because he knew the age was sunk into immorality and corruption; and that if they would give him their votes, he would promise to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline as should recover them out of it. The Roman historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the public spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account, who, without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such generous subscriptions for the Censor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of a hundred times the value. I shall only add, that, upon looking into my catalogue of subscribers, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest beauties and wits in the whole island of Great Britain, which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.

No. 163.] *Thursday, April 25, 1710.*

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre *Suffenum*
Possis.——
Catul. de Suffeno.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he,) I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but one wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand (says Ned) that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it." Upon which he began to read as follows.

"To Mira, on her incomparable Poem.

I.

"When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

"I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art,)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart."

"Why, (says I,) this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think your critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a poet." "Dear Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he, shaking me by the hand,) every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation."

"When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine."

"That is (says he) when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor!" "The same," said he, and went on:

"And tune your soft melodious notes."

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it." "Truly (said I) I think it as good as the former." "I am very glad to hear you say so, (says he:) but mind the next:"

"You seem a sister of the Nine."

"That is, (says he,) you seem a sister of

the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them." "I remember it very well, (said I:) but pray proceed."

"Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Phœbus (says he) was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaffe, show a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; In petticoats!"

"Or Phœbus' self in petticoats."

"Let us now (says I,) enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor."

"I fancy when your song you sing."

"It is very right, (says he:) but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, 'Your song you sing;' or, 'You sing your song.' You shall hear them both:"

"I fancy, when your song you sing;
(Your song you sing with so much art.")

or,

"I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art.")

"Truly, (said I,) the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it." "Dear Sir, (said he, grasping me by the hand,) you have a great deal of patience: but pray what do you think of the next verse?"

"Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing."

"Think! (says I:) I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose." "That was my meaning, (says he.) I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter."

"For, ah! it wounds me like his dart."

"Pray how do you like that *ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it."

"For, ah! it wounds me like his dart."

"My friend Dick Easy (continued he) assured me, he would rather have written that *ah!* than to have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that ——" "Oh! as to that, (says I,) it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing." He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

No. 165.] *Saturday, April 29, 1710.*

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge like a hidden treasure, with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry, indeed, in learning, is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in noise and show, and finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether on generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Title puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convul-

sions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's house of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when, in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down, without any further ceremony. I asked him, "Where he had been? Whether he was out of order?" He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, "A wicked rogue!—An execrable wretch!—Was there ever such a monster!"—The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, "Whether any one had hurt him?" He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. "To lay the first scene (says he) in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire!" Is that all? (says I:) Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning." "Been! (says he;) I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me such a dance!"—Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. "In short, Sir, (says he,) the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs." I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. "For my part, (says she,) I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them." "How Madam! (says he,) is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste." "It is a pretty kind of magic, (says she,) the poets have, to transport an audience from place to place, without the help of a coach and horses. I could travel round the world at such a rate. 'Tis such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage." "Your simile, Madam, (says Sir Timothy,) is by no means just." "Pray (says she) let my similies pass without a criticism. I must confess, (continued she, for I found she was resolved to exasperate him,) I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with." "But, Madam, (says he,) you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by." "Ought not to laugh! (says she:) Pray who should hinder me?" "Madam, (says he,) there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth." "I have heard, (says the young lady,) that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing master and a gentleman. I must confess, (continued she,) I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy." "Madam, (says Sir Timothy,) that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing." "For my part, (says the young lady,) I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please." "To please!" (says Sir Timothy;) and immediately fell a laughing. "Truly (says she,) this is my opinion." Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the satisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprise, how this gentleman, by his ill nature, folly, and affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

No. 192.] *Saturday, July* 1, 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.
Hor.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

Some years since I was engaged with a coach full of friends, to take a journey as far as the Land's-end. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself, by his good humour and complaisance, to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter, which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when of a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and, instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with

an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me The old Gentleman, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's-end.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities. For when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken! Sometimes the parties fly asunder, even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while some few, whose souls are of a happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we, therefore, choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are found rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story that is very well known in the North of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat, that had several passengers on board, was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her: the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, that, for the good of her children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewell, in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair, who were ready to have died in each others arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure

myself, that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without constancy, there is neither love, friendship or virtue in the world.

No. 216.] *Saturday, August* 26, 1710.

——Nugis addere pondus.

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a a horse from an ox; but at the same time will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail a hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and the contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements, not the care, business and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shown a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at a hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trival or obscure in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso.

To show this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his deathbed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I NICHOLAS GIMCRACK, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament, bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of shells,
A female skeleton,
A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.
As also my preparations of winter-May-dew, and embryo pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile eggs.
And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has invested in my son Charles, I bequeath
My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susannah, being his only child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. Johannes Elscrickius, professor of anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and
Whale's pizzle,

To him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said Dr. Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since
A horned scarabæus,
The skin of a rattle-snake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king,
I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son, John, having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off

from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son, Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified; as also my monsters, both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS an ignorant upstart in astrology, has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March, 1708; these are to certify to all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

No. 218.] *Thursday, August* 30, 1710.

Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.
Hor.

From my own Apartment, August 29.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country, to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays, I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world, to one who had passed the whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews, that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction, as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton:

> "As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages, and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house, which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised, when I heard the names of Alexander the Great, and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason, I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, "That he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme." How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince's, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, "That if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them: (he added,) that though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty." I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the Prince of Hesse, and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away; to which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the Crown of France was very weak, but that Marshal Villars still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would show them a Chimney-sweeper and a Painted Lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house, was now over; and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could show me such a blow of tulips, as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with an eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with

a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's-coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's-coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason, I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance: he seemed a very plain, honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *Tulippo-Mania*, Τυλιππο-μανία; insomuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, "That he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length, and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England; (and added,) that it would have been worth twice the money it was, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for a heap of onions, and by that means (says he) made a dish of pottage that cost me above £1000 sterling." He then showed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon, and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time, as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders and parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with; nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighborhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows, with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects, the most ordinary and most common.

No. 220.] *Tuesday, September 4, 1710.*

Insani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.—*Hor.*

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the political barometer, I shall here communicate to the public, an account of my ecclesiastical thermometer; the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church, as the former does of those in state; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The church thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious Prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other,) who was some time Vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, *viz.* extreme hot, sultry hot, very hot, hot, warm, temperate, cold, just freezing, frost, hard frost, great frost, extreme cold.

It is well known that Torricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern virtuoso finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water, in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube, and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically,

when the Sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtile piercing cold, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink through almost every thing that it is put into, and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but the hoof, or (as the Oxford manuscript has it) in the skull of an ass. The thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.
Persecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Lukewarmness.
Infidelity.
Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch, that it is apt to climb from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and, indeed, it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying Popery; or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out, in the same breath, "The church is in danger."

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the abovementioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's Coffee-house, the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my great surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Grecian, it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow, it still ascended two degrees: Child's fetched it up to Zeal, and other adjacent coffee-houses to Wrath.

It fell into the lower half of the glass as I went further into the city, till at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I stayed about the 'Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time that the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the occult sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury, near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places: in short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs, in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: We should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High-church and Low-church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our

times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

No. 224.] *Thursday, September* 14, 1710.

Materiam superabat opus.——————*Ovid.*

From my own Apartment, September 13.

It is my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince has fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in the one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess, I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights. Advertisements are of great use to the vulgar: first of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements; by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity, with an article from Madrid; and John Bartlett, of Goodman's-Fields, is celebrated in the same paper with the Emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, "That the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back."

A second use which this sort of writings have been turned to of late years, has been the management of controversy, insomuch that above half the advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of Strops for Razors have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of the Morning Gowns is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several proprietors of Dr. Anderson's Pills; nor take notice of the many satirical works of this nature, so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned knight, my very worthy friend, Sir William Reade; but I shall not interpose in their quarrel; Sir William can give him his own in advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the Doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, cholics in his bowels, or spots on his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife, or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses' milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without which, a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupts. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years, the *N. B.* has been much in fashion; as also little cuts and figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of the spring-trusses. I must not here omit the blind Italian character, which being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an advertiser, is chiefly seen in the style which he makes use of. He is to mention the universal esteem, or general reputation, of things that were never heard of. If he is a physician or astrologer, he must change his lodgings frequently, and (though he never saw any body in them besides his own family) give public notice of it, "For the information of the nobility and gentry." Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an advertisement which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in the Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me with five shillings, to be inserted among my advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

"The highest compound Spirit of Lavender, the most glorious (if the expression may be used) enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold (in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket) only at the Golden-Key, in Wharton's-Court, near Holborn-Bars, for 3s. 6d. with directions."

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, (if the expression may be used,) I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I must reckon the Carminative Wind-expelling Pills. If the doctor had called them his Carminative Pills, he had done as cleanly as any one could have

wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject, with a public admonition to Michael l'arrot; that he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven feet in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine feet long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the bookseller is chiefly shown in his method of arranging and digesting these little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hands, placed them in the following order:

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.
The beautifying cream for the face, &c.
Pease and plasters, &c.
Nectar and ambrosia, &c.
Four freehold tenements of 15*l* per annum, &c.
*** The present state of England, &c.
‡‡‡ Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

A commission of bankruptcy being awarded against B. L. bookseller, &c.

No. 226.] *Tuesday, September*, 19, 1710.

———Juvenis quondam, nunc Femina Caeneus,
Et fato in veterem rursus revoluta figuram. *Virg.*

From my own Apartment, September 18.

It is one of the designs of this paper, to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out, is that of Margery, alias John Young, Commonly known by the name of Dr. Young, who (as the town very well knows) was a woman that practised physic in man's clothes, and after having had two wives, and several children, died about a month since.

"Sir,—I here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call (if you please) a second part of the farce of the Sham Doctor. This, perhaps, will not seem so strange to you, who (if I am not mistaken) have somewhere mentioned with honour, your sister Kirleus as a practitioner both in physic and astrology: but in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as a Centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as King Phys in the Rehearsal. Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy, having robbed the statue of Æsculapius of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, 'That it was a shame the son should have a beard when his father Apollo had none.' This latter instance, indeed, seems something to favour a female professor, since (as I have been told) the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made with the head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvidera did very much resemble Dr. Young. Let that be as it will, the doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

"I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write till the year 1695, at which time the doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to bed of a bastard child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, (for that was the name by which the doctor was then called,) that she left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: but, instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword, and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a gold button coat, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a pope.

"The doctor succeeded very well in his business at first, but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, that is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of those words, Take these Pills, he unfortunately got the nick-name of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumstance alarmed the doctor, there was another that gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced physician; though,

in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

"Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his wife. The doctor had not been a widow long, before he married his second lady, with whom also he lived in very good understanding. It so happened, that the doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for twins. The doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal distempers; but would have had much more practice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprise in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose:—'I began to practise in the reign of Francis I. and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen.' For this reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution, and a healthy look; which, indeed, seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good life, and virtuous behaviour, for a divine. But to return to our subject. About two years ago the doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. 'Tis said, that at his burial, the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before-mentioned; in relation to whom we may say of the doctor, as the good old ballad about The Children in the Wood says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature; having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself,

"Sir, Your, &c."

"I shall add, as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed, the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity which helped the doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious inquirer."

No. 229.] *Tuesday, September* 26, 1710.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam. *Hor.*

From my own Apartment, September 25.

The whole creation preys upon itself: every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shows us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub-Street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors? It would be like Dr. B——s's dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts

of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists, I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat. I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost, scolded at by a Female Tatler, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of Atalantis. I have been annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled; but it being my standing maxim, never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a bellyful. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spencer's Den of Error, who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him; one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, well nigh choked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonists as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours without being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return to their censures, I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man and a moralist, with a fable.

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: "Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you. But the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is to shine on."

No. 239.] *Thursday, October* 19, 1710.

———Mecum certasse feretur.—*Ovid.*

From my own Apartment, October 18.

It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country before he wrote a book De Oratore; and Horace the greatest poet before he published his Art of Poetry. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a critic and an examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of a German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, "A book that has the beginning where the end should be." This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself; and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaffe was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused, is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes on this great man runs thus: "The itch of being very abusive, is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them." The scurrilous wretch goes on to say I am as bad as Tully. His words are these; "And yet the Tatler, in his paper of September 26, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others." I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. "Nevertheless, though

he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the ancients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, 'That he was a river of flowing gold.' Of Plato's dialogue, 'That if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did.' Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, which of Demosthenes' orations he liked best? He answered, 'The longest.'

"And as for eminent men of his own time, either for eloquence or philosophy, there was not one of them whom he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious."

Thus the critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vain-glorious and abusive: Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names; and that in my passion, I said, he was a flea, a louse, an owl, a bat, a small wit, a scribbler, and a nibbler. When he has thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of raillery, and written in great gaiety of heart. "After this list of names, (*viz.* flea, louse, owl, bat, &c.) I was surprised to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper! I suppose, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured." If I can outlive this raillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by this author, (for I shall take care how I call him a scribbler again,) which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the reader will observe in the following words: "He (meaning me) is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his similes, as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines, he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burgess, to the knight of the red cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a great man with an equipage." I I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to show you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author has got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his 6th paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

"In thirty lines his patron is a river, the *Primum Mobile*, a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, Anything, and Nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets."

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended as at a wag whom I once met with in a coffee-house: he had in his hand one of the Miscellanies, and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the author, is (I think) as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue.

> Flavia the least and slightest toy
> Can with resistless art employ.
> This fan in meaner hands would prove
> An engine of small force in love;
> But she with such an air and mien,
> Not to be told, or safely seen,
> Directs its wanton motions so,
> That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
> Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
> To ev'ry other breast a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them, "Hey-day! (says he,) what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, or safely seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid's bow, a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames."

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of falls upon somebody whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that, notwithstanding he is a critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling, and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other method of showing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's echo:

> ——Quæ nec reticere loquentii,
> Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit.——

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned author by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this nature, for the future, (unless it be written with some wit,) shall divert me from my care of the public.

No. 240.] *Saturday, October* 21, 1710.

Ad populum phaleras——— *Pers.*

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my lucubrations I have touched upon the useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public, who had not a sister-art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed, in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was the god of verse as well as physic; and in all ages the most celebrated practitioners of our country, were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est, et principium, et fons.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well, can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans, are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the street without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor "who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern seed." Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one "who had studied thirty years by candlelight for the good of his countrymen." He might have studied twice as long by daylight, and never have been taken notice of: but lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth; as the "seventh son of a seventh son:" and others by not being born at all, as the "unborn doctor;" who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor Saffold succeeded my old contemporary Doctor Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Dr. Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this Place
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices by which this tribe of men enanare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title, has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Cazar of Muscovy. The great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will tempt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore, without controversy, the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am a humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my recipe is, Take nothing.

Were the body politic to be physiced like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember, when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case, a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and eat nothing but watergruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular.

"*Abstine a fabis.*"
"Abstain from beans."

That is, says the interpreters, meddle not with elections; beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

No. 243.] *Saturday, October* 28, 1710.

Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.
Virg.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring, and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it, for the advancement of morality: This Gyges was the master shepherd to King Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening of them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly of the shepherds, he observed that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition; but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have, with much study and application, arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or, to speak in Rosicrucian lore, I have entered into the clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring, he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became King of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up, and put on my magical ring, and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a slattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side, when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, "What do you do? Let my petticoat alone." I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who (to use Shakspeare's expression) "are so loose of thought, that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination." I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a male coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-side, Suckling's Poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth, uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but, upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which showed her to be a female, with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered, by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence, but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in soliloquy: some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the doctor say to the gentlewoman, "He cannot possibly live till five in the morning." She received it like the mistress of a family prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant-maid, who said, "Madam, the undertaker is below, according to your order." The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, "Pray, doctor, how went bank-stock to-day, at 'Change?" This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way; but as I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, "And, hand, stand, band, fann'd, tann'd." I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic; but, upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing a heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurors, are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffes, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But, instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the author of the Atalantis, to furnish a new Secret History of Secret Memoirs.

No. 249.] *Saturday, November* 11, 1710.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus———— *Virg.*

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I was last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts, and hints, that are alltogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: "That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business." Upon this occasion, he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy (said he) any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelve-penny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression on my mind, that soon after I was a-bed, I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable *reverie*, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table, reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and, in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures.

"I was born (says he) on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out, and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to a herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book,

and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templer at a twelve-penny ordinary, or to carry him with three friends to Westminster-Hall.

"In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when (to my shame be it spoken) I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

"As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, till my officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended, the usual form of, To my love, and from my love. This ungenerous gallant marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with a hammer, and again set a running.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he fouund himself disinherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that, after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to alight in an unfrequented place, under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

"About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier, that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

"Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

"I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of sheers cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortunes irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, The Splendid Shilling.

"The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but, indeed, this was by mistake, the person who gave me, having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a penny-worth of farthings."

No. 250.] *Tuesday, November* 14, 1710.

Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ?———— *Pers.*

From my own Apartment, November 13

I LAST winter erected a court of justice for the correcting of several enormities in dress and behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other court of this realm. The vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also a general satisfaction; not to mention the more important points of

the cane and perspective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my reader to an account of them, written by my secretary, which is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of Lillie's Reports.

As I last year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a court of honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France, where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are marshals of that kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of Marlborough; but whether this be only an accidental or a necessary qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the court of honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place of the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long-twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new buttons, being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman usher, extremely well read in romances, and grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was sometime master of the ceremonies to the Duke of Wolfembuttel.

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in public courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old maiden lady, that preserves some of the best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old prude, that has censured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondences with the horse-guards, and the veterans of Chelsea College; the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury, and the latter with as many good men and true for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day sevennight, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unreturned smiles, distant behaviour, or forced familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expression, accidental justle, or unkind repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been suffered to place themselves in their own wrong on the back seat of the coach: these, and all of these, I do, as is above said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible that the office I have now taken upon me, will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points that daily perplex the youth of the British nation, and therefore I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, how far a man may brandish his cane in the telling a story, without insulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to a lie? How a man should resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face? If asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes? Whether a man may put up with a box on the ear received from a stranger in the dark? Or, whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife? With several other subtleties of the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales, which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights, made of a metal resembling iron, and the other in gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in averdupoise, but also than such as are used in troy weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries, amount but to a scruple, and decrease by so many subdivisions, that there are several imperceptible weights, which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in *Libra*, and describe many signatures on the weights, both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art, than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

No. 251.] *Thursday, November* 16, 1710.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula, terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus.
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.——— *Hor.*

From my own Apartment, November 15.

It is necessary to an easy and happy life,

to possess our minds in such a manner, as to be always well satisfied with our own reflections. The way to this state, is to measure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the rest of the world. The sense of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at first appears a paradox, is a plain truth; and those professions which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable, that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward sentiments approve, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real happiness, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we should think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder, to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful? When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to: but yet how much more despicable is his condition who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason, and his integrity, to purchase superfluities? These are both abject and common beggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal in cases that regard his honour were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be than appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his Essay on Fortitude, has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. "What (says he) can be more honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? To be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself? I mean so far as not to do any thing that's scandalous or sinful to avoid them. To stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution: To do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity."

What a generous ambition has this man pointed out to us! When men have settled in themselves a conviction by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable that is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean, but what has guilt in it; I say, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death, may still retain their terrors, yet riches, pleasures, and honours, will easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fortune and fame, may as justly be applied to wit and beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the essence of the soul. They are all laudable in the man who possesses them only for the just application of them. A bright imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble soul, is a faculty which makes a man justly admired by mankind, and furnishes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicates to the feast of a good conscience: but when wit descends to wait upon sensual pleasures, or promote the base purposes of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not resolve to place the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, life is a bewildered and unhappy state, incapable of rest or tranquillity: for to such a one the general applause of valour, wit, nay of honesty itself, can give him but a very feeble comfort, since it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either understanding or good-nature, to see or acknowledge such excellencies. This rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true relish of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular districts or sets of company: but since men can have little pleasure in those faculties which denominate them persons of distinction, let them give up such an empty pursuit, and think nothing essential to happiness, but what is in their own power, the capacity of reflecting with pleasure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a truth, that it is only in our own bosoms we are to search for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature, to talk of the taking our measures from thence only as a matter of fortitude. When all is well there, the vicissitudes and distinctions of life are the mere scenes of a drama; and he will never act his part well, who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applause of the audience than the design of his part.

The life of a man who acts with a steady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform, regular path to move in, where he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On the other side, the least deviation from the rules of honour, introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable ma-

zea. He that has entered into guilt, has bid adieu to rest; and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian:

'Macbeth shall sleep no more!'"

It was with detestation of any other grandeur, but the calm command of his own passion, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much justice,

"If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love."

No. 253.] *Tuesday, November* 21, 1710.

Pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.
Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Die Lunæ vicesimo Novembris, hora nona Antemeridiana.

THE court being sat, an oath prepared by the censor was administered to the assistants on his right hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the censor. Mr. Bickerstaffe received it, and, after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaffe, after having received the compliments on his right hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low curtsey, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their fore-woman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge, which was received with silence and attention; that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

"The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads.

"Under the first, I shall endeavour to show the necessity and usefulness of this new-erected court; and under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

"As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus, a heathen poet,

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

"Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, 'It would be of no reputation for me to be president of a court which is of no benefit to the public.' Now the advantages that may arise to the weal public from this institution, will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice and random penalties? Are not crimes undermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lie punished by death, and the liar himself deciding his own cause; nay, not only acting the judge, but the executioner! Have we not known a box on the ear more severely accounted for than manslaughter? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

"But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury, must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty. I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and, which therefore, you gentlemen and you ladies of the jury will the rather take notice of; I mean that great and known case of cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife, what is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour. What then will you on my right hand say must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say, and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the judicature we have here established.

"A court of conscience, we very well

know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner our court of honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwithstanding no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

"Besides, I appeal to you, ladies, (here Mr. Bickerstaffe turned to his left hand,) if these are not the little stings and thorns in life that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning's devotions, because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or have you any favourites that walk on your right hand? You have answered me in your looks; I ask no more.

"I now come to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

"As for you, gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

"I must in the next place address myself to you, gentlemen of the council: you all know, that I have not chosen you for your knowledge in the litigious parts of the law, but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you are short and expressive: to which end you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplications of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words *also* and *likewise*; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall instantly order him to be stripped of his gown, and thrown over the bar."*

This is a true copy.

CHARLES LILLIE.

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

No. 254.] *Thursday, November* 23, 1710.

Splendide mendax.——— *Hor.*

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts, without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spencer. All is enchanted ground, and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when speaking of abstracted notions, clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language is as follows:

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that, in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could

reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every one was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed, and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

——Nec vox, nec verba sequuntur.

"We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, (if I may use that expression.) It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew were amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on ship-board.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as 'Dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. Peggy! When shall I see my Sue again?' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

——Et timide verba intermissa retentat.

"At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavory sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion, than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder, and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, 'that it would play there above a week longer, if the thaw continued; for, (says he,) finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps*."

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which, perhaps, raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

No. 255.] *Saturday, November 25, 1710.*

——Nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit.
Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

"SIR,—I am at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at the second course, I found my patron and his lady very sullen, and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house (otherwise a devout woman) told me, 'That it did not become a man of my cloth, to delight in such frivolous food:' but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that his lordship had no further occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by,

"Sir, Your most humble servant, &c."

The case of this gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discarding the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, (as they call it,) is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plumb-pudding or plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than our common pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the dessert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify, that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating: but most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired out of pure complaisance to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the dessert. This by degrees grew into a duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tythe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay, the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion; or, as the late Lord Rochester describes it in a lively manner,

"And while the priest did eat, the people stared."

At present the custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as a humble spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages upon all the dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask those stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain that, in his grace after meat, should return thanks for the whole entertainment, with an exception to the dessert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding, he would deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a height has this foolish custom grown, that even a Christmas-pie, which, in its very nature, is a kind of consecrated cate, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a surloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plumbs and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case, I know not which to censure, the patron or the chaplain; the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed, to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university, upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and

agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family:
Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo;
Who, tho' in silken scarf and cassock dress,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern, with your cap in hand:
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind voider comes for your relief.
Let others, who such meanness can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
I rate my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule, but is a just censure on such persons as take advantage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

No. 256.] *Tuesday, November* 28, 1710.

——Nostrum est tantas componere Lites.
Virg.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-Lane on Monday, the 20th of November, 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

Peter Plumb, of London, merchant, was indicted by the Honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-Hall, in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did, in Lombard-Street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and, after a short salutation, put on his hat, value five-pence, while the Honourable Mr. Gules stood bareheaded for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner, that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alledged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family, and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honourable Mr. Gules; as, "that he was not worth a groat; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money, which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word; and, in short, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public." This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the censor, who told the criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style. The prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident. They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made sundry motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman, who deposed, that he had heard him cough three-and-twenty times that morning. And as for the wall, it was alleged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain, which was then falling. The censor having consulted the men of honour, who sat at his right-hand on the bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel, did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their foreman, that the prosecutor was bound in honour to make the sun shine through the criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the lungs.

The censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict. The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the censor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

"That in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any malice prepense in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was

only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the slitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears." Mr. Bickerstaffe smiling upon the court, told them, "That he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation." He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: "That his hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should go to the ware house from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's Coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters."

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and T. R———, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an ale-house in Westminster, for breaking the peace, and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended, that the Welsh were an ancienter people than the Jews; "Whereas, (said he,) I can show by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of——." The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, "That he could produce Shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenkin, ap Shones." He then turned himself to the censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, "That the Jew would needs uphold that King Cadwalladar was younger than Issachar." Mr. Bickerstaffe seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect the said Welshman was a Præ Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree it between themselves. The censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having used the words, "Perhaps it may be so," in a dispute with the said major. The major urged, that the word, Perhaps, was questioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lie. Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that he intended no such thing, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaffe stood up, and, after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court; "I mean (says he) never to allow of the lie being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself." He then proceeded to show the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great havoc in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present the word itself as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their presentment, publish an edict of the court, for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.*

This is a true copy,

CHARLES LILLIE.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N. B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

No. 257.] *Thursday, November* 30, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
Aspirate meis.——— *Ovid. Met.*

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions of Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces and wry features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the show. I was, in-

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

deed, so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner.

"I have often (said he) been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price we had paid for our seats: the curtain that hung before the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had wove it in the figure of a monstrous hydra, that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch, that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or a hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden (says my friend) I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so called) wholly made up of jars and discords. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bagpipe, a groaning-board, a stentorophonic trumpet, with several wind instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assemblage of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The design of the workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

"The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermine. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart studded with large diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much love and reverence at the sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scare take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprized at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned tower of grey hairs. Her head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with crosses in gold, silver and silk: she had nothing on, not so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribands, silks, and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before described was Popery, or that she I am now going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left hand of the venerable matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reasons she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on her left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

"On the right hand of Popery sate Judaism, represented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a temple; but, instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him,) he was counting out a bag of money upon the ruins of it.

"On his right hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of a half-naked, awkward country wench, who, with proper ornaments and education, would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but for want of those advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

"I have now (continued my friend) given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which some-

what puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like lunacy, I fancied at first, that he was to express that kind of distraction which the physicians call the *hydrophæbia;* but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

"The next figure was a man that sat under a most profound composure of mind: he wore a hat whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon: his garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so much as a superfluous button. What they called his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his chin about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked our artist what it was, who told me it was the Quakers' religion; upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The nouns were reduced to a very small number, as the *light, friend, Babylon.* The principal of his pronouns was *thou;* and as for *you, ye,* and *yours,* I found they were not looked upon as parts of speech in this grammar. All the verbs wanted the second person plural; the participles ending all in *ing,* or *ed,* which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs, besides *yea* and *nay.* The same thrift was observed in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hem!* and *ha!* and the interjections brought under the three heads of sighing, sobbing, and groaning. There was at the end of the grammar a little nomenclature, called, The Christian Man's Vocabulary, which gave new appellations, or (if you will) Christian names to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech, and behaviour.

"Just opposite to this row of religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool's coat, with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This idiot is supposed to say in his heart, what David's fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

"There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I inquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

"In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the Sweet-singers of Israel.

"I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax, there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as Præ-Adamites, Sabbatarians, Camaronians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Independents, Masonites, Camisars, and the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the Rehearsal, started up, and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed Liberty of Conscience, immediately fell into a heap of carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first."

No 258.] *Saturday, December* 2, 1710.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita. *Juv.*

From my own Apartment, December 1.

When a man keeps a constant table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold dish of meat, or toss up the fragments of a feast into a ragout. I have sometimes, in a scarcity of provisions, been obliged to take the same kind of liberty, and to entertain my reader with the leavings of a former treat. I must this day have recourse to the same method, and beg my guests to sit down to a kind of Saturday's dinner. To let the metaphor rest, I intend to fill up this paper with a bundle of letters relating to subjects on which I have formerly treated, and have ordered my bookseller to print at the end of each letter, the minutes with which I endorsed it, after the first perusal of it.

"To Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq.

November 22, 1710.

"Sir,—Dining yesterday with Mr. South-British, and Mr. William North-Briton, two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the names of Mr. English and Mr. William Scot; among other things, the maid of the house (who in her time I believe may have been a North-British warming-pan) brought us up a dish of North-British collops. We liked our entertainment very well, only we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as we could have wished, was North-British cloth; but the worst of it was, we were disturbed all

dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-British hoppers; so we paid our North-Briton sooner than we designed, and took coach to North-Briton yard, about which place most of us live. We had, indeed, gone a foot, only we were under some apprehensions lest a North-British mist should wet a South-British man to the skin.

"We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style settled by you in one of your late papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to, Sir,

"Your most humble servants,
"J. S.
"M. P.
"N. R."

*** See if this letter be conformable to the directions given in the Tatler above-mentioned.

"To Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq.

Kent, November 22, 1710.

"Sir,—A gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his father nor grandfather were so, is perpetually making use of this phrase, 'A person of my quality.' He has it in his mouth fifty times a day, to his labourers, his servants, his children, his tenants, and his neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk or sober, angry or pleased, it is the constant burthen of his style. Sir, as you are censor of Great Britain, as you value the repose of a loyal country, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take this cruel grievance into your consideration, else, for my own particular, I am resolved to give up my farm, sell my stock, and remove with my wife and seven children next spring to Falmouth or Berwick, if my strength will permit me, being brought into a very weak condition. I am, with great respect, Sir,

"Your most obedient
"And languishing servant, &c."

*** Let this be referred to the court of honour.

"Mr. Bickerstaffe,—I am a young lady of a good fortune, and at present infested by several lovers, who lay close siege to me, and carry on their attacks with all possible diligence. I know which of them has the first place in my own heart, but would freely cross my private inclinations, to make choice of the man who loves me best, which it is impossible for me to know, all of them pretending to an equal passion for me. Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerstaffe, to lend me your Ithuriel's spear, in order to touch this troop of rivals; after which I will most faithfully return it to you again, with the greatest gratitude.

"I am, Sir, &c."

Query 1. What figure this lady doth think her lover will appear in? Or what symptoms he will betray of his passion upon being touched?

2. Whether a touch of her fan may not have the same efficacy as a touch of Ithuriel's spear?

Great Lincoln's-Inn-Square, Nov. 2

"Honoured Sir,—Gratitude obliges me to make this public acknowledgment of the eminent service you have done myself in particular, and the whole body of chaplains (I hope) in general. Coming home on Sunday about dinner-time, I found things strangely altered for the better: the porter smiled in my face when he let me in, the footman bowed to me as I passed him, the steward shook me by the hand, and Mrs. Beatrice dropped me a curtsey as she went along. I was surprized at all this civility, and knew not to what I might ascribe it, except to my bright beaver and shining scarf, that were new that day. But I was still more astonished to find such an agreeable change at the table: my lord helped me to a fat slice of venison with his own hand, and my lady did me the honour to drink to me. I offered to rise at my usual time, but was desired to sit still, with this kind expression: 'Come, doctor, a jelly or a conserve will do you no harm; don't be afraid of the dessert.' I was so confounded with the favour, that I returned my thanks in a most awkward manner, wondering what was the meaning of this total transformation: but my lord soon put an end to my admiration, by showing me a paper that challenged you, Sir, for its author, and rallied me very agreeably on the subject, asking me, which was best handled, the lord or his chaplain? I owned myself to think the banter sharpest against ourselves, and that these were trifling matters, not fit for a philosopher to insist on. His lordship was in so good a humour, that he ordered me to return his thanks with my own; and my lady joins in the same, with this one exception to your paper, that the chaplain in her family was always allowed minced-pies from All-hallows to Candlemas.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obliged
"Humble servant,
"T. W."

*** Requires no answer.

Oxford, November 27.

"Mr. Censor,—I have read your account of Nova Zembla with great pleasure, and have ordered it to be transcribed in a little hand, and inserted in Mr. Tonson's late edition of Hudibras. I could wish you would furnish us with more notes upon that author, to fill up the place of those dull annotations with which several editions of that book have been encumbered. I would particularly desire of you to give the world the story of Talicotius, who makes a very eminent figure in the first Canto, not having been able to meet with any account of the

said Talicotius in the writings of any other author. I am, with the most profound respect,

"The most humble of your admirers,
"Q. Z."

*** To be answered next Thursday, if nothing more material intervenes.

"MR. CENSOR,—In your survey of the people, you must have observed crowds of single persons that are qualified to increase the subjects of this glorious island, and yet neglect that duty to their country. In order to reclaim such persons, I lay before you this proposal.

"Your most obedient servant,
"Th. Cl."

*** This to be considered on Saturday next.

No. 259.] *Tuesday, December 5,* 1710.

——Vexat censura columbas. *Juv.*

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-Lane on Monday the 27th of November, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catherine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassock from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The prosecutor deposed, that as she stood up to make a courtesy to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassock by stealth, insomuch that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality. The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the Sunday before she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having said in the hearing of several credible witnesses, that the said petticoat was scoured, to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassock under her, in the face of the court.

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaffe's right-hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, "That whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniences did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a footman, in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies." The motion was ordered to be entered on the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, Linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman, going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal, and another of his acquaintance, travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alleged, "That over against the Old Fox at Knightsbridge, he mentioned the word linen; that at the further end of Kensington, he made use of the term smock; and that before he came to Hammersmith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon wedding-shifts." The prosecutor's woman confirmed what her lady had said, and further added, "that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the criminal." The prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The jury, however, found him guilty, and represented by their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to sully the imagination; and that by a concatenation of ideas, the word linen implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, that the linen draper should lose his tongue. Mr. Bickerstaffe said, "He thought the prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave sentence as follows: "That they should both be placed over against one another in the midst of the court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time the linen-draper was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears;" which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he, the said Edward Callicoat, did, by his silence and smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and by his post obliged to smile at every thing the other was pleased to say upon which he was acquitted.

Josias Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, Esq. for having said several times in her company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude. The prosecutor urged, that this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boasting of favours which he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, "That he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister." The jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the court, brought in their verdict, *ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady Betty Wou'd-be, for having said, that she the Lady Betty Wou'd-be was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved, by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The censor observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe, that she had indicted the prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore asked the offender, with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? And whether she saw any colours in the Lady Wou'd-be's face that could procure credit to such a falsehood?" "Do you see (says he) any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?"——The prosecutor, not able to bear such language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his wisdom: but she was put to silence, and sentenced to wear her mask for five months, and not to presume to show her face till the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq. was indicted for having told the Lady Everbloom, at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.*

The court then adjourned to Monday the 11th instant.

Copia Vera, CHARLES LILLIE.

No. 260.] *Thursday, December* 7, 1710.

Non culcunque datum est habere nasum.
Mart.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

We have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon ears in the Tale of a Tub. I am here going to write one upon noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras:

"So learned Talicotius from
The brawny part of porter's bum
Cut supplemental noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech:
But when the date of nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout."

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well bred imagination, I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics (who in all times have been famous for good noses) to refrain from the lecture of this curious tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocerial nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision, and which they used to cock, toss, or draw up, in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

——Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum—

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spite upon the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian, that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples, in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night from Venus, the goddess of love, who had always been his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a suttling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped his arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and, what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the noses of mankind; but in spite of his education, the boy continued very unlucky; and

* Sir Richard Steel assisted in this paper.

hough his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently et fly an envenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his esson from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples that Talicotius began to practice in a own of Germany. He was the first clap-doctor that I met with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Dr. Wall. He saw his species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new disemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of noses, having first got a patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his nose. Talicotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilagious substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters *m* or *n*, and, in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural nose. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment. The Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the subfusc, with very black eyes, and dark eyebrows; and the nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Conde resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble, glued to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and became a kind of college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes, that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-Nose College in Oxford; and as it is usual for the learned in foreign universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this golden proboscis two verses out of Ovid:

> Militat omnis amans, habit et sua castra Cupido,
> Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

It is reported, that Talicotius had at one time in his house twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the monopoly of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped off of course, in which case, it was usual to return the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the porter did, and heard, upon inquiry, that the parent of the noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it, insomuch that it was generally articled with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should, on no pretence whatsoever, smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made, was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned, was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Talicotius, that in the space of two years he wore out five noses, and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given 500*l.* for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany the Englishman of five noses, and the gentleman that had thrice as many noses as he had ears; such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admoni-

tion to the young men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town rakes, who live as if there was a Talicotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing till they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall leave with them is, to regard every town-woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their noses; and that, amidst all her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humorous phrase of old Plautus:

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.

Keep your face out of my way, or I'll bite off your nose.

No. 261.] *Saturday, December* 9, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 8.

It is the duty of all who make philosophy the entertainment of their lives, to turn their thoughts to practical schemes for the good of society, and not pass away their time in fruitless searches, which tend rather to the ostentation of knowledge than the service of life. For this reason I cannot forbear reading even the common bills that are daily put into peoples' hands as they pass the streets, which give us notice of the present residence, the past travels, and infallible medicines, of doctors useful in their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Talicotius: but, upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours tend mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, that is to say, the Society of Upholders. From this observation, and many others which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great Britain, I cannot but favour any proposal which tends to repairing the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The best I have met with in this kind, has been offered to my consideration, and recommended by a letter subscribed Thomas Clement. The title to his printed articles runs thus: "By the Profitable Society, at the Wheat-Sheaf, over against Tom's Coffee-house, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, new proposals for promoting a contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds to be made on the baptizing of any infant born in wedlock." The plan is laid with such proper regulations, as serves (to such as fall in with it for the sake of their posterity) all the uses, without any of the inconveniencies of settlements. By this means, such whose fortunes depend upon their own industry, or personal qualifications, need not be deterred by fear of poverty, from that state which nature and reason prescribe to us as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The censors of Rome had power vested in them to lay taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot show my impartiality better, than in inquiring into the extravagant privileges my brother bachelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a single life in one sex to be reproached, and held in esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old bachelor, who lives in contempt of matrimony, were obliged to give a portion to an old maid who is willing to enter into it. At the same time I must allow, that those who can plead courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the pains and penalties of celibacy. But such as pretend an aversion to the whole sex, because they were ill-treated by a particular female, and cover their sense of disappointment in women under a contempt of their favour, shall be proceeded against as bachelors convict. I am not without hopes, that from this slight warning, all the unmarried men of fortune, taste, and refinement, will, without further delay, become lovers and humble servants to such of their acquaintance as are most agreeable to them, under pain of my censures: and it is to be hoped, the rest of the world, who remain single for fear of the encumbrances of wedlock, will become subscribers to Mr. Clement's proposal. By these means we shall have a much more numerous account of births in the year 1711, than any ever before known in Great Britain, where merely to be born, is a distinction of Providence greater than being born to a fortune in another place.

As I was going on in the consideration of this good office which Mr. Clement proposes to do his country, I received the following letter, which seems to be dictated by a like modest and public spirit, that makes use of me also in its design of obliging mankind.

"Mr. Bickerstaffe,—In the royal lottery for a million and a half, I had the good fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing, I had devoted a fifth of whatever should arise to me to charitable uses Accordingly, I lately troubled you with my request and commission for placing half a dozen youths with Mr. Moore, writing-master in Castle-street, to whom, it is said, we owe all the fine devices, flourishes, and the composer of all the plates for the drawing and paying the tickets. Be pleased, therefore, good Sir, to find or make leisure for complying therewith, for I would not appear concerned in this small matter.

"I am very much

'Your humble servant, &c."

It is no small pleasure to observe, that in the midst of a very degenerate age, there are still spirits which retain their natural dignity, and pursue the good of their fellow crea-

tures: some in making themselves useful by professed service, and some by secret generosity. Were I at liberty to discover even all the good I know of many men living at this time, there would want nothing but a suitable historian to make them appear as illustrious as any of the noblest of the old Greeks or Romans. The cunning some have used to do handsome and worthy actions, the address to do men services, and escape their notice, has produced so many surprizing incidents, (which have been laid before me during my censorship,) as, in the opinion of posterity, would absolve this age of all its crimes and follies. I know no way to deal with such delicate minds as these, but by assuring them, that when they cease to do good, I shall tell all the good they have done already. Let therefore the benefactor to the youths abovementioned, continue such bounties, upon pain of being publicly praised. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard; for a strong habit of virtue can make men suspend the receiving acknowledgments due to their merit, till they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am so very much charmed with accidents of this kind, that I have made a collection of all the memorable handsome things done by private men in my time. As a specimen of my manner of noting such actions, take the following fragment out of much more which is written in my year book on the remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I shall here call Celamico.

"This day died that plain and excellent man, my much honoured friend Celamico, who bequeathed his whole estate to a gentleman no way related to him, and to whom he had given no such expectation in his life-time."

He was a person of a very enlarged soul, and thought the nearest relation among men to be the resemblance of their minds and sentiments. He was not mistaken in the worth of his successor, who received the news of this unexpected good fortune, with an air that showed him less moved with the benefit, than the loss of the benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 11th instant, the case of the visit comes on, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court of Honour; where both persons are to attend, the meeting there not being to be understood as a visit, and the right of the next visit being then to be wholly settled, according to the prayer of the plaintiff.

No. 262.] *Tuesday, December* 12, 1710.

Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,
Doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
Pers. Sat. 5.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

TIMOTHY TREATALL, Gent. was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance, for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the 7th of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, that the said Mr. Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years. The indictment added, that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontly had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the Widow Partlett seated herself on the right hand of Mrs. Frontly, alleging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half an hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause till it was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by. The indictment further said, that the rest of the company who sat down, did it with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion: and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors. The criminal alleged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The censor frowning upon him, told him that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature, and (upon the jury's bringing him in guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two inches higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of forgery, which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge, for that she the said Rebecca Shapely did always wear a pair of steel bodice, and a false rump. The censor ordered the slippers to be produced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump; upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippit, Esq. of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the Lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand, as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentlemen-ushers of the playhouse; that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The council for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as the pleadings on both sides were finished, the censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman-usher to the play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half-a-crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expense of in her service.

The Lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau for that Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the said Lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she the said Lady Townly had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alleged had been made on a Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who inquired whether she was at home, did not give the visiting knock; that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there was no candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day; and, in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the Lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year 1709–10, for which she was still creditor to the said Lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it till the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action against Richard Sly, for having broken a marriage contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alleged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in St. James's church, and once at Powel's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement, yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies' hearts astray, ordered the criminal to stand upon the stage in the Hay-Market, between each act of the next opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler.

Upon the rising of the court, Mr. Bickerstaffe, having taken one of these counterfeits in the very fact as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the court to draw up an edict against these common cheats, that make women believe they are distracted for them by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a lady's reputation, whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks, and distant familiarities.*

No. 263.] *Thursday, December* 14, 1710.

——Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.
Juv.

From my own Apartment, December 13.

An old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last, about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but, upon inquiring after him, his servant told me he was just gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had dispatched a little business, I went again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but, upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight-o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles, and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

ll of them fast asleep at the same hours hat their daughters are now busy at crimp nd basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of olitics, at the time when their forefathers vere laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we ave thus thrown business and pleasure into he hours of rest, and by that means made he natural night about half as long as it should e, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-hirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad day-light. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And if the humour increases in proportion o what it has done of late years, it is not mpossible but our children may hear the bell-man going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds till eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in sunshine, has made me inquire, whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason I desired a friend of mine in the country, to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly? And whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me, that his poultry are as regular as ever; and that all the birds and the beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years.

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven, and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster-Hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward: the land-marks of our fathers (if I may so call them) are removed, and planted further up into the day; insomuch that I am afraid that our clergy will be obliged (if they expect full congregations) not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of supper against dinner, setting forth, That the said dinner has made several encroachments upon the said supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families, and in all has driven him from his head quarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter T against S, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or (if you please) kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of "putting the children to bed, and laying the goose to the fire." This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and candles to the sun; and exchange so many cheerful morning hours, for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time (if possible) in daylight, and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours fly abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or controul them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind in these early seasons of the day is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and immediately, upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in Paradise, which, indeed, would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem, that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praised.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,

When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
O sole! in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd.

No. 264.] *Saturday, December* 16, 1710.

Favete linguis——— *Hor.*

From my own Apartment, December 15.

Boccalini, in his Parnassus, indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him, for his punishment, to read over all the works of Guicciardin. This Guicciardin is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman Dr. Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, "That if such an author as Guicciardin were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation."

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than a even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside, when he grows dull and tiresome; but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers belonging to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's Chronicle, to almost every part of her Majesty's reign. It was said of two ancient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense. I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts; though the character that is given to the last of the authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. But it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs, and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story, can atone for the half hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? And whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross their time, which should be divided equally amongst the company, to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them, but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they are entertaining or surprising, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff, uses to say, "The life of man is too short for a story-teller." Methusalem might be half an hour in telling what o'clock it was; but as for us post-diluvians, we ought to do every thing in haste; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the three-score and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversible life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversations, which is this, That men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch, which divides the minutes into twelve

parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours; and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, (that shall lie upon the table as an hour-glass is often placed near the pulpit,) to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch; that is, a whole minute to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any encumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that, upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of their story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid, a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know, that there is a great difference between tattle and loquacity; as I shall show at large in a following lucubration, it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of tattling in all its branches and sub-divisions.

No. 265.] *Tuesday, December* 19, 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosâ.
Ovid. Met.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

As soon as the court was sat, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force, relating to visits, and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esq. was indicted by Colonel Touchy, of her Majesty's trained-bands, upon an action of assault and battery: for that he, the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value three-pence. It appeared that the prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The counsel for the prosecutor alleged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, that what he had done, was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the stick he had made use of on this occasion, was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his shoulders. The censor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of a crab-tree from that of a cane, and by the touch of a cane from that of a plain hazle stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion, by the mouth of their foreman, that the substance of the staff was British oak. The censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant; "And thus (said the censor) I shall decide this by the law of retaliation: If Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this means return it in kind; and if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast, in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or (to use the phrase of an ingenious author) that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel."

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esq. for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two *per cent.* to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses, that the said Jasper Tattle, Esq. was a most notorious story-teller; that before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat that very morning, till he had

heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaffe dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor to pay damages to the prisoner for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient a hearing. He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him, "That if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious."

Sir Paul Swash, Kt. was indicted by Peter Double, Gent. for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the 6th instant, at the Playhouse in the Hay-Market. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alleged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alleged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a courtesy to him, would not return the civility of a bow. The censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving that, when he talked to the court, he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect that there was a wrong cast in his sight, which, upon examination, proved true. The censor therefore ordered the prisoner (that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff, and Benjamin Browbeat, were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the Court of Honour. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court, in their way to the fields behind Montague House. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made above a week before the Court of Honour was erected. The censor finding some reasons to suspect (by the sturdiness of their behaviour) that they were not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaffe's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The court then adjourned till after the holidays.

Copia Vera.

CHARLES LILLIE.

No. 266.] *Thursday, December* 21, 1710.

Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.—*Hor.*

From my own Apartment, December 20.

It would be a good appendix to the Art of Living and Dying, if any one would write the Art of Growing Old, and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but, instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleased old women than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriage, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performance of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam. Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, "Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry brandy, before you offer to ask me any questions." He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out: "I am come, (quoth he) to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an after-life: I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience (continued he) till I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of

an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship, which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded: but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them, their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble, for both live in the very next street. I went first to my Lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters; one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia; the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? "Very well, (said he.) This is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady; an old school-fellow, and great crony of her ladyship's; and this the answer." I inquired in what country she lived. "Oh dear! (says he,) but just by, in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning; and that letter came, and was answered, within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but, for all that, they love one another hugely." By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her, for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else; for it was opera night."

"Methinks (says I) such innocent folly as two old womens' courtship to each other, should rather make you merry, than put you out of humour." "Peace, good Isaac, (says he;) no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's, she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom. Feeble, of Brazen-Nose, fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family: an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantle-tree (for I am a pretty curious observer) stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorish, and near it a phial of rose-water and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with bettony and coltsfoot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude (would you believe it, Isaac?) was she reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awakened Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored. A chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of sheers, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob wig, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singing the foretop. I put it on, and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it could be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore-finger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beater's skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together." Here my friend concluded his narrative; and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, "Isaac, you may spare your speeches; I expect no reply: when I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous, shall be a young one."

No. 267.] *Saturday, December* 23, 1710.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit Stellas, exortus ut Aetius Sol. *Lucr.*

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I HAVE heard, that it is a rule among the conventuals of several orders in the Romish church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and (if I may so say) the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to show how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but, because priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling empty scribler, I shall show, that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall in this paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for the greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer; and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, who (I must confess) I have always accused myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him into so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer or Psalm made by my Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England.

"MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

"Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been mine enemies, I thought not of them; neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples.

"Thousands have been my sins, and ten housands my transgressions, but thy sanctiications have remained with me, and my eart (through thy grace) hath been an unuenched coal upon thine altar.

"O Lord, my strength! I have since my outh met with thee in all my ways, by thy atherly compassions, by thy comfortable hastisements, and by thy most visible Proidence. As thy favours have increased pon me, so have thy corrections; so as hou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exlted, so secret darts from thee have pierced ne; and when I have ascended before men, have descended in humiliation before thee. And now when I thought most of peace and onour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and ath humbled me according to thy former oving kindness, keeping me still in thy faherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. ust are thy judgments upon me for my ins, which are more in number than the ands of the sea, but have no proportion to hy mercies; for what are the sands of the ea? Earth, Heavens, and all these, are nohing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerble sins, I confess before thee, that I am ebtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy ifts and graces, which I have neither put nto a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exhangers, where it might have made best rofit, but misspent it in things for which I vas least fit: so as I may truly say, my oul hath been a stranger in the course of my ilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, or my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto hy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

No. 268.] *Tuesday, December* 26, 1710.

———O te, bollane, cerebri
Felicem! Aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret.——— *Hor.*

From my own Apartment.

At my coming home last night, I found pon my table the following petition, or proect, sent me from Lloyd's Coffee-house in he city, with a present of Port wine, which ad been bought at a late auction held in hat place.

To Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

Loyd's Coffee-house, Lombard-Street, Dec. 23.

"We the customers of this coffee-house, bserving that you have taken into your conideration the great mischiefs daily done in his city by coffee-house orators, do humbly eg leave to represent to you, that this offee-house being provided with a pulpit for he benefit of such auctions as are frequenty made in this place, it is our custom, upon he first coming in of the news, to order a outh, who officiates as the kidney of the offee-house, to get into the pulpit, and read very paper with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors. We do therefore, sir, humbly propose, that there be a pulpit erected within every coffee-house of this city and the adjacent parts; that one of the waiters of the coffee-house be nominated as reader to the said pulpit; that, after the news of the day has been published by the said lecturer, some politician of good note do ascend into the said pulpit; and after having chosen for his text any article of the said news, that he do establish the authority of such article, clear the doubts that may arise thereupon, compare it with parallel texts in other papers, advance upon it wholesome points of doctrine, and draw from it salutary conclusions for the benefit and edification of all that hear him. We do likewise humbly propose, that, upon any such politician's quitting the pulpit, he shall be succeeded by any other orator that finds himself moved by the same public spirit, who shall be at full liberty either to enforce or overthrow what the other has said before him; and may in the same manner be succeeded by any other politician, who shall with the same liberty confirm or impugn his reasons, strengthen or invalidate his conjectures, enlarge upon his schemes, or erect new ones of his own. We do likewise further propose, that if any person, of what age or rank soever, do presume to cavil at any paper that has been read, or to hold forth upon it longer than the space of one minute, that he be immediately ordered up into the pulpit, there to make good any thing that he has suggested upon the floor. We do likewise further propose, that if any one plays the orator in the ordinary coffee-house conversation, whether it be upon peace or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit.

"This, sir, we humbly presume may in a great measure put a stop to those superficial statesmen who would not dare to stand up in this manner before a whole congregation of politicians, notwithstanding the long and tedious harangues and dissertations which they daily utter in private circles, to the breaking of many honest tradesmen, the seducing of several eminent citizens, the making of numberless malecontents, and to the great detriment and disquiet of her Majesty's subjects."

I do heartily concur with my ingenious friends of the abovementioned coffee-house in these their proposals; and because I apprehend there may be reasons to put an immediate stop to the grievance complained of, it is my intention, that, till such time as the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every orator do place himself within the bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the public good.

And further, because I am very desirous that proper ways and means should be found out for the suppressing of story-tellers, and fine talkers, in all ordinary conversation whatsoever, I do insist, that in every private

club, company, or meeting over a bottle, there be always an elbow chair placed at the table, and that, as soon as any one begins a long story, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow chair, unless upon any of the company's calling out to the chair, he breaks off abruptly, and holds his tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding any thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the disgrace of the elbow chair. The first are those buffoons that have a talent of mimicking the speech and behaviour of other persons, and turning all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, into ridicule. I look upon your pantomime as a legion in a man, or at least to be like Virgil's monster, with a hundred mouths, and as many tongues,

——Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum;

and therefore would give him as much time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole body of persons he represents, were they actually in the company which they divert by proxy. Provided, however, that the said pantomime do not, upon any pretence whatsoever, utter any thing in his own particular opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, grant an exemption from the elbow chair to any person who treats the company, and by that means may be supposed to pay for his audience. A guest cannot take it ill, if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton. In this case the guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his tongue under that kind of bribery which the ancients called *Bos in lingua*.

If I can once extirpate the race of solid and substantial humdrums, I hope, by my wholesome and repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant tittle-tattles, and matter-of-fact-men, that abound in every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morality, prescribes the following rule with that beautiful simplicity which shines through all his precepts: "Beware that thou never tell thy dreams in company; for, notwithstanding thou mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dreams, the company will take no pleasure in hearing them."

This rule is conformable to a maxim which I have laid down in a late paper, and must always inculcate into those of my readers, who find in themselves an inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, that they should not speak to please themselves, but those that hear them.

It has been often observed by witty essay writers, that the deepest waters are always the most silent; that empty vessels make the greatest sound, and tinkling cymbals the worst music. The Marquis of Halifax, in his admirable advice to a daughter, tells her, that good sense has always something sullen in it: but as sullenness does not only imply silence, but an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship had given a softer name to it. Since I am engaged unawares in quotations, I must not omit the satire which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative companion, and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other satire he has written. This great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other, it would be mortal to him, as he has very humorously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow who had like to have been the death of him.

Interpellandi locus hic erat: Est tibi mater,
Cognati, quis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam
Omnes composui. Felices, nunc ego resto.
Confice, namque; instat fatum mihi triste sabella,
Quod puero cecini divina mota anus urna.
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cumque: Loquaces,
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.

Thus translated by Mr. Oldham:

Here I got room to interrupt: Have you
A mother, Sir, or kindred, living now?
Not one; they all are dead. Troth, so I guess:
The happier they (said I) who are at rest.
Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet:
Haste, I beseech you, and dispatch me quite,
For I am well convinc'd my time is come;
When I was young, a gipsy told my doom.
This lad (said she, and look'd upon my head)
Shall not by sword or poison come to's end,
Nor by the fever, dropsy, gout, or stone;
But he shall die by an eternal tongue:
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wise,
Let him avoid great talkers, I advise.

No. 269.] *Thursday, December* 28, 1710.

——Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala.—— *Hor.*

From my own Apartment, December 27.

I find my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters, and fear people have taken the advantage of my silence to go on in their errors; for which reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful questions, and just complaints, as soon as they come to my hands. The two following epistles relate to very great mischiefs in the most important articles of life, love and friendship.

Dorsetshire, Dec. 18.

Mr. Bickerstaffe,—It is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the vanity to think she excels in all these qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scornful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the utmost rudeness and ill-manners: if I approach her person, she fights, she scratches me: if I offer a civil salute, she bites me; insomuch, that very lately, before a whole assembly of ladies and gentlemen, she ripped

ut a considerable part of my left cheek. This is no sooner done, but she begs my pardon in the most handsome and becoming terms imaginable, gives herself worse language than I could find in my heart to do, lets me embrace her, to pacify her while she is railing at herself, protests she deserves the esteem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all, tempts me to renew my addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging manner. Thus, without some speedy relief, I am in danger of losing my whole face. Notwithstanding all this, I dote upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a man of sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one instance. Your reflections upon this strange amour would be very useful in these parts, where we are overrun with wild beauties and romps. I earnestly beg your assistance, either to deliver me from the power of this unaccountable enchantment, or, by some proper animadversions, civilize the behaviour of this agreeable rustic. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,
"EBENEZER."

"Mr. Bickerstaffe,—I now take leave to address you in your character of censor, and complain to you, that, among the various errors in conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular severity. It is a humour of jesting on disagreeable subjects, and insisting on the jest the more it creates uneasiness; and this some men think they have a title to do as friends. Is the design of jesting to provoke? Or does friendship give a privilege to say things with a design to shock? How can that be called a jest, which has nothing in it but bitterness? It is generally allowed necessary, for the peace of company, that men should a little study the tempers of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make it a constant entertainment. The frequent repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a rancour that is fatal to friendship; and I doubt much, whether it would be an argument of a man's good humour, if he should be roused by perpetual teazing, to treat those that do it as his enemies. In a word, whereas it is a common practice to let a story die, merely because it does not touch, I think such as mention one they find does, are as troublesome to society, and as unfit for it, as Wags, Men of Fire, Good Talkers, or any other apes in conversation; and therefore, for the public benefit, I hope you will cause them to be branded with such a name as they deserve.

"I am, Sir, yours,
"PATIENT FRIENDLY."

The case of Ebenezer is a very common one, and is always cured by neglect. These fantastical returns of affection proceed from a certain vanity in the other sex, supported by a perverted taste in ours. I must publish it as a rule, that no faults which proceed from the will, either in a mistress or a friend, are to be tolerated: but we should be so complaisant to ladies, as to let them displease when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a spirit, Ebenezer; recover the use of your judgment, and her faults will appear, or her beauties vanish. "Her faults begin to please me as well as my own," is a sentence very prettily put into the mouth of a lover by the comic poet; but he never designed it for a maxim of life, but the picture of an imperfection. If Ebenezer takes my advice, the same temper which made her insolent to his love, will make her submissive to his indifference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the faults mentioned in the second letter, to the same vanity or pride in companions who secretly triumph over their friends, in being sharp upon them in things where they are most tender. But when this sort of behaviour does not proceed from that source, it does from barrenness of invention, and an inability to support a conversation in a way less offensive. It is the same poverty which makes men speak or write smuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene language is an address to the lewd for applause, so are sharp allusions an appeal to the ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that conversation, where one man exercises his wit to make another exercise his patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Plagius has been told, again and again, both in public and private, that he preaches excellently well, and still goes on to preach as well as ever, and all this to a polite and learned audience; this is to desire, that he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except to a country congregation; the proprietors of Tillotson's Works having consulted the learned in the law, whether preaching a sermon they have purchased, is not to be construed publishing their copy.

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his story is severe upon a weakness, and not a folly.

No. 270.] *Saturday, December* 30, 1710.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes,
Hor.

From my own Apartment, December 29.

According to my late resolution, I take the holidays to be no improper season to entertain the town with the addresses of my correspondents. In my walks every day, there appear all round me very great offenders in the point of dress. An armed tailor had the impudence yesterday in the Park to smile in my face, and pull off a laced hat to me, as it were in contempt of my authority and censure. However, it is a very great

satisfaction, that other people, as well as myself, are offended with these improprieties. The following notices from persons of different sexes and qualities, are a sufficient instance how useful my lucubrations are to the public.

Jack's Coffee-house, near Guildhall, Dec. 27.

"COUSIN BICKERSTAFFE,—It has been the peculiar blessing of our family to be always above the smiles or frowns of fortune, and by a constant greatness of mind, to restrain all irregular fondnesses or passions. From hence it is, that though a long decay, and a numerous descent, have obliged many of our house to fall into the arts of trade and business, no one person of us has ever made an appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own station of life, or has ever affected a mien or gesture unsuitable to it.

"You have up and down in your writings very justly remarked, that it is not this or the other profession or quality among men that gives us honour and esteem, but the well or ill behaving ourselves in those characters. It is therefore with no small concern, that I behold in coffee houses, and public places, my brethren, the tradesmen of this city, put off the smooth, even and ancient decorum of thriving citizens, for a fantastical dress and figure, improper for their persons and characters, to the utter destruction of that order and distinction which of right ought to be between St. James's and Milk-Street, the camp and Cheapside.

"I have given myself some time to find out how distinguishing the frays in a lot of mualins, or drawing up a regiment of thread laces, or making a panegyric on pieces of sagathy or Scotch plaid, should entitle a man to a laced hat or sword, a wig tied up with ribands, or an embroidered coat. The college say, this enormity proceeds from a sort of delirium in the brain, which makes it break out first about the head, and, for want of timely remedies, fall upon the left thigh, and from thence in little mazes and windings run over the whole body, as appears by pretty ornaments on the buttons, button-holes, garterings, sides of the breeches, and the like. I beg the favour of you to give us a discourse wholly upon the subject of habits, which will contribute to the better government of conversation among us, and in particular oblige, Sir,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"FELIX TRANQUILLUS."

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

The humble Petition of RALPH NAB, Haberdasher of Hats, and many other poor Sufferers of the same Trade,

"Showeth,

"That for some years last past, the use of gold and silver galoon upon hats has been almost universal, being undistinguishably worn by soldiers, squires, lords, footmen, beaus, sportsmen, traders, clerks, prigs, smarts, cullies, pretty fellows, and sharpers.

"That the said use and custom has been two ways very prejudicial to your petitioners: First, in that it has induced men, to the great damage of your petitioners, to wear their hats upon their heads, by which means the said hats last much longer whole than they would do if worn under their arm. Secondly, in that very often a new dressing and a new lace supply the place of a new hat, which grievance we are chiefly sensible of in the spring time, when the company is leaving the town; it so happening commonly, that a hat shall frequent all winter the finest and best assemblies without any ornaments at all, and in May shall be tricked up with gold or silver, to keep company with rustics, and ride in the rain.

"All which premises your petitioners humbly pray you take into your consideration, and either to appoint a day in your Court of Honour, when all pretenders to the galoon may enter their claims, and have them approved or rejected, or to give us such other relief as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

"And your petitioners, &c."

*** Order my friend near Temple Bar, the author of the Hunting-Cock, to assist the court when this petition is read, of which Mr. Lillie is to give him notice.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Elizabeth Slender, Spinster,

"Showeth,

"THAT on the 20th of this instant December, her friend Rebecca Hive and your petitioner walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said, she wondered that lawyer would so spoil a new gown with powder. To which it was answered, that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman. Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost.

"Your petitioner therefore desires your worship to cite the clergyman before you, and to settle and adjust the length of canonical periwigs, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit,

"And your petitioner, &c."

Q. Whether this gentleman be not chaplain to a regiment, and in such case allowed powder accordingly?

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess, that the men who dress with a certain ambition to appear more than

they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things, wherein, if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegations relating to the clergyman, than any other hinted at in these complaints. I have, indeed, a long time, with much concern, observed abundance of pretty fellows in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred, and well dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function, an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among the men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character gives such a chastisement to their fancy, that all which they utter in company is as much above what you meet with in other conversations, as the charms of a modest are superior to those of a light woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries from the universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome white hand; but were I to preach repentance to a gallery of ladies, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on. I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind appointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too serious on this occasion; for which reason I shall end with the following epistle, which, by my interest in Tom Trot, the penny-post, I procured a copy of.

To the Rev. Mr. Ralph Incense, Chaplain to the Countess Dowager of Brompton.

"Sir,—I heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am an ignorant young woman, and understood not half you said: but ah! your manner, when you held up both your hands toward our pew! Did you design to win me to Heaven or yourself?

"Your humble servant,

"PENITENCE GENTLE."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mr. Proctorstaff, of Clare-Hall in Cambridge, is received as a kinsman, according to his request bearing date the 20th instant.

The distressed son of Æsculapius is desired to be more particular.

THE GUARDIAN.

No. 67.] *Thursday, May* 28, 1713.

——————ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo. *Hor.*

It has been remarked, by curious observers that poets are generally long-lived, and run beyond the usual age of man, if not cut off by some accident or excess, as Anacreon, in the midst of a very merry old age, was choked with a grape-stone. The same redundancy of spirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and administers uncommon fuel to life. I question not but several instances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I shall only take notice of two who have excelled in lyrics, the one an ancient and the other a modern. The first gained an immortal reputation by celebrating several jockeys in the Olympic games; the last has signalised himself on the same occasion, by the ode that begins with——— To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse. My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned, are Pindar and Mr. d'Urfey. The former of these is long since laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himself to all Greece by his tuneful compositions. Our countryman is still living, and in a blooming old age, that still promises many musical productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our British swan will sing to the last. The best judges, who have perused his last song on the Moderate Man, do not discover any decay in his parts, but think it deserves a place among the works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this subject by a visit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flourished together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourselves with the remembrance of several particulars that passed in the world before the greatest part of my readers were born, and could not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a couple of venerable, old gentleman. Tom observed to me, that after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a set of men, who, of late years, have furnished him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a song. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately sent for the three directors of the playhouse, and desired them that they would, in their turn, do a good office for a man, who, in Shakspeare's phrase, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleasantry and popular conceits. They very generously listened to my proposal, and agreed to act the Plotting Sisters, (a very taking play of my old friend's composing) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindness to the agreeable Mr. d'Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my disciples, the case of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whose sonnets have perhaps lulled asleep many a present toast, when she lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady Lizard to be at the house in one of the front boxes, and design, if I am in town, to lead her in myself at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am speaking of has laid obligations on so many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a just return to the good service of a veteran poet.

I myself remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom d'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little supported by, Joy to great Cæsar, which gave the whigs such a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked popery with the same success, having exposed Bellarmine and Porto-Carrero more than once in short satirical compositions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made use of Italian tunes and sonata's for promoting the Protestant interest, and turned a considerable part of the pope's music against himself. In short, he has obliged the court with political sonnets, the country with dialogues and pastorals, the city with descriptions of a lord-mayor's feast, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-ball, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be sufficient to fill the play-

house. Pretty Peg of Windsor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johnny, with many others to be met with in the musical miscellanies, entitled Pills to purge Melancholy, would make a good benefit night.

As my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the most polite companies and conversations from the beginning of King Charles the Second's reign to our present times. Many an honest gentleman has got a reputation in his country, by pretending to have been in company with Tom d'Urfey.

I might here mention several other merits in my friend; as his enriching our language with a multitude of rhymes, and bringing words together that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, so long as it had been a tongue. But I must not omit, that my old friend angles for a trout the best of any man in England. May flies come in late this season, or I myself should, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have said, and much more that I might say, on this subject, I question not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to pass the remainder of his life in a cage like a singing bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is suitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him easy so long as he stays among us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, and good-natured man.

No. 71.] *Tuesday, June 2.*

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. *Hor.*

I QUESTION not but my country customers will be surprised to here me complain that this town is, of late years, very much infested with lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a strange piece of news, when I assure them that there are many of these beasts of prey who walk our streets, in broad daylight, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy. And whereas I cannot discharge my office of Guardian without setting a mark on such a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards against him, I design this whole paper as an Essay upon the political Lion.

It has cost me a great deal of time to discover the reason of this appellation, but after many disquisitions and conjectures on so obscure a subject, I find there are two accounts of it more satisfactory than the rest. In the republic of Venice, which has been always the mother of politics, there are near the Doge's palace several large figures of lions curiously wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a most enormous manner. Those who have a mind to give the state any private intelligence of what passes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of these lions, and convey into it a paper of such private informations as any way regard the interest or safety of the commonwealth. By this means, all the secrets of state come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed, it is the lion that tells every thing. In short, there is not a mismanagement in office, or a murmur in conversation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reason, say the learned, a spy is very properly distinguished by the name of Lion.

I must confess this etymology is plausible enough, and I did for some time acquiesce in it, till about a year or two ago I met with a little manuscript which sets this whole matter in a clear light. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says my author, the renowned Walsingham had many spies in his service, from whom the government received great advantage. The most eminent among them was the statesman's barber, whose surname was Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack of fishing out the secrets of his customers, as they were under his hands. He would rub and lather a man's head, until he had got out every thing that was in it. He had a certain snap in his fingers and volubility in his tongue, that would engage a man to talk with him whether he would or no. By this means he became an inexhaustible fund of private intelligence, and so signalized himself in the capacity of a spy, that, from his time, a master-spy goes under the name of a Lion.

Walsingham had a most excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man into a lion whom he did not see highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed the speculative men of those times say of him, that he would now and then play them off and expose them a little unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, seems only good policy, for otherwise they might set up for men again, when they thought fit, and desert his service. But, however, though in that very corrupt age he made use of these animals, he had a great esteem for true men, and always exerted the highest generosity in offering them more, without asking terms of them, and doing more for them out of mere respect for their talents, though against him, than they could expect from any other minister whom they had served never so conspicuously. This made Raleigh (who professed himself his opponent) say one day to a friend, "Pox take this Walsingham, he baffles everybody, he will not so much as let a man hate him

in private." True it is, that by the wanderings, roarings, and lurking of his lions, he knew the way to every man breathing, who had not a contempt for the world itself: he had lions rampant whom he used for the service of the church, and couchant who were to lie down for the queen. They were so much at command, that the couchant would act as rampant, and the rampant as couchant, without being the least out of countenance, and all this within four and twenty hours. Walsingham had the pleasantest life in the world, for, by the force of his power and intelligence, he saw men as they really were, and not as the world thought of them: all this was principally brought about by feeding his lions well, or keeping them hungry, according to their different constitutions.

Having given this short, but necessary account of this statesman and his barber, who, like the tailor in Shakspeare's Pyramus and Thisbe, was a man made, as other men are, notwithstanding he was a nominal lion, I shall proceed to the description of this strange species of creatures. Ever since the wise Walsingham was secretary in this nation, our statesmen are said to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our British arms is one of the supporters of the crown, and that it is impossible for a government, in which there are such a variety of factions and intrigues, to subsist without this necessary animal.

A lion, or master-spy, has several jackcalls under him, who are his retailers of intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-house, and as his voice is exceeding strong, it aggravates the sound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirsts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no secrets which he hunts after with more delight, than those that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the person who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpose; he quits the chase, and falls into a more agreeable scent.

He discovers a wonderful sagacity in seeking after his prey. He couches and frisks about in a thousand sportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the sound of the creature whom he would ensnare; an artifice to be met with in no beast of prey, except the hyena and the political lion.

You seldom see a cluster of news-mongers without a lion in the midst of them. He never misses taking his stand within ear-shot of one of those little ambitious men who set up for orators in places of public resort. If there is a whispering-hole, or any public spirited corner in a coffee-house, you never fail of seeing a lion couched upon his elbow in some part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the perusal of every loose paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinary attentive to what he reads, while he listens to those who are about him. He takes up the Postman, and snuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have seen a lion pore upon a single paragraph in an old Gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full description of this monster, for the benefit of such innocent persons as may fall into his walks, I shall apply a word or two to the lion himself, whom I would desire to consider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmost contempt even by such as make use of him. Hangmen and executioners are necessary in a state, and so may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how despicable is the wretch that takes on him so vile an employment? there is scarce a being that would not suffer by a comparison with him, except that being only who acts the same kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuser of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be hung up, *in terrorem*, at Button's coffee-house, over against Tom's, in Covent-Garden.

No. 96.] *Wednesday, July* 1.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ.
Virg.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honourary rewards, that, without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompense of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprise sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honourary rewards, which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the Emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Conte, till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their rank accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual

dependance, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were their current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on a coin, it was stamped perhaps upon a hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or half-pence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and, in a short space of time, spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often recoined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution, had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman abovementioned, to men of the greatest genius, as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and half-pence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her Majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper abovementioned, which was delivered to the late Lord Treasurer, I shall here give the public a sight of it. For I do not question, but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner.

The English have not been so careful as other polite nations, to preserve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their subjects are few, their mottoes and devices mean, and the coins themselves not numerous enough to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

The French have outdone us in these particulars, and, by the establishment of a society for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind, and those of such costly metals, that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, seaport, or highway, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the designs were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of senate.

It is therefore proposed,

I. That the English farthings and half-pence be recoined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inscriptions alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her Majesty's reign.

III. That there be a society established for the finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and devices.

IV. That no subject, inscription, or device be stamped without the approbation of this society, nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals, that are, at present, only a dead treasure or mere curiosities, will be of use in the ordinary commerce of life, and, at the same time perpetuate the glories of her Majesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public services, and excite the emulation of posterity. To these generous purposes, nothing can so much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of necessary use and observation, not perishable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, statues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illustrious actions.

No. 97.] *Thursday, July 2.*

—Furor est post omnia perdere naulum.—*Juv.*

"Sir,—I was left a thousand pounds by an uncle, and being a man, to my thinking, very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aside all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loss of time made my application to one who had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she friends, who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little, rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation, within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable, either in man or woman: now you must know, sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement, so that, to mend the matter, I bought a fine flaxen, long wig, that cost me thirty guineas, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver-fringed gloves, and a diamond ring. But whether out of fickleness, or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day she disliked another; so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above a hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, sir, do you judge if, after such encouragements, she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelvemonth I have run out of my whole thousand pounds upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of clothes, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because that I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you know, sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular, will very much oblige,

"Your most humble admirer,
"SIMON SOFTLY."

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points: first of all, what it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement; and secondly, what it is that amounts to a promise. Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that would undertake his cause in *forma pauperis*, he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer, however, to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in King Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it, and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularised in it the several expenses he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that, upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her he had missed. The several articles in the bill of costs I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular sum charged to each article.

Laid out in supernumerary full-buttom wigs.

Fiddles for a serenade, with a speaking trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux with perfumed wax.

A ream of sonnets and love verses, purchased at different times of Mr. Triplett at a crown a sheet.

To Zelinda two sticks of May cherries.

Last summer, at several times, a bushel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The first, who stood sentry near her door.

The second, who had his stand at the stables where her coach was put up.

The third, who kept watch at the corner of the street where Ned Courtall lives, who has since married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurers kept in pay all last winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her footman, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningsmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigal) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret service-money to Betty at the ring.

Ditto, to Mrs. Tape, the mantua-maker.

Loss of time.

No. 98.] *Friday, July 3.*

In sese redit——— *Virg.*

THE first who undertook to instruct the world in single papers, was Isaac Bickerstaffe, of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironsides. We have often smoked a pipe together, for I was so much in his books, that at his decease he left me a silver standish, a pair of spectacles, and the lamp by which he used to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Isaac was succeeded by a gentleman of the same family, very memorable for the shortness of his face and of his speeches. This ingenious author published his thoughts, and held his tongue, with great applause, for two years together.

I Nestor Ironside have now for some time undertaken to fill the place of these my two renowned kinsmen and predecessors. For it is observed of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarkable of some of us, that we are apt on this occasion rather to give than take.

However it be, I cannot but observe, with some secret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not succeeded for any space of time in the hands of any persons who are not of our line. I believe I speak within compass, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured after our family way of writing, some of which have been writers in other kinds of the greatest eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropped after a few unsuccessful essays. It puts me in mind of a story which was lately told me by a pleasant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid servant, seeing his instrument lying upon the table, and being sensible there was music in it, if she knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the strings, and at last told her master she had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find whereabout the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of such a paper is only fit to rest on the shoulders of a Bickerstaffe, or an Ironside, there are several who can acquit themselves of a single day's labour in it with suitable abilities. These are gentlemen whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have several of them acquitted themselves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulysses his bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his strength. One who does not care to write a book without being sure of his abilities, may see by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taste.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the best sense, who are always diffident of their private judgment, till it receives a sanction from the public. *Provoco ad populum*, I appeal to the people, was the usual saying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any disputes with particular persons about the justness and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be satisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world besides himself. Common modesty should, on this occasion, make a man suspect his own judgment, and that he misapplies the rules of his art, when he finds himself singular in the applause which he bestows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. I laugh at every one, said an old Cynic, who laughs at me. Do you so? replied the philosopher; then let me tell you, you live the merriest life of any man in Athens.

It is not therefore the least use of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and such is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of sounding the public before he launches into it. For this reason I look upon my paper as a kind of nursery for authors, and question not but some, who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flourish under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that, when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull or heavy, (though I hope this will not be often,) he will believe it is the work of some other person, and not of Nestor-Ironside.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole Guardian. I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my

correspondents. Now I would have them all know, that on the twentieth instant it is my intention to erect a lion's head in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the public. This head requires some time to finish, the workman being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Buttons' coffee-house in Covent-Garden, who is directed to show the way to the Lion's head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy.

No. 99.] *Saturday, July, 4.*

> Justum, et tenacem propositi virum
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
> Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
> Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
> Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.—*Hor.*

There is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one, to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other, to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such a one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offenders. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people: or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better in a sentiment conformable to his character,

> When by just vengeance impious mortals perish,
> The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
> And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason the best law that has ever passed in our days, is that which continues our judges in their posts during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that, while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings, and should have that honour paid them whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his country's laws, can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house, and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days, the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flam-

beau in their hands, the sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor, by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which the emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer to be slain? why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down by it in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now ate so heartily? The sultan, being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner. "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray, by partiality or compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon the lighting of the flambeaux a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and to my unspeakable joy, found that it was not my son. It was for this reason that I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily of the food you have set before me, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in, upon this occasion, since the first complaints you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this very moment."

No. 109.] *Monday, July 6.*

Hoc vos præcipuè niveæ, decet, hoc ubi vidi,
Oscula ferre humero, quâ patet, usque libet. *Ovid*

THERE is a certain female ornament, by some called a Tucker, and by others the Neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of the women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders and bosom. Having thus given a definition, or rather description of the tucker, I must take notice, that our ladies have of late thrown aside this fig-leaf, and exposed, in its primitive nakedness, that gentle swelling of the breast which it was used to conceal. What their design by it is, they themselves best know.

I observed this as I was sitting the other day by a famous she visitant at my Lady Lizard's, when accidentally as I was looking upon her face, letting my sight fall into her Bosom, I was surprised with beauties which I never before discovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herself could not forbear blushing when she observed by my looks, that she had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could scarce forbear making use of my hand to cover so unseemly a sight.

If we survey the pictures of our great grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we see them clothed down to the very wrists, and up to the very chin. The hand and face were the only samples they gave of their beautiful persons. The following age of females made larger discoveries of their complexion. They first of all tucked up their garments to the elbow, and, notwithstanding the tenderness of the sex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expose their arms to the coldness of the air and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath succeeded to their wishes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have escaped them, had they been still concealed.

About the same time the ladies considering that the neck was a very modest part in a human body, they freed it from those yokes, I mean those monstrous linen ruffs, in which the simplicity of their grandmothers had inclosed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dress still sunk lower, so that, when we now say a woman has a handsome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The disuse of the tucker has still enlarged it, insomuch that the neck of a fine woman at present takes in almost half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies seem disposed to discover themselves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themselves where to make a stop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than *busts* of alabaster in my eye. I can look upon

The yielding marble of a snowy breast,

with as much coldness as this line of Mr. Waller represents in the object itself. But my fair readers ought to consider, that all their beholders are not Nestors. Every man is not sufficiently qualified with age and philosophy to be an indifferent spectator of such allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their passions under no discipline or restraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I see her thus exposing herself to the regards of every impudent, staring fellow. How can she expect that her quality can defend her, when she gives such provocation? I could not but observe, last winter, that, upon the disuse of

he neck-piece (the ladies will pardon me if it is not the fashionable term of art,) the whole tribe of oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and stared the fair sex in the neck rather than in the face. To prevent these saucy, familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to sew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modesty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedness, but the innocence, of their mother Eve.

What most troubles and indeed surprises me in this particular, I have observed that the leaders in this fashion were most of them married women. What their design can be in making themselves bare, I cannot possibly imagine. Nobody exposes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the snare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumstance in the institution of the severe Lycurgus. As that great lawgiver knew that the wealth and strength of a republic consisted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it, he prescribed a certain loose dress for the Spartan maids, in which there were several artificial rents and openings, that, upon their putting themselves in motion discovered several limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made use of, by that wise lawgiver, to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once sped, she was not suffered to tantalise the male part of the commonwealth: her garments were closed up, and stitched together with the greatest care imaginable. The shape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I shall conclude this discourse of the tucker with a moral, which I have taught upon all occasions, and shall still continue to inculcate into my female readers; namely, that nothing bestows so much beauty on a woman as modesty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himself, the greatest master in the art of love. He observes upon it, that Venus pleases most when she appears *(semi-reducta)* in a figure withdrawing herself from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the statue which we see in the Venus de Medicis, where she is represented in such a shy, retiring posture, and covers her bosom with one of her hands. In short, modesty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth, it bestows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinstates the widow in her virginity.

No. 101.] *Tuesday, July 7.*

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur.—*Virg.*

THIS being the great day of thanksgiving for the peace, I shall present my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to see France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in several epistles. Those which follow were put into my hands with liberty to make them public, and I question not but my reader will think himself obliged to me for so doing.

"SIR,—Since I had the happiness of seeing you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and since that several bruises upon land, lame post-horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures.

Quorum animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit.

"My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face, nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

"I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here, I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been I think the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass-bottles, imitates a firework, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of Esop.

"I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or, with all your descriptions, raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so singular as to prefer Fontainbleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of salvage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work, that

strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscotted with looking-glass. The history of the present king till the year 16—, is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

"The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunder-bolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice.

"But what makes all these shows the more agreeable is, the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at three-score and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversable, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has gray hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does, in this respect, lay a little claim to the privilege of old age.

"I am, Sir, &c."

Blois, May 15, N. S.

"SIR,—I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is, to see the manners and temper of the people, which, I believe, may be better learned here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

"I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty, as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy, or abundance of wine, can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing that, from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in virtues of their nation, and least with its imperfections. When, therefore, I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection, without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

"Sir, Yours, &c."

No. 102.] *Wednesday, July* 8.

——Natos ad flumina primum
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis.—*Virg.*

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for something that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The present season of the year having put most of them in slight summer-suits, has turned my speculations to a subject that concerns every one who is sensible of cold or heat, which I believe takes in the greatest part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconstant than the British climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the seasons of the year. I have shivered in the dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in August, and rose in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily suit.

I remember a very whimsical fellow, (commonly known by the name of Posture-master,) in King Charles the Second's reign, who was the plague of all the tailors about town. He would often send for one of them to take measure of him; but would so con-

rive it as to have a most immoderate rising n one of his shoulders. When the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder. Upon which the tailor begged pardon for the mistake, and mended it as fast as he could; but, upon a third trial, found him a straight-shouldered man as one would desire to see, but a little unfortunate in a humped back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a suit to a season of our English climate.

After this short descant on the uncertainty of our English weather, I come to my moral.

A man should take care that his body be not too soft for his climate; but rather, if possible, harden and season himself beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourselves by custom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakness of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The softest of our British ladies expose their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accustomed to it. The whole body, by the same means, might contract the same firmness and temper. The Scythian that was asked how it was possible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied, "Because we are all over face." Mr. Locke advises parents to have their children's feet washed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the most healthful exercises in the world, were it made use of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be something like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is said to have dipped, when he was a child, in the river Styx. The story adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which the mother held in her hand during this immersion, and which by that means lost the benefit of these hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually softening ourselves by good fires and warm clothes. The air within our rooms has generally two or three more degrees of heat in it than the air without doors.

Crassus is an old, lethargic valetudinarian. For these twenty years last past, he has been clothed in frieze of the same colour and of the same piece. He fancies he should catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and, though his avarice would incline him to wear it till it was thread-bare, he dares not do it, lest he should take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without his frieze coat than without his skin. It is not, indeed, so properly his coat, as what the anatomists call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Crassus from myself. It is, indeed, the particular distinction of the Ironsides to be robust and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worst. My father lived till a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather used to throw off his hat and go open breasted after four score. As for myself, they used to souse me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, so that I am now looked upon as one of the most case-hardened of the whole family of the Ironsides. In short, I have been so plunged in water and inured to the cold, that I regard myself as a piece of true-tempered Steele, and can say with the abovementionted Scythian, that I am face, or, if my enemies please, forehead, all over.

No. 103.] *Thursday, July* 9.

Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
Virg.

I AM considering how most of the great phœnomena, or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chymists. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occasion for a lambent flame, you have whole sheets of it in a handful of phosphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water-work; and we are informed that some years ago the virtuosos of France covered a little vault with artificial snow, which they made to fall above an hour together, for the entertainment of his present majesty.

I am led into this train of thinking by the noble fire-work that was exhibited last night upon the Thames. You might there see a little sky filled with innumerable blazing stars and meteors. Nothing could be more astonishing than the pillars of flame, clouds of smoke, and multitudes of stars mingled together in such an agreeable confusion. Every rocket ended in a constellation, and strowed the air with such a shower of silver spangles, as opened and enlightened the whole scene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines in Œdipus,

Why from the bleeding womb of monstrous night
Burst forth such myriads of abortive stars?

In short, the artist did his part to admiration, and was so encompassed with fire and smoke, that one would have thought nothing but a salamander could have been safe in such a situation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole show. One of them being a critic, that is, a man who on all occasions is more attentive to what is

wanting than what is present, began to exert his talent upon the several objects we had before us. "I am mightily pleased," says he, "with that burning cipher. There is no matter in the world so proper to write with as wild-fire, as no characters can be more legible than those which are read by their own light. But as for your cardinal virtues, I do not care for seeing them in such combustible figures. Who can imagine Chastity with a body of fire, or Temperance in a flame? Justice, indeed, may be furnished out of this element as far as her sword goes, and Courage may be all over one continued blaze, if the artist pleases."

Our companion observing that we laughed at this unseasonable severity, let drop the critic, and proposed a subject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amusing, if executed by so able an artist as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a scene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery represent the Pandæmonium, where

> —— from the arched roof
> Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
> Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
> With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light
> As from a sky——

This might be finely represented by several illuminations disposed in a great frame of wood, with ten thousand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men versed in this art know very well how to raise. The evil spirits at the same time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and surprise the spectator.

We were well enough pleased with this start of thought, but fancied there was something in it too serious, and perhaps too horrid, to be put into execution.

Upon this a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work described, if I am not mistaken, by Strada. A prince of Italy, it seems, entertained his mistress with it upon a great lake. In the midst of this lake was a huge floating mountain, made by art. The mountain represented Ætna, being bored through the top with a monstrous orifice. Upon a signal given, the eruption began. Fire and smoke, mixed with several unusual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for some time. On a sudden there was heard a most dreadful rumbling noise within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burst, and discovered a vast cavity in that side which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's shop, full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame issued out incessantly from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out thunder-bolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flashes. Venus stood by him in a figure of the brightest fire, with numberless Cupids on all sides of her, that shot out vollies of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot several other particulars no less curious, and have only mentioned these to show that there may be a sort of fable or design in a fire-work, which may give an additional beauty to those surprising objects.

I seldom see any thing that raises wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I had seen, I could not forbear reflecting on the insignificancy of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In the pursuit of this thought, I considered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing-star, as a sky-rocket is discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and, if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was four score millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity, and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has prescribed for it? That it should move in such an inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity? How spacious must the universe be that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder or confusion by it? What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses? Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command this magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the mean time, they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention.

No. 104.] *Friday, July* 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent.—*Tacit.*

On Tuesday last I published two letters written by a gentleman in his travels. As they were applauded by my best readers, I shall this day publish two more from the same hand. The first of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deserve the attention of those who are versed in British antiquities.

"*Blois, May* 15, N. S.

"Sir,—Because I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of

the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

"I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility, when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

"In the reign of King John there lived a nobleman, called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Tourraine. His brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and being much pleased with his person and behaviour, begged him of the king his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John, the other brother, who in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the king of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of a haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists, completely armed, amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; till, after some toil and bloodshed, they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time, had cast his eye upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you after this with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the King of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English."

"*Le Roi d'Angleterre, par permission du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle memoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidelite envers leurs rois, leur donna par ampliation a leurs armes en une croix d'argent cantonee de quatre coquilles d'or en champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en facons de croix de gueulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle qui est participation des deux croix que portent les dits rois en la guerre.*"

"I am afraid, by this time, you wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of King John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though, at the same time, I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking an occasion to subscribe myself,

"Sir, yours, &c."

Blois, May 20, N. S.

"SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me in some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset.

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it showed me some of the finest places and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and water-works. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud, any hour of the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shop-keeper desiring his neighbour to have the goodness to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers that are extremely glad of the honour of seeing one another.

"The face of the whole country, where I now am, is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds

of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature than in the new style. I have passed one March in my life without being ruffled by the winds, and one April without being washed with rains.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c."

No. 105.] *Saturday, July* 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris.
Perdere nec fœtus ausa leæna suos.
At teneræ faciunt, sed non impune, puellæ;
Sæpe, suos utero quæ necat, ipsa perit.—*Ovid.*

THERE was no part of the show on the Thanksgiving-day that so much pleased and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with so much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-Change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, clothed in the charity of their benefactors, was a spectacle pleasing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expression of joy and thanksgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unspotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderness which appeared in the looks of their several instructors, who were disposed among this little helpless people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any sentiments of humanity.

I am very sorry that her majesty did not see this assembly of objects so proper to excite that charity and compassion which she bears to all who stand in need of it, though at the same time I question not but her royal bounty will extend itself to them. A charity bestowed on the education of so many of her young subjects, has more merit in it than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune who are in greater stations in life.

I have always looked on this institution of charity schools, which, of late years, has so universally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the most proper means that can be made use of to recover it out of its present degeneracy and depravation of manners. It seems to promise us an honest and virtuous posterity: there will be few in the next generation who will not at least be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped, that the several persons of wealth and quality, who made their procession through the members of these new-erected seminaries, will not regard them only as an empty spectacle, or the materials of a fine show, but contribute to their maintenance and increase. For my part, I can scarce forbear looking on the astonishing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in some measure the blessings returned upon that national charity which has been so conspicuous of late, and that the great successes of the last war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in some measure occasioned by the several objects which then stood before us.

Since I am upon this subject, I shall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deserves our attention the more, because it is practised by most of the nations about us. I mean a provision for foundlings, or for those children who, through want of such a provision, are exposed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to speak on such a subject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by those who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either ashamed or unable to provide for them!

There is scarce an assizes where some unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of these monsters of inhumanity may we suppose to be wholly undiscovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? not to mention those, who, by unnatural practices, do in some measure defeat the intentions of Providence, and destroy their conceptions even before they see the light. In all these the guilt is equal, though the punishment is not so. But to pass by the greatness of the crime, (which is not to be expressed by words,) if we only consider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deserves the utmost application and wisdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays the profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderness which is natural to them on other occasions, is the fear of shame, or their inability to support those whom they gave life to. I shall therefore show how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from those who have been conversant in the several great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hospitals built like our colleges In the walls of these hospitals are placed machines, in the shape of large lanterns, with a little door in the side of them turned towards the street, and a bell hanging by them. The child is deposited in this lantern, which is immediately turned about into the inside of the hospital. The person who conveys the child rings the bell, and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent or friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet christened, the name it should be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been

some years in the hospital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his son, or left his estate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preserved, and do signal services to their country, who without such a provision might have perished as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like destruction.

This I think is a subject that deserves our most serious consideration, for which reason I hope I shall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers.

No. 106.] *Monday, July* 13.

Quod latet arcanâ non enarrabile fibrâ.—*Pers.*

As I was making up my Monday's provision for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furnish out myself, I shall set it before the reader, and desire him to fall on without further ceremony.

"SIR,—Your two kinsmen and predecessors of immortal memory were very famous for their dreams and visions, and contrary to all other authors, never pleased their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is observed that the *second-sight* generally runs in the blood; and, sir, we are in hopes that you yourself, like the rest of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a seer of visions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a present of a dream, which may serve to lull your readers till such time as you yourself shall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal discoveries.

"You must understand, sir, I had yesterday been reading, and ruminating upon that passage where Momus is said to have found fault with the make of a man, because he had not a window in his breast. The moral of this story is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of a man is so full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no guessing at what he is from his speeches and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the sexes would be, if there was a window in the breast of every one that makes or receives love. What protestations and perjuries would be saved on the one side, what hypocrisy and dissimulation on the other? I am myself very far gone in this passion for Aurelia, a woman of an unsearchable heart. I would give the world to know the secrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or if not, who is the happy person.

"I fell asleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my side. I was placed by her in the posture of Milton's Adam, and

With looks of cordial love hung over her enamour'd.

As I cast my eye upon her bosom, it appeared to be all of crystal, and so wonderfully transparent, that I saw every thought in her heart. The first images I discovered in it were fans, silks, ribands, laces, and many other gew-gaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole heart was nothing else but a toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished, when immediately I discerned a long train of coaches and six, equipages and liveries, that ran through the heart, one after another, in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could see distinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick succession of different scenes. A playhouse, a church, a court, a puppet-show, rose up one after another, till at last they all of them gave place to a pair of new shoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. These were driven off at last by a lap-dog, who was succeeded by a Guinea pig, a squirrel, and a monkey. I myself, to my no small joy, brought up the rear of these worthy favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted and in full possession of the heart: but as I saw the little figure of myself simpering, and mightily pleased with its situation, on a sudden the heart methought gave a sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little representative vanished; for, upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, awkward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his station long before he yielded it up to a wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white stick in his hand. These three last figures represented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we jostled one another out by turns, and disputed the post for a great while. But, at last, to my unspeakable satisfaction, I saw myself entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of crystal, when, to my unspeakable mortification I awaked, and found my mistress metamorphosed into a pillow.

"This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

"O venerable Nestor, if you have any skill in dreams, let me know whether I have the same place in the real heart, that I had in the visionary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very sanguine till eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour, that dreams always went by contraries. I did not, indeed, before much like the crystal heart, remembering that confounded simile in Valentinian, of a maid, *as cold as crystal, never to be thaw'd.* Besides, I verily believe, if I had slept a little longer, that awkward whelp, with his money bags, would certainly have made his second entrance. If you

can tell the fair one's mind, it will be no small proof of your art, for, I dare say, it is more than she herself can do. Every sentence she speaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and

"Your humble servant,

"PETER PUZZLE."

No. 107.] *Tuesday, July* 14.

——tentanda via est—— *Virg.*

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, and may possibly, in some of my future papers, oblige him with more from the same hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a sort of correspondent, as diverting as a traveller; his subject having the same grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curiosity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondness for a project, and may say, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myself. I could mention some which I have brought to maturity, others which have miscarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I see a proper juncture. I had a hand in the land-bank, and was consulted with upon the reformation of manners. I have had several designs upon the Thames and the New River, not to mention my refinements upon lotteries and insurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which, if it had succeeded to my wishes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from these my designs, it was not for want of any good will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the first arising from public-spirited persons, in which number I declare myself: the other proceeding from a regard to our private interest, of which nature is that in the following letter.

"SIR,—A man of your reading knows very well that there were a set of men, in old Rome called by the name of Nomenclators, that is, in English, men who would call every one by his name. When a great man stood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a consul, or a censor, he had always one of those nomenclators at his elbow, who whispered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to salute every Roman citizen by his name when he asked him for his vote. To come to my purpose, I have with much pains and assiduity qualified myself for a nomenclator to this great city, and shall gladly enter upon my office as soon as I meet with suitable encouragement. I will let myself out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner. If he takes me with him in a coach to the ring, I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the most celebrated persons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his side in the pit, I will call over to him, in the same manner, the whole circle of beauties that are disposed among the boxes, and, at the same time, point out to him the persons who ogle them from their respective stations. I need not tell you that I may be of the same use in any other public assembly. Nor do I only profess the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the sight of a reigning beauty, I shall mention her admirers, and discover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I shall likewise mark out every toast, the club in which she was elected, and the number of votes that were on her side. Not a woman shall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too shall be set out in their distinguishing characters, and declared whose properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good humour, their persons, stations, and titles, shall be described at large.

"I have a wife who is a nomenclatress, and will be ready, on any occasion, to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myself, and is acquainted with all the private history of London and Westminster, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours, which nobody yet knows any thing of but herself, and thirty clandestine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk, by the clock, after the rate of three guineas an hour.

"N. B. She is a near kinswoman of the author of the New Atalantis.

"I need not recommend to a man of your sagacity the usefulness of this project, and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon

"Your humble servant."

After this letter from my whimsical correspondent, I shall publish one of a more serious nature, which deserves the utmost attention of the public, and in particular of such who are lovers of mankind. It is on no less a subject, than that of discovering the longitude, and deserves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any such term. But all I can say on this subject will be superfluous, when the reader sees the names of those persons by whom this letter is subscribed, and who have done me the honour to send it me. I must only take notice, that the first of these gentlemen is the same person who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, A Scheme of the Solar System, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets belonging thereto. Described from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philosoph. Transact. No. 297, founded on Sir Isaac

Newton's wonderful Discoveries, by William Whiston, M. A.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq. at Button's Coffee-house, near Covent-Garden.

London, July 11, 1713.

"SIR,—Having a discovery of considerable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleased to concern yourself in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to desire the insertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing it a place in so useful a paper. Nor do we insist on any protection from you, if what we propose should fall short of what we pretend to; since any disgrace, which in that case must be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely borne by ourselves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

"It is well known, sir, to yourself, and to the learned, and trading, and sailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ship at sea has no certain method, in either her eastern or western voyages, or even in her less distant sailing from the coasts, to know her longitude, or how much she is gone eastward or westward; as it can easily be known in any clear day or night, how much she is gone northward or southward: the several methods by lunar eclipses, by those of Jupiter's satellites, by the appulses of the moon to fixed stars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how solid foundations soever they are built, still failing in long voyages at sea when they come to be practised; and leaving the poor sailors to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is so great, and so many ships have been lost by it, and this has been so long and so sensibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are said to be publicly offered for its supply. We are well satisfied, that the discovery we have to make as to this matter, is easily intelligible by all, and readily to be practised at sea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewise found at the same time; and that with proper changes it may be made as universal as the world shall please; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactness than the latitude itself is now usually found at sea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public consideration. We are ready to disclose it to the world, if we may be assured that no other persons shall be allowed to deprive us of those rewards which the public shall think fit to bestow for such a discovery; but do not desire actually to receive any benefit of that nature, until Sir Isaac Newton himself, with such other proper persons as shall be chosen to assist him, have given their opinion in favour of this discovery. If Mr. Ironside pleases so far to oblige the public as to communicate this proposal to the world, he will also lay a great obligation on

"His very humble servants,

"WILL. WHISTON,
"HUMPHREY DITTON."

No. 108. *Wednesday, July* 15.

Abiedibus juvenes patriis et montibus æqui.—*Virg.*

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but since I have communicated to the world a plan, which has given offence to some gentlemen whom it would not be very safe to disoblige, I must insert the following remonstrance; and at the same time promise those of my correspondents who have drawn this upon themselves, to exhibit to the public any such answer as they shall think proper to make to it.

MY GUARDIAN,—I was very much troubled to see the two letters which you lately published concerning the Short Club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themselves since the reading of those papers. Every one cocks and struts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two feet higher than themselves. I met with one the other day who was at least three inches above five foot, which you know is the statuable measure of that club. This overgrown runt has struck off his heels, lowered his foretop, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new-erected society; nay, so far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I scorn to speak any thing to the diminution of these little creatures, and should not have minded them had they been still shuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and under-woods look well enough while they grow within the shade of oaks and cedars, but when these pigmies pretend to draw themselves out from the rest of the world, and form themselves into a body, it is time for us, who are men of figure, to look about us. If the ladies should once take a liking to such a diminutive race of lovers, we should in a little time, see mankind epitomised, and the whole species in miniature; daisy roots would grow a fashionable diet. In order therefore to keep our posterity from dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aspiring race of upstarts; we have here instituted a Tall Club.

"As the short club consists of those who are under five foot, ours is to be composed of such as are above six. These we look upon as the two extremes and antagonists of the species; considering all those as neuters who fill up the middle space. When a man rises above six foot he is a

hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

"We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her majesty's subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part I am but a sesquipedal, having only six foot and a half of stature. Being the shortest member of the club, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old Gothic parliaments, *sub dio*, in open air; but we shall make an interest, if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster-hall when it is not term-time. I must add, to the honour of our club, that it is one of our society who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal is a crane grasping a pigmy in his right foot.

"I know the short club value themselves very much upon Mr. Distich, who may possibly play some of his Pantameters upon us, but, if he does, he shall certainly be answered in Alexandrines. For we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his stature, and who is very well read in Longinus' treatise concerning the sublime. Besides, I would have Mr. Distich consider, that if Horace was a short man, Musæus, who makes such a noble figure in Virgil's sixth Æneid, was taller by the head and shoulders than all the people of Elysium. I shall therefore confront his *lepidissimum homuncionem* (a short quotation and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more suitable to a member of ours.

Quos circumfusos sic est affata Sibylla,
Musæum ante omnes: medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

"If, after all, this society of little men proceed as they have begun, to magnify themselves and lessen men of higher stature, we have resolved to make a detachment, some evening or other, that shall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and imprison them in a cupboard which we have set apart for that use, till they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we shall treat him like his friend little Dicky, and hang him upon a peg till he comes to himself. I have told you our design, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

"This is, sir, the long and the short of the matter. I am sensible I shall stir up a nest of wasps by it, but let them do their worst. I think that we serve our country by discouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into fashion. If the fair sex look upon us with an eye of favour, we shall make some attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and restore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagonists, for I do assure you, sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than,

"Sir, yours, &c."

No. 109.] *Thursday, July* 16.

Pugnabat tunica sed tamen illa tegi —*Ovid.*

I HAVE received many letters from persons of all conditions in reference to my late discourse concerning the tucker. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who subscribes herself Teraminta, bids me, in a very pert manner, mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dress for an old fellow, who cannot see them without a pair of spectacles. Another, who calls herself Bubnelia, vents her passion in scurrilous terms; an old ninny-hammer, a dotard, a nincompoop, is the best language she can afford me. Florella indeed expostulates with me upon the subject, and only complains that she is forced to return a pair of stays, which were made in the extremity of the fashion, that she might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But, if on the one side, I have been used ill, (the common fate of all reformers,) I have on the other side received great applauses and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a seasonable stop to this unaccountable humour of stripping, that was got among our British ladies. As I would much rather the world should know what is said to my praise, than to my disadvantage, I shall suppress what has been written to me by those who have reviled me on this occasion, and only publish those letters which approve my proceedings.

"SIR,—I am to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen superannuated beauties, for your paper of the 6th instant. We all of us pass for women of fifty, and a man of your sense knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very sensible that several young flirts about town had a design to cast us out of the fashionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by some of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to say, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their clothes as fast as they could, and have played all those pranks which you have so seasonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out so soon, and be regarded as veterans in the *beau monde*. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever since this foolish fashion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my

life, and how much further I must go nobody knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may assure yourself that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our bosoms, (in which perhaps we vie with the youngest of the sex,) they are not sufficient to preserve us against the wind and weather. In taking so many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and saved the life of many of your contemporaries. In short, we all of us beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

"Most venerable Nestor,
"Your most humble servants and sisters."

I am very well pleased with this approbation of my good sisters. I must confess I have always looked on the tucker to be the *decus et tutamen*, the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old lady, the Lady Lizard, condemned this fashion from the beginning, and has observed to me, with some concern, that her sex at the same time they are letting down their stays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow shorter and shorter every day. The leg discovers itself in proportion with the neck. But I may possibly take another occasion of handling this extremity, it being my design to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I shall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correspondents.

"Dear Guardee,—This comes to you from one of those *untuckered* ladies whom you were so sharp upon on Monday was se'nnight. I think myself mightily beholden to you for the reprehension you then gave us. You must know I am a famous olive beauty. But though this complexion makes a very good face, when there are a couple of black, sparkling eyes set in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore thought of this fashion to insult the olives and the Brunetts. They know very well that a neck of ivory does not make so fine a show as one of alabaster. It is for this reason, Mr. Ironside, that they are so liberal in their discoveries. We know very well, that a woman, of the whitest neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of snow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's translation of him, seems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna and mentions

——Her heaving breast,
Courting the hand, and suing to be prest.

"Women of my complexion ought to be more modest, especially since our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of these ladies who present you with such beautiful snowy chests, you would find that they are not all of a piece. Good Father Nestor, do not let us alone till you have shortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient standard.

"I am your most obliged humble servant,
"OLIVIA."

I shall have a just regard to Olivia's remonstrance, though at the same time I cannot but observe that her modesty seems to be entirely the result of her complexion.

No. 110.] *Friday, July* 17.

——Non Ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura—— *Hor.*

The candour which Horace shows in the motto of my paper, is that which distinguishes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with those little faults in a poetical composition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To say of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to say no more, than that the author of it was a man. For this reason, I consider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation as the slave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, "Remember, sir, that you are a man." I speak this in relation to the following letter, which criticises the works of a great poet, whose very faults have more beauty in them than the most elaborate compositions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and just, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am sure would not care for being praised at the expense of another's reputation, I must therefore desire my correspondent to excuse me, if I do not publish either the preface or conclusion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

"Sir,
* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Our tragedy writers have been notoriously defective in giving proper sentiments to the persons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear a heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the Christian system. Lee's Alexander discovers himself to be a Cartesian in the first page of Œdipus.

——The sun's sick too,
Shortly he'll be an earth——

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypothesis two thousand years before its invention.

I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss——

"I have now Mr. Dryden's Don Sebastian

before me, in which I find frequent allusions to ancient history, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to suppose a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts out of Ovid's Metamorphoses when he talked even to those of his own court, but to allude to these Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, seems very extraordinary. But observe him how he defies him out of the classics in the following lines:

> Why didst thou not engage me man to man,
> And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
> To stare me into statue?

"Almeyda at the same time is more book-learned than Don Sebastian. She plays a Hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

> O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
> That one might bourgeon where another fell!
> Still would I give thee work, still, still, thou tyrant,
> And hiss thee with the last———

"She afterwards, in allusion to Hercules, bids him 'lay down the lion's skin, and take the distaff;' and in the following speech utters her passion still more learnedly.

> No, were we join'd, ev'n though it were in death,
> Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
> The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
> And my divided flame should break from thine.

"The Emperor of Barbary shows himself acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his prisoners, and answers the foregoing speech in the same classic strain.

> Serpent, I will engender poison with thee.
> Our offspring, like the seed of dragons teeth,
> Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.

"Ovid seems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author, witness the lines that follow:

> She's still inexorable, still imperious
> And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.

"I shall conclude my remarks on his part, with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to consider how prettily it would sound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco.

> The god of Love once more has shot his fires
> Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.

"Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock; as where he hints at the story of Castor and Pollux.

> ———May we ne'er meet!
> For, like the twins of Leda, when I mount
> He gallops down the skies.———

"As for the Mufti, we will suppose that he was bred up a scholar, and not only versed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reason he is not at all surprised when Dorax calls him a Phaeton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

"The Mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and Cardinal Wolsey, by name. The poet seems to think he may make every person, in his play, know as much as himself, and talk as well as he could have done on the same occasion. At least I believe every reader will agree with me, that the abovementioned sentiments, to which I might have added several others, would have been better suited to the court of Augustus than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themselves, and much more so in that noble language which was peculiar to this great poet. I only observe that they are improper for the persons who make use of them. Dryden is, indeed, generally wrong in his sentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with such obscene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the loose Dolabella is no less inconsistent with himself, when, all of a sudden, he drops the Pagan, and talks in the sentiments of revealed religion.

> ———Heav'n has but
> Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
> To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
> Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
> As if there were degrees in infinite;
> And infinite would rather want perfection
> Than punish to extent.———

"I might show several faults of the same nature in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the speeches of the great Mogul and his empress has been generally censured. Take the sentiments out of the shining dress of words, and they would be too coarse for a scene in Billingsgate.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I am, &c."

No. 111.] *Saturday, July* 18.

> Hic aliquis de gente hircosâ centurionum
> Dicat: quod satis est sapio mihi; non ego curo
> Esse quod Arcesilas, aerumnosique Solones.
> *Pers.*

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure, and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens, indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, that they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are three-score. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely provisions for manhood and

old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at three-score.

Young men who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle who had instructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

Alexander to Aristotle, greeting.

"You have not done well to publish your books of Select Knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.

"Farewell."

We see, by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in the possession of them.

Learning, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is, in popular and mixed governments, the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards, but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ; and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste of fine writing.

"In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast showed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream——"

The French poet has shadowed this story in an allegory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or, rather, from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons, making their court to the hero, with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, are introduced, successively, in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance,

that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage; and that, since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom, Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, should always wait on her as her handmaids.

No. 112.] *Monday, July* 20.

——————————udam
Spernit humum fugiente penna.—*Hor.*

THE philosophers of King Charles' reign were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but, in the next age, it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings, when he is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour so prevailed among the virtuosos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the story of the great lady, who, at the same time, was building castles in the air for their reception. I always leave such trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reason, also, I shall forbear extracting out of authors several instances of particular persons who have arrived at some perfection in this art, and exhibited specimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Instead of this, I shall present my reader with the following letter from an artist, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

"MR. IRONSIDE,—Knowing that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you that I have made considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning; and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step, and jump. I can fly already as well as a Turkey-cock, and improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public thanksgiving-day, it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet-street, and pitch upon the May-pole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual descent, I shall make the best of my way for St. James's Park, and light upon the ground near Rosamond's pond. This, I doubt not, will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I set out, I shall desire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none shall presume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myself, and will have journeymen under me to furnish the rest of the nation. I likewise desire that I may have the sole teaching of persons of quality, in which I shall spare neither time nor pains, till I have made them as expert as myself. I will fly with the women upon my back for the first fortnight. I shall appear at the next masquerade, dressed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian prince, that the quality may see how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds; for which reason, when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains; but, sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be saved when we travel through these new *highways*, and how all family accounts will be lessened in the article of coaches and horses. I need not mention posts and pack et-boats, with many other conveniences of life, which will be supplied this way. In short, sir, when mankind are in possession of this art, they will be able to do more business in three-score and ten years, than they could do in a thousand by the methods now in use. I therefore recommend myself and art to your patronage, and am,

"Your most humble servant."

I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it, as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues, as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes, like the outside of a pigeon-house. Nothing would be more frequent than to see a beau flying in at a garret window, or a gallant giving chase to his mistress, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of toasts. The poor husband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous, indeed, he might clip his wife's wings; but what would this avail, when there were flocks of whore-masters perpetually hovering over his house? what concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels. In short, the whole air would be full of this kind of *Gibier*, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correspondent, that there would be much more business done than there is at present. However, should he apply for such a patent as he speaks of, I question not but there would be more petitions out of the city against it, than ever yet appeared against any other monopoly whatsoever. Every

tradesman that cannot keep his wife a coach, could keep her a pair of wings; and there is no doubt but she would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention in the influences it would have on love affairs; I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon.

No. 113.] *Tuesday, July* 21.

——Amphora cœpit
Institui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?—*Hor.*

I LAST night received a letter from an honest citizen, who, it seems, is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man, on a plain subject, but has an air of good sense and natural honesty in it, which may perhaps please the public as much as myself. I shall not, therefore, scruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is designed for common use, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

Cheapside, July 18.

"GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,—I have lately married a very pretty body, who, being something younger and richer than myself, I was advised to go a wooing to her in a finer suit of clothes than I ever wore in my life; for I love to dress plain, and suitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day, I put myself, according to custom, in another suit, fire-new, with silver buttons to it. I am so out of countenance among my neighbours, upon being so fine, that I heartily wish my clothes well worn out. I fancy every body observes me as I walk the street, and long to be in my old plain geer again. Besides, forsooth, they have put me in a silk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then stand in the window with it. I am ashamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glass without blushing to see myself turned into such a pretty little master. They tell me I must appear in my wedding suit for the first month, at least; after which I am resolved to come again to my every day's clothes, for at present every day is Sunday with me. Now, in my mind, Mr. Ironside, this is the wrongest way of proceeding in the world. When a man's person is new and unaccustomed to a young body, he does not want any thing else to set him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-suit. I should think, therefore, that a man should keep his finery for the latter seasons of marriage, and not begin to dress till the honey-moon is over. I have observed, at a lord-mayor's feast, that the sweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to lose their stomachs. But, instead of this, we serve up delicacies to our guests when their appetites are keen, and coarse diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my silver-buttoned coat and silk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife won't repent of her marriage, when she sees what a plain man she has to her husband. Pray, Mr. Ironside, write something to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think she can ever love me in a hair button.

"I am, &c.

"P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which, they say, too, I must wear all the first month."

My correspondent's observations are very just, and may be useful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher stations, I shall raise the moral, and observe something parallel to the wooing and wedding suit, in the behaviour of persons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occasion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not much attended to. What I mean is this: every man in the time of courtship, and in the first entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correspondent's holiday-suit, which is to last no longer than till he is settled in the possession of his mistress. He resigns his inclinations and understanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks in contradiction to her. He is controled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady falls in love with this supple creature, and expects of him the same behaviour for life. In a little time she finds that he has a will of his own, that he pretends to dislike what she approves, and that, instead of treating her like a goddess, he uses her like a woman. What still makes this misfortune worse, we find the most abject flatterers degenerate into the greatest tyrants. This naturally fills the spouse with sullenness and discontent, spleen and vapour, which, with a little discreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of sense, and always treated her as such during the whole time of courtship. His natural temper and good breeding hindered him from doing any thing disagreeable, as his sincerity and frankness of behaviour made him converse with her, before marriage, in the same manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her, "Madam, you see what sort of man I am. If you will take me with all my faults about me, I promise to mend rather than grow worse." I remember Tom was once hinting his dislike of some little trifle his mistress had said or done; upon which she asked him how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before? "No, Madam," says Tom· "I mention this now, because

you are at your own disposal; were you at mine, I should be too generous to do it." In short, Tom succeeded, and has ever since been better than his word. The lady has been disappointed on the right side, and has found nothing more disagreeable in the husband than she discovered in the lover.

No. 114.] *Wednesday, July* 22.

Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite.
Fuci recusant, apibus conditio placet.—*Phædr.*

I THINK myself obliged to acquaint the public, that the lion's head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's coffee-house, in Russel-street, Covent-garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand, in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin upon a box, which contains every thing that he swallows. He is, indeed, a proper emblem of *Knowledge* and *Action*, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my lion, like a moth or bookworm, feeds upon nothing but paper, and shall only beg of them to diet him with wholesome and substantial food. I must, therefore, desire that they will not gorge him either with nonsense or obscenity; and must likewise insist, that his mouth be not defiled with scandal, for I would not make use of him to revile the human species, and satarise those who are his betters. I shall not suffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any person whatsoever, such only excepted as disgrace the name of this generous animal, and, under the title of lions, contrive the ruin of their fellow-subjects. I must desire likewise, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to another. Those who are read in the history of the Popes observe, that the Leos have been the best, and the Innocents the worst of that species, and I hope that I shall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by representing him as such a peaceable, good-natured, well-designed beast.

I intend to publish once every week the *Roarings of the Lion*, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

If my correspondents will do their parts in prompting him, and supplying him with suitable provision, I question not but the lion's head will be reckoned the best head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins, which may have given occasion to a foolish report, that my lion's jaws are so contrived, as to snap the hands of any of the female sex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with safety. I shall not spend much time in exposing the falsity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of sense: I shall only say, that there is not one of the sex, in all the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the same security as if she were a Vestal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from corresponding with me by this method, I must acquaint them, that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuously educated, and will lend her hand, upon this occasion, to any lady that shall desire it of her.

In the mean time I must farther acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a farther provision for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or some other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the sex. As I have here a lion's head for the men, I shall there erect a unicorn's head for the ladies, and will so contrive it that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which shall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom, prepared for that purpose. Out of these two magazines I shall supply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and, at the same time, carry on an epistolary correspondence between the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myself. As both these monsters will be very insatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will be no small use redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a request from the writer that it may be the first morsel which is put into his mouth, I shall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nourishment, as I intend to do for the future.

"MR. GUARDIAN,—Your predecessor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair sex, by exposing their dress whenever it launched into extremities. Among the rest, the great petticoat came under his consideration, but in contradiction to whatever he has said, they still resolutely persist in this fashion. The form of their bottom is not, I confess, altogether the same; for whereas, before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they were pressed, so that they seem to deny access to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniences that accrue to her majesty's loving subjects from the said petticoats, as hurting men's shins, sweeping down the ware of industrious females in the street, &c. I saw a young lady fall down

the other day, and, believe me, sir, she very much resembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other disasters I could tell you of that befal themselves, as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wish, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in showing your dislike of such a monstrous fashion, and I hope when the ladies see it is the opinion of two of the wisest men in England, they will be convinced of their folly.

"I am, sir,
"Your daily reader and admirer,
"TOM PLAIN."

No. 115.] *Thursday, July* 23.

Ingenium par materia.——— *Juv.*

When I read rules of criticism, I immediately inquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition; for there is no question but every man aims at least at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and tasteless, I throw aside his criticisms with a secret indignation, to see a man without genius or politeness dictating to the world on subjects which I find are above his reach.

If the critic has published nothing but rules and observations in criticism, I then consider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearness and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery; but if, in the place of all these, I find nothing but dogmatical stupidity, I must beg such a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuse to conform myself to his taste.

So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the softer rules of rhimes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad, by what they write.
Mr. Congreve to Sir R. Temple.

The greatest critics among the ancients are those who have the most excelled in all other kinds of composition, and have shown the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewise, no critic has ever pleased, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not show, by his practice, that he was a master of the theory. I have now one before me, who, after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and prose, obliged the world with several critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His Prolusion on the style of the most famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verse, is one of the most entertaining, as well as the most just pieces of criticism that I have ever read. I shall make the plan of it the subject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known, that Pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and used to be present at the performances, conversations, and disputes of all the most polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that stood on an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was split at the top, in imitation of Parnassus. There were several marks on it that distinguished it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the Muses Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegasus appeared hanging off the side of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This floating Parnassus fell down the river to the sound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic measure, for it was rowed forward by *six* huge wheels, three on each side, that by their constant motion carried on the machine until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The representatives of the ancient poets were disposed in stations suitable to their respective characters. Statius was posted on the highest of the two summits, which was fashioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the rest of the mountain in a dreadful manner, so that people regarded him with the same terror and curiosity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was seated on the other summit, which was lower, and at the same time more smooth and even than the former. It was observed likewise to be more barren, and to produce, on some spots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and such as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very busy about the roots of the mountain, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine; which was under his conduct, and was, indeed, of his invention. He was sometimes so engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the spectators, though, at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raised up, and became as conspicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not settle in any particular place but ranged over all Parnassus with great nimbleness and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requisite to climb the upper part of the hill he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent station, and had a greater prospect under him than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegasus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and seemed desirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horse stuck to the mountain, while the body reared up in the air, the poet, with great diffi-

culty, kept himself from sliding off his back, insomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out, every now and then, that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modesty in his looks, was seated by Calliope, in the midst of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almost covered him, with their shade. He would not, perhaps, have been seen in this retirement, but that it was impossible to look upon Calliope without seeing Virgil at the same time.

The poetical masquerade was no sooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greatest eminence for quality and politeness. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the style and spirit of those immortal authors whom they represented. The subjects of these several poems, with the judgment passed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper.

No. 116.] *Friday, July 24.*

——————Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius.—————— *Hor.*

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to see removed; but at the same time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the Tucker in a pathetic discourse, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a parish, where the top woman of it used always to appear with a patch upon some part of the forehead: the good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almost a twelvemonth; but instead of fetching out the spot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parson Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Dr. Topknot, for reasons of the same nature. I remember the clergy, during the time of Cromwell's usurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and showing the vanity of those outward ornaments in which the sex so much delights. I have heard a whole sermon against a white-wash, and have known a coloured riband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the present age are not transported with these indiscreet favours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is severe upon subjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than seriousness. For this reason I look upon myself to be of great use to these good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal sins, and crimes of a higher nature, I should be glad to rally the world out of indecencies and venial transgressions. While the doctor is curing distempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry-Andrew has his separate packet for the meagrims and the tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premise before I resume the subject which I have already handled, I mean the naked bosoms of our British ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I still beg that they will be covered. I shall here present them with a letter on that particular, as it was yesterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker, and is as follows:

"NESTOR IRONSIDE,—Our friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginnest to have a glimmering of the light in thee: we shall pray for thee, that thou mayest be more and more enlightened. Thou givest good advice to the women of this world to clothe themselves like unto our friends, and not to expose their fleshy temptations, for it is against the record. Thy lion is a good lion: he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even unto the sink of Babylon; for the scarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

"Rome, July 8, 1713. 'A placard is published here, forbidding women of whatsoever quality to go with naked breasts; and the priests are ordered not to admit the transgressors of this law to confession, nor to communion; neither are they to enter the cathedrals under these severe penalties.'

"These lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it, The Evening Post, from Saturday, July the 18th, to Tuesday, July the 21st.

"Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this distance, we hope the foolish women in thine own country will listen to thy admonitions. Otherwise thou art desired to make him still roar till all the beasts of the forest shall tremble. I must again repeat unto thee, friend Nestor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to see thee so inspired with the light, as thou mayest speedily become a great preacher of the word. I wish it heartily.

"Thine,
"In every thing that is praise-worthy,
"TOM TREMBLE."

Tom's coffee-house in Birchin-lane, the 23d day of the month called July.

It happens very oddly that the pope and I should have the same thought much about the same time. My enemies will be apt to say that we hold a correspondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I shall not be ashamed to join with his holiness in those particulars which are indifferent between us, especially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the same age, and consider the fashion in the same view. I hope that it will not be able to resist his bull and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occasion from hence to show their zeal for the Protestant

religion, and pretend to expose their naked bosoms only in opposition to popery.

No. 117.] *Saturday, July* 25.

Cura pii Dilis sunt——————— *Ovid.*

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the Athaliah of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Scait aussi des mechans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec respect à sa volonte sainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

'He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.' Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of the Divine Power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is Omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great Superintendent of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that if they do, they will be instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and incidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by his virtue, an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in Pagan history, which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us, that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination, but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a

man of Timoleon's religion should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

No. 118.] *Monday, July 27.*

——————————Largitor ingenî
Venter——————————— *Pers.*

I AM very well pleased to find that my lion has given such universal content to all that have seen him. He has had a greater number of visitants than any of his brotherhood in the tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morsels.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

"MR. GUARDIAN,—I am a daily peruser of your papers. I have read over and over your discourse concerning the Tucker, as likewise your paper of Thursday, the 16th instant, in which you say it is you intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female sex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, sir, being by profession a mantua-maker, who am employed by the most fashionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours, and seeing them both dressed and undressed, I think there is no person better qualified than myself to serve you (if your honour pleases) in the nature of a Lioness. I am in the whole secret of their fashion, and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a constant watch over them, and doubt not I shall send you from time to time such private intelligence, as you will find of use to you in your future papers.

"Sir, this being a new proposal, I hope you will not let me lose the benefit of it: but that you will first hear me roar before you treat with anybody else. As a sample of my intended services, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will shortly see in the exposing of the female chest, which, in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more; so that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironside, I am in some fear lest my profession should in a little time become wholly unnecessary. I must here explain to you a small covering, if I may call it so, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This consists of a narrow lace, or a small skirt of fine ruffled linen, which runs along the upper part of the stays before, and crosses the breasts, without rising to the shoulders; and being as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in use, is therefore by a particular name called the Modesty-piece. Now, sir, what I have to communicate to you at present is, that at a late meeting of the stripping ladies, in which were present several eminent toasts and beauties, it was resolved for the future to lay the modesty-piece wholly aside. It is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were overruled by the rest, who alleged it was their intention, as they ingenuously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue.

"I am sir,
"(if you please,) your secret servant,
"LEONILLA FIGLEAF."

"DEAR SIR,—As by name, and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner, but by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchers. I assure you, sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,
"JACKALL."

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

"SAGE NESTOR,—Lions being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour; and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public-spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. I will roar (says the clown in Shakspeare) that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again. Such success and such applause I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Sampson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

"At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who, by distance of place, are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him, with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or, if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way, at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach

his brindled majesty, the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance.

"I am your most constant reader and admirer, "N. R."

"DEAR NESTOR,—It is a well-known proverb, in a certain part of this kingdom, 'love me, love my dog;' and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person, that I here bring a bit for your lion. * * *"

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence.

No. 120.] *Wednesday, July* 29.

——————Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Milton.

A Bit for the Lion.

"SIR,—As soon as you have set up your unicorn, there is no question but the ladies will make him push very furiously at the *men;* for which reason I think it is good to be beforehand with them, and make the lion roar aloud at *female* irregularities. Among these, I wonder how their *gaming* has so long escaped your notice. You who converse with the sober family of the *Lizards*, are perhaps a stranger to these viragos; but what would you say, should you see a *sparkler* shaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with a dice-box? or how would you like to hear the good widow lady herself returning to her house at midnight, and alarming the whole street with a most enormous rap, after having sat up until that time at crimp or ombre? Sir, I am the husband of one of these female gamesters, and a great loser by it both in my rest and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this subject might be of use both to her, and

"Your humble servant."

I should ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice, which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them, First, as they relate to the *mind;* Secondly, as they relate to the *body*.

Could we look into the *mind* of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but *trumps* and *mattadores*. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-season returns, when, for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such a use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior Being think, were he shown this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told that it was by this she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child, that was *marked* with a five of clubs.

Their *passions* suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent, break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? who can consider, without a secret indignation, that all those affections of the mind, which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic, innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam* than of her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep, if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bedfellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with, to choose their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion? what a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes must we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the *bodies* of our female adventurers. It is so ordered, that almost every thing which corrupts the soul, decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consider-

ation should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye, and attract the regard of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from basset, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find out something else to mortgage when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to consider the consequences.

No. 121.] *Thursday, July* 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum.—*Virg.*

Roarings of the Lion.

'Old Nestor,—Ever since the first notice you gave of the erection of that useful monument of yours in Button's coffee-house, I have had a restless ambition to imitate the renowned London 'prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your lion. The subject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am a member, and which has made a considerable noise of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our institution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's Alley, in Holborn. We look upon ourselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our design, that "talking spoils company." The president of our society is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that blessing to nature, which in the rest of us is owing to industry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home: hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, published his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his silence (for you must know, though we do not read, yet we inspect all such useful essays) we seemed unanimous to invite him to partake of our secrecy; but it was unluckily objected that he had just then published a discourse of his at his own club, and had not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his understanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate, but it will be easily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts as other men's tongues are; yet, even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightiest occasions. We admire the wise institutions of the Turks, and other eastern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes, and we wonder that the polite courts of christendom, should come so far short of the majesty of the barbarians. Ben Jonson has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play, called The Silent Woman. Every member here is another Morose while the club is sitting, but at home may talk as much and as fast as his family occasions require, without breach of statute. The advantages we find from this Quaker-like assembly are many. We consider, that the understanding of man is liable to mistakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that disputes, which are of no weight in themselves, are often very considerable in their effects. The disuse of the tongue is the only effectual remedy against these. All party concerns, all private scandal, all insults over another man's weaker reasons, must there be lost, where no disputes arise. Another advantage which follows from the first, (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the same level in conversation. A wag of my acquaintance used to add a third, viz. that, if ever we debate, we are sure to have all our arguments at our fingers' ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are most enamoured with that excellent passage, where he mentions Ajax's silence as one of the noblest instances of the sublime, and (if you will allow me to be free with a namesake of yours) I should think that the everlasting story-teller, Nestor, had he been likened to the ass instead of our hero, he had suffered less by the comparison.

"I have already described the practice and sentiments of this society, and shall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fishes, but that we drink like fishes too; that we are like the Welshman's owl, though we do not sing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an assembly of disaffected persons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them so far as to send, last week, a party of constables to surprise us: you may easily imagine how exactly we represented the Roman senators of old, sitting with majestic silence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your silence shall be interpreted as consent given to the

honourable body of mutes, and in particular to. "Your humble servant,

"NED MUM."

"P. S. We have had but one word spoken since the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman custom of bending back the thumb. He had just received the news of the battle of Hochstat, and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a *lapsus linguæ*. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius; and, though we approved of the cause of his error, as just, we condemned the effect as a manifest violation of his duty."

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared so well out of my lion's mouth. My next pretty correspondent, like Shakspeare's lion in Pyramus and Thisbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

July 28, 1713.

"MR. IRONSIDE,—I was afraid, at first, you were only in jest, and had a mind to expose our nakedness for the diversion of the town; but since I see that you are in good earnest, and have infallibility of your side, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promised me to give my letters to the lion, till we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now, you must know, dear sir, that if you do not take care to suppress this exorbitant growth of the female chest, all that is left of my waist must inevitably perish. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the stripping design, mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yesterday, should take effect, sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In short, there is no help for it, my girdle and all must go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me, then, my dear Guardian, and preserve me from being so inhumanly exposed. I do assure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat, and when I am a matron will wear broad tuckers, whether you succeed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the last in wings, being resolved in every thing to behave myself as becomes

"Your most obedient Ward."

No. 119.] *Tuesday, July* 28.

——postarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi—— *Hor.*

THERE is nothing which more shows the want of taste and discernment in a writer, than the decrying of an author in gross, especially of an author who has been the admiration of multitudes, and that, too, in several ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undistinguishing critics. Because Homer, and Virgil, and Sophocles have been commended by the learned of all times, every scribbler, who has no relish of their beauties, gives himself an air of rapture when he speaks of them. But as he praises these he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the same vehemence and upon the same account. We may see after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publish, in this paper, a continuation of that prolusion which was the subject of the last Thursday. I shall therefore give my reader a short account, in prose, of every poem which was produced in the learned assembly there described; and if he is thoroughly conversant in the works of those ancient authors, he will see with how much judgment every subject is adapted to the poet who makes use of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characterised in the censure that is passed upon it. Lucan's representative was the first who recited before that august assembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which, at the same time, makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonso was the governor of a town invested by the Moors. During the blockade, they made his only son their prisoner, whom they brought before the walls, and exposed to his father's sight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had a hundred sons, he would rather see them all perish than do an ill action, or betray his country. "But," says he, "if you take a pleasure in destroying the innocent, you may do it if you please: behold a sword for your purpose." Upon which he threw his sword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast which was prepared for him. He was soon raised by the shouts of the enemy and the cries of the besieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he saw his son lying in the pangs of death; but, far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, he upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast.

Upon the recital of this story, which is exquisitely drawn up in Lucan's spirit and language, the whole assembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confused murmur. The poem was praised or censured, according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or disadvantage of the author. These were so very great, that some had placed him in their opinions above the highest, and others beneath the lowest of the Latin poets. Most of them, however, agreed that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but, at the same time, too haughty and headstrong to be governed by

art; and that his style was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but, withal, too tragical and blustering. In a word, that he chose rather a great than a just reputation; to which they added, that he was the first of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The representative of Lucretius told the assembly that they would soon be sensible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a stranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his subject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a speculation of one of my predecessors.

Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that, if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the mean while, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means, they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant, over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

The whole audience were pleased with the artifice of the poet, who represented Lucretius, observing very well how he had laid asleep their attention to the simplicity of his style in some verses, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his subject, and to the experiment which he related. Without such an artifice, they were of opinion that nothing would have sounded more harsh than Lucretius' diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the assembly were quite of another mind. These allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius, above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching something, that no other style was so proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleasure to those who had a true relish for the Roman tongue. They added, further, that if Lucretius had not been embarrassed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian succeeded Lucretius, having chosen for his subject the famous contest between the nightingale and the lutanist, which every one is acquainted with, especially since Mr. Philips has so finely improved that hint in one of his pastorals.

He had no sooner finished, but the assembly rung with acclamations made in his praise. His first beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearness and perspicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the smoothness of his verse, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of those elisions and cuttings off so frequent in the works of other poets. There were several, however, of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infusion of foreign phrases with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and spoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers, that cloyed and satiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewise added a frequent and unseasonable affectation of appearing sonorous and sublime.

The sequel of this Prolusion shall be the work of another day.

No. 122.] *Friday, July* 31.

Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa.—Hor.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as fast as I can, I shall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticism on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may see the whole work in the three papers numbered 115, 119, 122. Those who are acquainted with the authors themselves, cannot but be pleased to see them so justly represented; and as for those who have never perused the originals, they may form a judgment of them from such accurate and entertaining copies. The whole piece will show, at least, how a man of genius (and none else should call himself a critic) can make the driest art a pleasing amusement.

THE SEQUEL OF STRADA'S PROLUSION.

The poet who personated Ovid gives an account of the chryso-magnet, or of the loadstone which attracts gold, after the same manner as the common loadstone attracts iron. The author, that he might express Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryso-magnet from a poetical metamorphosis.

"As I was sitting by a well," says he, 'when I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, vhen immediately my father, fastening a ertain stone to the end of a line, let it down nto the well. It no sooner touched the surace of the water, but the ring leaped up rom the bottom, and clung to it in such a nanner, that he drew it out like a fish. My ather, seeing me wonder at the experiment, ave me the following account of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha went about the world o repair mankind, by throwing stones over heir heads, the men who rose from them iffered in their inclinations, according to the laces on which the stones fell. Those vhich fell in the fields became ploughmen nd shepherds. Those which fell into the he water produced sailors and fishermen. Those that fell among the woods and forests ave birth to huntsmen. Among the rest, here were several of them that fell upon nountains, that had mines of gold and silver n them. This last race of men immediate-y betook themselves to the search of these recious metals; but Nature, being displeas-d to see herself ransacked, withdrew these er treasures towards the centre of the arth. The avarice of man, however, peristed in its former pursuits, and ransacked er inmost bowels, in quest of the riches vhich they contained. Nature, seeing herelf thus plundered by a swarm of miners, vas so highly incensed, that she shook the vhole place with an earthquake, and buried he men under their own works. The Stygian flames, which lay in the neighbourhood f these deep mines, broke out at the same ime, with great fury, burning up the whole nass of human limbs and earth, until they vere hardened and baked into stone. The uman bodies that were delving in iron nines were converted into those common oadstones which attract that metal. Those vhich were in search of gold became chryo-magnets, and still keep their former avaice in their present state of petrefaction."

Ovid had no sooner given over speaking, ut the assembly pronounced their opinions f him. Several were so taken with his asy way of writing, and had so formed heir tastes upon it, that they had no relish or any composition which was not framed n the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion, until, t length, it was determined by a plurality f voices, that Ovid highly deserved the ame of a witty man, but that his language vas vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of hose things which cost no labour in the inention, but are ready found out to a man's and. In the last place, they all agreed that he greatest objection which lay against Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was is having too much wit; and that he would ave succeeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius stood p next, with a swelling and haughty air, nd made the following story the subject of is poem.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieged, having had frequent contests of rivalry, were preparing for a single duel, when on a sudden the walls were attacked by the enemy. Upon this, both the German and Portuguese consented to sacrifice their private resentments to the public, and to see who could signalize himself most upon the common foe. Each of them did wonders in repelling the enemy from different parts of the wall. The German was at length engaged amidst a whole army of Turks, until his left arm, that held the shield, was unfortunately lopped off, and he himself so stunned with a blow he had received, that he fell down as dead. The Portuguese, seeing the condition of his rival, very generously flew to his succour, dispersed the multitudes that were gathered about him, and fought over him as he lay upon the ground. In the mean while, the German recovered from his trance, and rose up to the assistance of the Portuguese, who, a little while after, had his right arm, which held the sword, cut off by the blow of a sabre. He would have lost his life, at the same time, by a spear which was aimed at his back, had not the German slain the person who was aiming at him. These two competitors for fame having received such mutual obligations, now fought in conjunction; and as the one was only able to manage the sword, and the other the shield, made up but one warrior betwixt them. The Portuguese covered the German, while the German dealt destruction among the enemy. At length, finding themselves faint with loss of blood, and resolving to perish nobly, they advanced to the most shattered part of the wall, and threw themselves down, with a huge fragment of it, upon the heads of the besiegers.

When Statius ceased, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, such as he had received in his life time; declaring him the only man who had written in a style which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others censured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expressions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombast of his expressions. There were, however, a few select judges, who moderated between both these extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his style much poetical heat and fire, but, withal, so much smoke as sullied the brightness of it. That there was a majesty in his verse, but that it was the majesty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the last of the ancient poets

who produced himself upon this occasion. His subject was the story of Thcutilla; which being so near that of Judith, in all its circumstances, and at the same time translated by a very ingenious gentleman, in one of Mr. Dryden's miscellanies, I shall here give no farther account of it. When he had done, the whole assembly declared the works of this great poet a subject rather for their admiration than for their applause, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be ascribed to a deficiency in the art itself, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, some envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verses in him which flagged, or wanted spirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultless than beautiful. But these injudicious censures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not observe to my learned reader, that the foregoing story of the German and Portuguese is almost the same, in every particular, with that of the two rival soldiers in Cæsar's Commentaries. This Prolusion ends with the performance of an Italian poet, full of those little witticisms and conceits which have infected the greatest part of modern poetry.

No. 123.] *Saturday, August* 1.

——Hic murus aheneus esto
Nil conscire sibi—— *Hor.*

THERE are a sort of knight-errants in the world, who, quite contrary to those in romance, are perpetually seeking adventures to bring virgins into distress, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure pass away their lives in these criminal pursuits and practices, they ought to consider that they render themselves more vile and despicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low station his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
Cato.

I have often wondered that these deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the sentiments of virtue and honour, are not restrained by compassion and humanity. To bring sorrow, confusion, and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and stain the life of a poor, deluded young woman with a dishonour that can never be wiped off, are circumstances, one would think, sufficient to check the most violent passion in a heart that has the least tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchase the gratification of a moment at so dear a rate, and entail a lasting misery on others, for such a transient satisfaction to himself? Nay, for a satisfaction that is sure, at some time or other, to be followed with remorse? I am led to this subject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The last of them is, it seems, the copy of one sent by a mother, to one who had abused her daughter; and though I cannot justify her sentiments, at the latter end of it, they are such as might arise in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after so great a provocation. I present the reader with it as I received it, because I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent suffers on such an occasion.

——*shire, July*, 1713.

"SIR,—The other day I went into the house of one of my tenants, whose wife was formerly a servant in our family, and, by my grandmother's kindness, had her education with my mother from her infancy; so that she is of a spirit and understanding greatly superior to those of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmost disorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like stupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, upon which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman, very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or (in plainer words) for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have sent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furnish useful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themselves in a passion which they possess but in common with the vilest part of mankind.

"MY LORD,—Last night I discovered the injury you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that short-lived, shameful pleasure of yours must bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This consideration alone should have deterred a noble mind from so base and ungenerous an act. But, alas! what is all the grief that must be my share, in comparison of that with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loss of good name, anguish of heart, shame and infamy, are what must inevitably fall upon her, unless she gets over them by what is much worse, open impudence, professed lewdness, and abandoned prostitution. These are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependance, her virtue and reputation. O, my Lord, should my son have practised the like on one of your daughters!—I know you swell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deserved a thousand deaths, should he make such an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my Lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom still, though it had

been violated, you might have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her than to my daughter's, whose only sustenance it was? and must my son, void of all the advantages of a generous education, must he, I say, consider: and may your Lordship be excused from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes. Ever cursed be its false lustre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great ancestor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his posterity, and confer a privilege of dishonouring the innocent and defenceless? At this rate the laws of rewards should be inverted, and he who is generous and good should be made a beggar and a slave; that industry and honest diligence may keep his posterity unspotted, and preserve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy. Wretchedness has now become my everlasting portion! Your crime, my Lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not sue for forgiveness of my own failings and misdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but shall curse you with my dying breath, and at the last tremendous day shall hold forth in my arms my much-wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under these present horrors of mind I could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock reverence, and sounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inspired you with presumption to tempt, and overawed my daughter to comply.

"Thus have I given some vent to my sorrow, nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, so that your sin may be forgiven: the divine laws have been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been also done to me, and the just judge will not pardon that until I do.

"My Lord,

"Your conscience will help you to my name."

No. 124.] *Monday, August* 3.

Quid fremat in terris violentius?—*Juv*

More Roarings of the Lion.

"Mr. Guardian,—Before I proceed to make you my proposals, it will be necessary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatness of my nose, and extent of my mouth, have long since procured me the name of Lion in this our university.

"The vast emolument that, in all probability, will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeness at Button's, hath made me desirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my person. Wherefore I most humbly propose to you, that (as it is impossible for this one lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough against all the things that are roar-worthy in these realms) you would appoint him a sub-lion, as a *Præfectus Provinciæ*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my request, that I may be instituted his under-roarer in this university, town, and county of Cambridge, as my resemblance does, in some measure, claim that I should.

"I shall follow my metropolitan's example, in roaring only against those enormities that are too slight and trivial for the notice or censures of our magistrates, and shall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftener, if occasion requires, to be inserted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

"I shall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the rise and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and spare not, to the terror of, at present, a very flourishing society of people, called *Loungers*, gentlemen whose observations are mostly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good sense of their own, to be in need of staying at home to read other people's.

"I have, sir, a raven that shall serve, by way of Jackall, to bring me in provisions, which I shall chew and prepare for the digestion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice to all under my jurisdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good design, if they will affix their informations to the leg or neck of the aforesaid raven or jackall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly

"Your) humble servant,

"LEO THE SECOND."

From My Den, at ——— College, in Cambridge, July 29.

N. B. The raven won't bite.

"Mr. Ironside,—Hearing that your unicorn is now in hand, and not questioning but his horn will prove a *cornu-copiæ* to you, I desire that, in order to introduce it, you will consider the following proposal.

"My wife and I intend a dissertation upon horns; the province she has chosen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to swell so much upon our hands, that I am afraid we shall not be able to bear the charge of printing it without a subscription, wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and desire those who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural history, to communicate it to,

"Sir, your humble servant,

"HUMPHRY BINICORN."

"Sir,—I humbly beg leave to drop a song

into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our English lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all those who admire the translations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh the charming month of May!
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeses
Full of blossoms fresh and gay——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field——
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare——
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delighting
With her song suspends our talk——
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trillees
Of a gentle purling stream——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown on the grass——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye—
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over she gives her lover,
Who on her skimming-dish carves her name——
Who on, &c.

July 30.

"Mr. Ironside,—I have always been very much pleased with the sight of those creatures, which being of a foreign growth, are brought into our island for show: I may say, there has not been a tiger, leopard, elephant, or hyghgeen, for some years past, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimensions, and am able to give a very good description of them. But I must own, I never had a greater curiosity to visit any of these strangers than your lion. Accordingly I came yesterday to town, being able to wait no longer for fair weather; and made what haste I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of state. He is really a creature of as noble a presence as I have seen, he has grandeur and good humour in his countenance, which command both our love and respect; his shaggy main and whiskers are peculiar graces. In short, I do not question but he will prove a worthy *supporter* of British honour and virtue, especially when assisted by the *unicorn*. You must think I would not wait upon him without a morsel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hoped would have pleased, but was unluckily prevented by the presence of a bear, which constantly, as I approached with my present, threw his eyes in my way, and stared me out of my resolution. I must not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about her tucker, having never from her infancy laid aside the modesty-piece. I am, venerable Nestor,

"Your friend and servant, P. N."

"I was a little surprised, having read some of your lion's roarings, that a creature of such eloquence should want a tongue, but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency."

No. 134.] *Friday, August* 14.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Cæla est, demissa veste tegentis.—*Hor.*

My lion having given over roaring for some time, I find that several stories have been spread abroad in the country to his disadvantage. One of my correspondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is silenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was sent for by a messenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain several dangerous things in his maw. I must not omit another report which has been raised by such as are enemies to me and my lion, namely, that he is starved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meals meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare these reports to be altogether groundless; and since I am contradicting common fame, I must likewise acquaint the world, that the story of a two hundred pound bank bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my lion, has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this; my lion has not roared for these twelve days past, by reason that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and such as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithstanding the admonitions I have given my correspondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of scandal down his throat, others have choked him with lewdness and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with so much nonsense, that they have made a very ass of him. On Monday last, upon examining, I found him an arrant French Tory, and the day after a virulent Whig. Some have been so mischievous

as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promised to restrain him from hurting any man's reputation, so my reader may be assured that I myself shall be the last man whom I will suffer him to abuse. However, that I may give general satisfaction, I have a design of converting a room in Mr. Button's house to the Lion's Library, in which I intend to deposit the several packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. These manuscripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future historians who shall give an account of the present age. In the mean while, as the lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chastity, it has been observed that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently against the untuckered neck, and, as far as I can find by him, is still determined to roar louder and louder, till that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

"Good Mr. Ironside,—I must acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whisper in her ear, partly between jest and earnest, that *I will tell the lion of her*. Dear sir, do not let them alone till you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater sign, that they themselves are sensible they have stripped too far, than their pretending to call a bit of linen, which will hardly cover a silver groat, their *modesty-piece?* It is observed, that this modesty-piece still sinks lower and lower, and who knows where it will fix at last?

"You must know, sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and lived several years in a country where the women show nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almost out of countenance to see my pretty country-women laying open their charms with so much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modest shade of the tucker. I soon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the fashion. I was pleased to think, as every married man must, that I should make daily discoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the rest of the world. But since this new airy fashion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine, for I can positively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within these three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle are now exposed to the sight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I first found myself their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is rising, I find a parcel of rascally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be presented with some new scene every day.

"In short, sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Instead of being acquainted with her person more than other men, I have now the least share of it. When she is at home she is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but strips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when she has thrown aside half her clothes, she begins to think herself half dressed. Now, sir, if I may presume to say so, you have been in the wrong, to think of reforming this fashion, by showing the immodesty of it. If you expect to make female proselytes, you must convince them, that, if they would get husbands, they must not show all before marriage. I am sure, had my wife been dressed before I married her as she is at present, she would have satisfied a good half of my curiosity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a show, by seeing the principal figures of it hung out before the door. I have often observed a curious passenger so attentive to these objects which he could see for nothing, that he took no notice of the master of the show, who was continually crying out, 'Pray, gentlemen, walk in.'

"I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's she-disciples are obliged to cover themselves; you have lately informed us, from the foreign newspapers, of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope our British dames, notwithstanding they have the finest skins in the world, will be content to show no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the *neck* properly speaking. Their being fair is no excuse for their being naked.

"You know, sir, that in the beginning of the last century there was a sect of men among us who called themselves Adamites, and appeared in public without clothes. This heresy may spring up in the other sex, if you do not put a timely stop to it, there being so many in all public places, who show so great an inclination to be Evites.

"I am, sir, &c."

No. 135.] *Saturday, August 15.*

——————————————meâ
Virtute me involvo—————————— *Hor.*

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I have been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the

fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: 'How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me.' In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. 'Anytus and Melitus,' says he, 'may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me.' This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury, by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though, at the same time, they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' says he, 'who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I, who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them.' Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: 'Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.'

In these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus. If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee. When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his singing; 'Ay?' says he, 'then I must learn to sing better.' But of all the sayings of philosophers, which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, 'It is no matter,' said he, 'I will live so that none shall believe them.' Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him; 'I am sure he would not do it,' says he, 'if he had not some reason for it.' This is the surest, as well as the noblest way, of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, *a good conscience*.

I designed in this essay, to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author, having shown the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and last instance, in which, above all others, this confidence towards God does most eminently show and exert itself, is at the time of death; which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world, to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagances stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt: what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful Judge when he is there? not all the friends and interest, all the riches and honours under heaven, can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No; at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him; and, in a word, all things conspire to make his sick-bed grievous and uneasy: nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'And the testimony of that shall make

the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew, or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnests, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up its head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort, which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it comes to be felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleasures, and trash, and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as, at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?"

No. 136.] *Monday, August* 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis.—*Virg.*

Some of our quaint moralists have pleased themselves with an observation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thousand to go out of it. I have seen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduces the person of Death metomorphosing himself, like another Proteus, into innumerable shapes and figures. To represent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other distempers and accidents that destroy the life of man; Death enters first of all in a body of fire, a little after he appears like a man of snow, then rolls about the room like a cannon ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill: after this he transforms himself, of a sudden, into a sword, then dwindles successively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's design, by this allegory, was to show the many assaults to which the life of man is exposed, and to let his reader see that there was scarce any thing in nature so very mean and inconsiderable, but that it was able to overcome him and lay his head in the dust. I remember Monsieur Paschal, in his reflections on Providence, has this observation upon Cromwell's death. 'That usurper,' says he, 'who had destroyed the royal family in his own nation, who had made all the princes of Europe tremble, and struck a terror into Rome itself, was at last taken out of the world by a fit of the gravel. An atom, a grain of sand,' says he, 'that would have been of no significancy in any other part of the universe, being lodged in such a particular place, was an instrument of Providence to bring about the most happy revolution, and to remove from the face of the earth this troubler of mankind.' In short, swarms of distempers are every where hovering over us; casualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or sleep, sit or walk, are planted about us in ambuscade; every element, every climate, every season, all nature is full of death.

There are more casualties incident to men than women, as battles, sea-voyages, with several dangerous trades and professions, that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have seen a treatise written by a learned physician on the distempers peculiar to those who work in stone or marble. It has been therefore observed by curious men, that, upon a strict examination, there are more males brought into the world than females. Providence, to supply this waste in the species, has made allowances for it by a suitable redundancy in the male sex. Those who have made the nicest calculations, have found, I think, that, taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This observation is so well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonstrative argument for the superintendency of Providence?

There are casualties incident to every particular station and way of life. A friend of mine was once saying, that he fancied there would be something new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his seat, which lies at a considerable distance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the several deaths that had happened in his county for the space of a whole year, and send them up to me in the form of such a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here see that he has been as good as his promise. To make it the more entertaining, he has set down, among the real distempers, some imaginary ones, to which the country people ascribed the deaths of some of their neighbours. I shall extract out of them such only as seem almost peculiar to the country, laying aside fevers, apoplexies, small-pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a six-bar gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-set hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
First, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-stool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Crossed in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henroost	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the parish	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold sleeping at church	11

Of a sprain in his shoulder by saving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Kocked down by a quart bottle	1
Frighted out of his wits by a headless dog with saucer eyes	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the shire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	3
Climbing a crow's nest	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horse-pond by a Will of the Whisp	1
Died of a fright in an exercise of the trained bands	1
Over-ate himself at a house-warming	1
By the parson's bull	1
Vagrant beggars worried by the squire's house-dog	2
Shot by mistake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the Merry-Andrew	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul distemper	0

No. 137.] *Tuesday, August* 18.

——————Sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax, factis dictisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem—————— *Juv.*

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greatest writers in almost every age, have exposed with all the strength of wit and good sense, the vanity of a man's valuing himself upon his ancestors, and endeavoured to show that true nobility consists in virtue, not in birth. With submission, however, to so many great authorities, I think they have pushed this matter a little too far. We ought, in gratitude, to honour the posterity of those who have raised either the interest or reputation of their country, and by whose labours we ourselves are more happy, wise, or virtuous than we should have been without them. Besides, naturally speaking, a man bids fairer for greatness of soul, who is the descendant of worthy ancestors, and has good blood in his veins, than one who is come of an ignoble and obscure parentage. For these reasons I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illustrious line, is very justly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think those who are indifferent in themselves, and have nothing else to distinguish them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more respected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus ascribed due honours to birth and parentage, I must however take notice of those who arrogate to themselves more honours than are due to them upon this account. The first are such who are not enough sensible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and disennobles a man, in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The second are those who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an insignificant and worthless man who is descended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a person who is such a man as the first founder of their family was, upon whose reputation they value themselves.

But I shall chiefly apply myself to those whose quality sits uppermost in all their discourses and behaviour. An empty man, of a great family, is a creature that is scarce conversable. You read his ancestry in his smile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has, indeed, nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of King Charles's parliaments: "Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time——" upon which a rough, honest gentleman took him up short, "I would fain know what that gentleman means: is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as himself?" The good sense which reigns in our nation has pretty well destroyed this starched behaviour among men who have seen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many, who have had their education among women, dependants, or flatterers, that lose all the respect which would otherwise be paid them, by being too assiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been so educated in punctillio, that he governs himself by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He measures out his bow to the degree of the person he converses with. I have seen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low stoop in the salutation sign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was saying it would be worth while to observe how he would distinguish us at his first entrance. Accordingly, he had no sooner come into the room, but casting his eye about, "My Lord such a one," says he, "your most humble servant, Sir Richard, your humble servant. Your servant, Mr. Ironside. Mr. Ducker, how do you do? Hah! Frank, are you there?"

There is nothing more easy than to discover a man whose heart is full of his family. Weak minds, that have imbibed a strong tincture of the nursery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, superannuated retainers to a great house,

have, generally, their thoughts taken up with little else.

I had some years ago an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the four-score year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family, upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them, that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me, very frequently, for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner time, if, at an invitation, she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen, whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me, with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality, in his shirt, to the richest man upon the Change, in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related, by the mother's side, to half a dozen peers; but, as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always keep it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death, she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edghill fight, I gave an unfortunate *pish!* and asked, "What was all this to me?" upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides, with a stone over her, acquainting the reader that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides. After which follows the geneology, drawn up by her own hand.

No. 138.] *Wednesday, August* 19.

Incendisque animum famæ venientis amore.—*Virg.*

THERE is nothing which I study so much, in the course of these my daily dissertations, as variety. By this means, every one of my readers is sure, some time or other, to find a subject that pleases him; and almost every paper has some particular set of men for its advocates. Instead of seeing the number of my papers every day increasing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my guests, and quicken it, from time to time, by something new and unexpected. In short, I endeavour to treat my reader in the same manner as Eve does the angel, in that beautiful description of Milton.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best.
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India east or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand.—— *Fifth Book.*

If, by this method, I can furnish out a *splendida farrago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem, published among the exercises of the last Oxford act, I have gained the end which I propose to myself.

In my yesterday's paper, I showed how the actions of our ancestors and forefathers should excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous; I shall here observe, that a regard to our posterity, and those who are to descend from us, ought to have the same kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble soul would rather die than commit an action that should make his children blush when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to those who shall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleasing thought, to a man of eminence, than to consider that his posterity, who lie many removes from him, shall make their boast of his virtues, and be honoured for his sake.

Virgil represents this consideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when, after having shown him the race of heroes who were to descend from him, Anchises adds, with a noble warmth,

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?

And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?——

Mr. Dryden.

Since I have mentioned this passage in

Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great descendants, I cannot forbear observing a particular beauty, which I do not know any one has taken notice of. The list which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Augustus. For this reason, Anchises, who shows Æneas most of the rest of his descendants in the same order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the sake of Augustus, whom he singles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the most illustrious person who was to rise in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to describe his posterity raised to the utmost pitch of glory, and therefore passes over all the rest to come at this great man, whom, by this means, he implicitly represents as making the most conspicuous figure amongst them. By this artifice, the poet did not only give his emperor the greatest praise he could bestow upon him, but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been disadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place; that is, after Pompey and Cæsar, who each of them eclipsed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things spoken of Augustus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to outrival one another on that subject, he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared for sublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The English reader may see a faint shadow of it in Mr. Dryden's translation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir hic est, &c.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric, and India, shall his pow'r obey,
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their light are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates;
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car.
From Nisus' top descending on the plains;
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour?——

I could show, out of other poets, the same kind of vision as this in Virgil, wherein the chief persons of the poem have been entertained with the sight of those who were to descend from them; but, instead of that, I shall conclude with a rabbinical story, which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amusing.

"Adam," says the Rabbins, "a little after his creation, was presented with a view of all those souls who were to be united to human bodies, and take their turn after him upon the earth. Among others, the vision set before him the soul of David. Our great ancestor was transported at the sight of so beautiful an apparition; but, to his unspeakable grief, was informed that it was not to be conversant among men the space of one year.

Ostendent terris hunc tantùm fata, neque ultrà
Esse sinent.

Adam, to procure a longer life for so fine a piece of human nature, begged that threescore and ten years (which he heard would be the age of man in David's time) might be taken out of his own life, and added to that of David. Accordingly," say the Rabbins, "Adam falls short of a thousand years, which was to have been the complete term of his life, by just so many years as make up the life of David. Adam having lived 930 years, and David 70."

This story was invented, to show the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the last poetical composition of David, "of David the son of Jesse, of the man who was raised up on high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, of the sweet psalmist of Israel."

No. 139.] *Thursday, August X.*

——prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.—*Virg.*

"Most venerable Nestor,—I find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your lion. His roarings against the tucker have been most melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I observe that your lion, as you yourself have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long considered with myself how I might express my gratitude to this noble animal, that has so much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this subject, I have at length resolved to do honour to him, by compiling a history of his species, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the prosecution of this design, I shall have no manner of regard to what Esop has said upon the subject, whom I look upon to have been a republican, by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beasts; and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falsehood and forgery in almost every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance

writers are likewise a set of men whose authority I shall build upon very little in this case. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the seven champions, but, when he has nothing else to do, encounters with a lion, and, you may be sure, always gets the better of him. In short, a knight-errant lives in a perpetual state of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the stories recorded of them by these writers been true, the whole species would have been destroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I shall begin my memoirs of the lion with a story related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Cassius, a historian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous story of Androcles, the Roman slave, which I premise for the sake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

"Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman, who was proconsul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge, overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt for some time before. The lion left him, upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a lawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired, at length, of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome, as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that, for his crime, he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length, a huge, monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept, hungry, for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but, on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned, at Rome, the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, '*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis.*' This is the lion who has the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician."

No. 140.] *Friday, August* 21.

——quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, vel Nestoris hernia possit.—*Juv.*

I HAVE lately received a letter from an astrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great satisfaction. He observes to me, that my lion at Button's Coffee-house was very luckily erected in the very month when the sun was in Leo. He farther adds, that, upon conversing with the abovementioned Mr. Button, (whose other name, he observes, is Daniel, a good omen still, with regard to the lion, his cohabitant,) he had discovered the very hour in which the said lion was set up; and that, by the help of other lights, which he had received from the said Mr. Button, he had been able to calculate the nativity of the lion. This mysterious philosopher acquaints me that the sign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo; "by which," says he, "is signified the natural love and friendship the lion bears to virginity, and not only to virginity,

but to such matrons, likewise, as are pure and unspotted;" from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that, in the most exact astrological schemes, the lion is observed to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the Scorpion, in those parts which are allotted to that fiery constellation. From hence, he very naturally prognosticates that my lion will meet with great success, in the attacks he has made on the untuckered stays and short petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female bosom or ancle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art, he foresaw, five years ago, that both the pope and myself should, about this time, unite our endeavours in this particular, and that sundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dress.

I have another letter by me, from a person of a more volatile and airy genius, who, finding this great propension in the fair sex to go uncovered, and, thinking it impossible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedness and clothing. He proposes, therefore, that they should imitate their great grandmothers, the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with such figures as shall be most to their fancy. "The bosom of the coquette," says he, "may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in his hand, and his arrow upon the string. The prude might have a Pallas, with a shield and Gorgon's head." In short, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable discoveries of herself, and at the same time show us what she would be at. But, by my correspondent's good leave, I can by no means consent to spoil the skin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half so charming as those which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the sun itself upon their bodies, they would still change for the worse, and conceal something more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I shall, therefore, persist in my first design, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have so long aimed at. Let them but raise their stays and let down their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them space to consider of it, I design this for the last time that my lion shall roar upon the subject during this season, which I give public notice of for the sake of my correspondents, that they may not be at an unnecessary trouble or expense in furnishing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of next winter, when I may again resume that point, if I find occasion for it. I shall not, however, let it drop, without acquainting my reader that I have written a letter to the pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his present good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter.

To Pope Clement the Eighth, Nestor Ironside, greeting.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I have heard, with great satisfaction, that you have forbidden your priests to confess any woman, who appears before them without a tucker, in which you please me well. I do agree with you, that it is impossible for the good man to discharge his office, as he ought, who gives an ear to those alluring penitents that discover their hearts and necks to him at the same time. I am labouring, as much as in me lies, to stir up the same spirit of modesty among the women of this island, and should be glad we might assist one another in so good a work. In order to it, I desire that you will send me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it stood before your late prohibition. We have some, here, who have necks of one, two, and three foot in length, some that have necks which reach down to their middles, and, indeed, some who may be said to be all neck and no body. I hope, at the same time you observe the stays of your female subjects, that you have also an eye to their petticoats, which rise in this island daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the stays fall to the fifth rib, (which I hear is to be the standard of each, as it has been lately settled in a junto of the sex,) I will take care to send you one of either sort, which I advertise you of beforehand, that you may not compute the stature of our English women from the length of their garments. In the mean time, I have desired the master of a vessel, who tells me that he shall touch at Civita Vecchia, to present you with a certain female machine, which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to discover the use of it. Not to keep you in suspense, it is what we call, in this country, a hooped-petticoat. I shall only beg of you to let me know whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relics of your female saints, and, in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thousand virgin martyrs.

"Yours, *usque ad aras*,
"NESTOR IRONSIDE."

I must not dismiss this letter, without declaring myself a good protestant, as I hint in the subscribing part of it. This I think necessary to take notice of, lest I should be accused, by an author of unexampled stupidity, for corresponding with the head of the Romish church.

No. 152.] *Friday, September 4.*

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
Exercemus——— *Virg.*

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I

more admire, than that wherein he advises an author, who would attain to the sublime, and writes for eternity, to consider, when he is engaged in his composition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of those heroes in the learned world, would have said or thought upon the same occasion. I have often practised this rule, with regard to the best authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. With what success, I must leave to the judgment of others. I may, at least, venture to say, with Mr. Dryden, where he professes to have imitated Shakspeare's style, that, in imitating such great authors, I have always excelled myself.

I have, also, by this means, revived several antiquated ways of writing, which, though very instructive and entertaining, had been laid aside, and forgotten for some ages. I shall in this place only mention those allegories, wherein virtues, vices, and human passions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of composition was practised by the finest authors among the ancients, our countryman, Spenser, is the last writer of note who has applied himself to it with success.

That an allegory may be both delightful and instructive; in the first place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and, if possible, to be filled with surprising turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be useful morals and reflections couched under it, which still receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as also from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and shadows.

I was once thinking, to have written a whole canto in the spirit of Spenser, and, in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary persons and characters. I raised it on that common dispute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two sexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accomplish this work, I shall present my reader with the naked fable, reserving the embellishments of verse and poetry to another opportunity.

The two sexes, contending for superiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one side of a very spacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of this middle space lay encamped several bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themselves, that they might then act as they saw occasion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by Fortitude; that of the female by Beauty. Fortitude began the onset on Beauty, but found, to her cost, that she had such a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his strength. She played upon him so many smiles and glances, that she quite weakened and disarmed him.

In short, he was ready to call for quarter, had not Wisdom come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely opposed by Cunning, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. Cunning was the chief engineer of the fair army; but, upon this occasion, was posted, as I have here said, to receive the attacks of Wisdom. It was very entertaining to see the workings of these two antagonists; the conduct of the one, and the stratagems of the other. Never was there a more even match. Those who beheld it gave the victory sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, though most declared the advantage was on the side of the female commander.

In the mean time the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male side. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer, called Patience, and on the female side by a general known by the name of Scorn. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day: but being quite tired out with the long pursuits and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulsed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding. When, on a sudden, a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic stature. He acted like a Drawcansir, sparing neither friend nor foe. His name was Lust. On the female side he was opposed by a select body of forces, commanded by a young officer, that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of Modesty. This beautiful young hero was supported by one of a more masculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by men Honour, and by the gods, Pride. This last made an obstinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length resigned at discretion.

The dreadful monster, after having overturned whole squadrons in the female army, fell among the males, where he made a more terrible havoc than on the other side. He was here opposed by Reason, who drew up all his forces against him, and held the fight in suspense for some time, but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both sides, the two armies agreed to join against this common foe. And, in order to it, drew out a small chosen band, whom they placed by consent under the conduct of Virtue, who in a little time drove this foul, ugly monster out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a second neutral leader, whose name was Love, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thousand winged boys, that threw their darts and arrows promiscuously among both armies. The wounds they gave were not

the wounds of an enemy. They were pleasing to those that felt them; and had so strange an effect, that they wrought a spirit of mutual friendship, reconciliation, and good will in both sexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and stretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animosities, and embrace one another

The last general of neutrals, that appeared in the field, was Hymen, who marched immediately after Love, and, seconding the good inclinations which he had inspired, joined the hands of both armies. Love generally accompanied him, and we recommended the sexes, pair by pair, to his good offices.

But as it is usual enough for several persons to dress themselves in the habit of a great leader, Ambition and Avarice had taken on them the garb and habit of Love, by which means they often imposed on Hymen, by putting into his hands several couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the delusions of these two impostors.

No. 153] *Saturday, September 5.*

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum.—*Virg.*

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds, in some measure, from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not, indeed, any single view of human nature, under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the schoolmen call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

There is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride and vanity.

These three very reasons why he should not be proud, are, notwithstanding, the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and, were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A wise man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified: when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or, in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert, them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them. You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! do not you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back, to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells

this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age, but, you must know, she values herself upon her brith; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little, nimble coquette, that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but, first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

No. 154.] *Monday, September 7.*

Omnia trans formant sese in miracula rerum.—*Virg.*

I QUESTION not but the following letter will be entertaining to those who were present at the last masquerade, as it will recall into their minds several merry particulars that passed in it, and, at the same time, be very acceptable to those who were at a distance from it, as they may form from hence some idea of this fashionable amusement.

To Nestor Ironside, Esq.

Per via Leonis.

"SIR,—I could scarce ever go into good company, but the discourse was on the ambassador, the politeness of his entertainments, the goodness of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his masquerades, with the odd, fantastical dresses which were made use of in those midnight solemnities. The noise these diversions made at last raised my curiosity, and for once I resolved to be present at them, being at the same time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addresses to, one of a sprightly humour, and a great admirer of such novelties. In order to it, I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in these new mysteries. Every morning I dressed myself in it, and acted before the looking-glass, so that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part, as most who had oftener frequented these diversions. You must understand, I personated a devil, and that for several weighty reasons. First, because, appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better bred part of the company. Besides, as from their usual reception they are called familiars, I fancied I should, in this character, be allowed the greatest liberties, and soonest be led into the secrets of the masquerade. To recommend and distinguish me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to speak the truth, what persuaded me most to this disguise was, because I heard an intriguing lady say, in a large company of females, who unanimously assented to it, that she loved to converse with such, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that shape. At length, when the long-wished-for evening came, which was to open to us such vast scenes of pleasure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature turned topside turvy; women changed into men and men into women, children in leading-strings seven foot high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into saints, people of the first quality into beasts or birds, gods or goddesses; I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoses before me. Among these were several monsters to which I did not know how to give a name;

——————————worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.—*Milton.*

"In the middle of the first room, I met with one dressed in a shroud. This put me in mind of the old custom of serving up a death's head at a feast. I was a little angry at the dress, and asked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for such an assembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he considered this dress would serve him another time. This walking corse was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat, that stood up like a steeple over the heads of the wole assembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female Quaker, to all outward appearance; but was surprised to hear her cry out, 'D—n you, you son of a ——,' upon which I immediately rebuked her, when, all of a sudden, resuming her character, 'Verily,' says she, 'I was to blame, but thou hast bruised me sorely.' A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a shepherdess, for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her sides. She swore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very masculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a Presbyterian parson, who told me in a very soft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring-garden tomorrow night. The next object I saw was a chimney-sweeper, made up of black crape

and velvet, (with a huge diamond in his mouth,) making love to a butterfly. On a sudden I found myself among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers: but what took up my attention most, was one dressed in white feathers, that represented a swan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair sex, and indeed was the most unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in discourse with a running footman, but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkish emperor whispered me in the ear, desiring me to use him civilly, for that it was his master. I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman, hung with little looking-glasses. She had a great many that followed her as she passed by me, but I would not have her value herself upon that account, since it was plain they did not follow so much to look upon her as to see themselves. The next I observed was a nun making an assignation with a heathen god, for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent Garden. I was by this time exceeding hot, and thirsty, so that I made the best of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no sooner presented myself before the table, but a magician, seeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and seemed to do me homage. I was at a loss to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was: this, however, drew the eyes of the servants upon me, and immediately procured me a glass of excellent Champaign. The magician said I was a spirit of an adust and dry constitution; and desired that I might have another refreshing glass, adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the magician. This so enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a Scaramouch, that cried out, 'Avaunt, Satan!' and gave me a little tap on my left shoulder, with the end of his lath sword. As I was considering how I ought to resent this affront, a well-shaped person, that stood at my left hand, in the figure of a bell-man, cried out, with a suitable voice, 'Past twelve o'clock.' This put me in mind of bed-time: accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, slender youth, dressed up in a most beautiful party-coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively; and after having turned me about once or twice, asked me whom I had been tempting; I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as soon as he touched me, and was still in greater disorder, upon my hearing his voice. In short, I found, after a little discourse with him, that his Indian majesty was my dear Leonora, who, knowing the disguise I had put on, would not let me pass by her unobserved. Her awkward manliness made me guess at her sex, and her own confession quickly let me know the rest. This masquerade did more for me than a twelvemonth's courtship: for it inspired her with such tender sentiments, that I married her the next morning.

"How happy I shall be in a wife taken out of a masquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reason to hope the best, Leonora having assured me it was the first, and shall be the last time of her appearing at such an entertainment.

"And now, sir, having given you the history of this strange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my request to you, that you will oblige the world with a dissertation on masquerades in general, that we may know how far they are useful to the public, and consequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occasion, as in particular, of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was present at the first of these entertainments; not to mention (what is still more strange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid; but in cases of this nature, where there is such a confusion of sex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have happened, than what really came to pass. Without giving credit therefore to any of these rumours, I shall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of these matters, and am,

"Sir, &c.

"LUCIFER."

No. 155.] *Tuesday, September 8.*

——————libelli Stoici inter seriosa
Jacere pulvillos amant. *Hor.*

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the same improvable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same methods? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

There are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the space of one summer, furnished a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters' working; and at the same time heard all Dr. Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased, the other day, to find

them all busy in *preserving* several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over the Plurality of Worlds. It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheesecake.

A second reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is, because they have the natural gift of *speech* in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences, it would now and then be of great ease to their invention.

There is another reason why those, especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters; namely, because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side?

If we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a stoic in petticoats: nor Hipparchia, the famous she cynic, who arrived at such a perfection in her studies, that she conversed with her husband, a man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open streets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least, I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind, but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

The Emperor Theodosius, being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria, in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means, that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy, in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor, her brother Theodosius. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudosia; after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had many statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

No. 156.] *Wednesday, September* 9.

——————Magna formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepit, et illis utitur ante
Quæsitis patiens—————————— *Hor.*

In my last Saturday's paper, I supposed a mole-hill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects, in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

"In a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaster, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of dry and barren soil. That place, lying to the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

"Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than those of the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

"I made it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them, and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day time, and expose to the sun the corn which they keep under ground in the night: those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it; there was a pigeon-house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn, if they had brought it out in the day time: it is highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, when I went to it in the morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frighted the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is most admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew, some days after, that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees; first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

"There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine; which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, would fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

"The corn, that is laid up by ants, would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in their nest will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

"They gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round, to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of such small particles of dry earth, heaped up

round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They performed this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and, though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

"If any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles, that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

"As for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastic, which those insects could not divide. Those particles, sticking together, could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

"When ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round that earth: thus one may see two heaps surrounding their hole, one of dry earth and the other of corn; and then they fetch out the remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

"Those insects never go about this work but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed, that those little animals, having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon. The sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it: but half an hour after the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan Almanac had foretold that there would be no rain upon that day.

"I have said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret; there was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

"I know, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread, but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

"Being willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room where they kept: and, to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopped all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived, for several days, that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way, looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me very wonderful, was, that none of them came home without bringing something: one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

"The window, upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, and others to the fifth story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn, which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain, from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man, who should carry a very heavy load on his shoulders, almost every day, for the space of four leagues. It is true, those insects do not take so much pains upon a flat ground; but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards and her backside upwards; none can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they make in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this happens, they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

"I saw one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: when she came to the box, where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell

down with her load, after a very laborious march: such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down and found her with the same corn in her paws: she was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times: sometimes she fell in the middle of her way, and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopped; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes, that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up: they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something: this I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All those experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough; they do not require so great a patience as that of ants; but few people are capable of it.

No. 157.] *Thursday, September* 10.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.—*Solomon.*

It has been observed by writers of morality, that, in order to quicken human industry, Providence has so contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them; the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which Providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising instances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

"Thus my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last, being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn, which I had laid up for them, I resolved to show it to them.

"In order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient, which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for, an hour after, all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for, otherwise, how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted, and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in holy scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I do not believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

"I have said, before, that there were three ants' nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order, and the same customs. However, there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: it was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some preeminence over them.

"Though the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain, yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects: ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and do not come out until the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of their nest, in the day time, when they foresaw it would rain, and almost every night. Above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: they removed it in the morning, and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about

uch a work. They had made the ground neven about their nest, insomuch that the late did not lie flat upon it, but left a free assage underneath. The ants of the two ther nests did not so well succeed in keeping out the rain: they laid over their holes everal pieces of old and dry plaster, one pon the other; but they were still troubled vith the rain, and the next day they took a vorld of pains to repair the damage. Hence is, that those insects are so frequently to be ound under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at ll times covered with those tiles, without ny incumbrance, and they lay out their corn nd their dry earth in the sun about the tiles, s one may see every day. I took care to over the two ants' nests that were troubled vith the rain: as for the capital nest, there vas no need of exercising my charity towards it.

"M. De la Loubere says, in his relation of iam, that in a certain part of that kingom, which lies open to great inundations, ll the ants make their settlements upon rees: no ants' nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what hat author says about those insects: you nay see his relation.

"Here follows a curious experiment, which I made upon the same ground, where had three ants' nests. I undertook to make fourth, and went about it in the following nanner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, t a considerable distance from the box, I ound a hole swarming with ants, much arger than all those I had already seen; ut they were not so well provided with orn, nor under so good a government. I nade a hole in the box like that of an ant's est, and laid, as it were, the foundations of new city. Afterwards I got as many ants s I could out of the nest in the terrace, and ut them into a bottle, to give them a new abitation in my box; and, because I was fraid they would return to the terrace, I estroyed their old nest; pouring boiling vater into the hole, to kill those ants that emained in it. In the next place, I filled he new hole with the ants that were in the ottle; but none of them would stay in it: hey went away in less than two hours; vhich made me believe, that it was impossile to make a fourth settlement in my box.

"Two or three days after, going accidenally over the terrace, I was very much surrised to see the ants' nest, which I had detroyed, very artfully repaired. I resolved hen to destroy it entirely, and to settle those nts in my box. To succeed in my design, I ut some gunpowder and brimstone into their ole, and sprung a mine, whereby the whole est was overthrown; and then I carried as nany ants as I could get into the place which designed for them. It happened to be a ery rainy day, and it rained all night; and, herefore, they remained in the new hole all hat time. In the morning, when the rain vas over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but, finding it impracticable by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place which I appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

"An ant never goes into any other nest but her own; and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, and put her into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages, to prevent their going to their own nest. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole: many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes rather chose to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They do not exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

"They keep up a sort of trade among themselves; and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary; they lend their corn—they make exchanges—they are always ready to serve one another; and, I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend, and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I do not think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern themselves: perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

"They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees: their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun; but they keep it under ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said, that some birds eat them; but I never saw any instance of it. They are also in-

fested with small worms; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they punished those ants which, probably, had been wanting to their duty: nay, sometimes they killed them; which they did in the following manner. Three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

"Was there ever a greater union in any commonwealth? Every thing is common among them; which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals: they frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants: they have nothing of their own: a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock: it is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community: there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

"Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants; for, as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.

"I had almost forgot to tell you, sir, that Mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poison for them; and that it is the most effectual way of destroying those insects. I can do something for them in this case; perhaps you will hear, in a little time, that I have reconciled them to Mercury."

No. 158.] *Friday, September* 11.

Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna:
Castigatque, auditque dolos: subigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud superos, furto lætatus inani,
Distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.—*Virg.*

I WAS yesterday pursuing the hint which I mentioned in my last paper, and comparing together the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that, notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or a sleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that "the day hangs heavy on them," that "they do not know what to do with themselves," that "they are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are styled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments, who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which, in all probability, produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told that he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. "Madam," says he, to the first of them, "you have been upon the earth about fifty years, what have you been doing there all this while?" "Doing!" says she, "really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect." After about half an hour's pause, she told him, that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. "And you, Madam," says the judge, "that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while?" "I had a great deal of business on my hands," says she, "being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed

baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances." "Very well," says he, "you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her." The next was a plain country woman: "Well, mistress," says Rhadamanthus, "and what have you been doing?" "An't please your worship," says she, "I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country." Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. "And you, fair lady," says he, "what have you been doing these five and thirty years?" "I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir," said she. "That is well," said he, "but what good have you been doing?" The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus, observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for re-examination, when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing; "Truly," says she, "I lived three-score and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages." "Very well," says Rhadamanthus; "but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions?" "Why, truly," says she, "I was so taken up in publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own." "Madam," says Rhadamanthus, "be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you." "Old gentlewoman," says he, "I think you are four-score: you have heard the question; what have you been doing so long in the world?" "Ah, Sir!" says she, "I have been doing what I should not have done; but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end." "Madam," says he, "you will please to follow your leader;" and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, "I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blessed by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it." Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman, observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a *beautifier*, longed to be in his hands, so, that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar; and, being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world? "I have endeavoured," says she, "ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—" Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and, withal, was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth; but, at their nearer approach, the noise grew so very great that it awaked me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life; lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of "leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done."

No. 159.] *Saturday, September* 12.

Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.—*Hor.*

"SIR,—Having read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands; and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplished, have raised themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

"About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expenses. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber, who had a daughter, about miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was, at the same time, a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work, but miss always treated her with great contempt, and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

"About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had, indeed, a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s Angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mistress Betty rejected him with disdain; insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for, in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

"Mean while, days and years went on, miss lived high and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays, and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When, of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition; but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and, I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour, by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to, me. 'Madam,' said I, 'are not you Mistress Such-a-one?' at which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and, being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant; but, supposing her to be the first, 'I am glad, madam,' said I, 'after having long inquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place.' These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but, as soon as she was able to speak, 'Sir,' said she, 'you are mistaken; I am but a servant.' Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. 'Alas! sir,' said she, 'my condition is much better than I deserve; I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me.' To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman, at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and, being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction, as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve: and it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me that, after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or her husband's acquaintance; so that they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-mar-

ied woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant: but, being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a servant.

"I went home full of this strange adventure, and, about a week after, chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his Angel, not questioning but he would feel, on this occasion, the usual pleasure of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but, upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

"About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

"Dear Sir,—I am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my Angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to, a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of showing her the constant and sincere affection, which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

"Yours, R. T."

No. 160.] *Monday, September* 14.

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.—*Hor.*

From writing the history of lions, I lately went off to that of ants; but, to my great surprise, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it, that my last Thursday and Friday's papers are full of concealed satire, and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling ever since that ingenious person, the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect*.

But I shall for the future leave my friend to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare that those jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two abovementioned discourses, concerning ants or pismires, are altogether groundless. There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative, who is either whig or tory; and I could heartily wish that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the same spirit of frugality, justice, and mutual benevolence, as are visibly exercised by the members of those little commonwealths.

After this short preface, I shall lay before my readers a letter or two which occasioned it.

"Mr. Ironside,—I have laid a wager, with a friend of mine, about the pigeons that used to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I say that by these pigeons you meant the Palatines. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the strings, which frightened them away, were Pamphlets, Examiners, and the like. We beg you will satisfy us in this particular, because the wager is very considerable, and you will much oblige two of your

"DAILY READERS."

"Old Iron,—Why so rusty? will you never leave your inuendoes? do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your last Thursday's paper? or can you imagine that three nests of ants is such a disguise, that the plainest reader cannot see three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of the neighbouring settlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worse form of government, is not so difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demolished. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they? Old Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you do not intend to stir up a nest of hornets.

"WILL WASPE."

"Dear Guardian,—Calling in yesterday at a coffee-house in the city, I saw a very short, corpulent, angry man reading your paper about the ants. I observed that he reddened and swelled over every sentence of it. After having perused it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-house to him, and asked her in a magisterial voice, if she knew what she did in taking in such papers. The woman was in such a confusion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpose in her behalf, and asked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import. 'Sir,' said he, 'it is a republican paper from one end to the other, and if the author had his deserts—' He here grew so exceedingly choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; until, after having recovered himself, he laid his finger upon the following sen-

tence, and read it with a very stern voice—'Though ants are very knowing, I do not take them to be conjurers: and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived, for several days, that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing, for some time, to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance, and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment.' Then throwing the paper upon the table; 'Sir,' says he, 'these things are not to be suffered—I would engage, out of this sentence, to draw up an indictment that—' He here lost his voice a second time, in the extremity of his rage, and the whole company, who were all of them tories, bursting out into a sudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a most formidable frown.

"This, sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what use of it you please. I only wish that you would sometimes diversify your paper with many other pieces of natural history, whether of insects or animals; this being a subject which the most common reader is capable of understanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; besides, that it highly redounds to the praise of that Being who has inspired the several parts of the sensitive world with such wonderful and different kinds of instinct, as enable them to provide for themselves, and preserve their species in that state of existence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in speculations of this nature, which, instead of inflaming those unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up most of our thoughts, may divert our minds to subjects that are useful, and suited to reasonable creatures. Dissertations of this kind are the more proper for your purpose, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous science, to qualify the reader for the understanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a shame for men to be ignorant of those worlds of wonders which are transacted in the midst of them, and not be acquainted with those objects which are every where before their eyes. To which I might farther add, that several are of opinion, there is no other use in many of these creatures than to furnish matter of contemplation and wonder to those inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

"I am, sir,

"Your constant reader

"And humble servant."

After having presented my reader with this set of letters, which are all upon the same subject, I shall here insert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim, never to refuse going out of my way to do any honest man a service, especially when I have an interest in it myself.

"MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,—As you are a person that very eminently distinguish yourself in the promotion of the public good, I desire your friendship in signifying to the town, what concerns the greatest good of life, *health*. I do assure you, sir, there is in a vault, under the Exchange in Cornhill, over-against Pope's-Head-Alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the seeds of good humour, cheerfulness, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no such thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I shall presume to send you of it, lest you should think it inconsistent with integrity to recommend what you do not understand by experience. In the mean time please to insert this, that every man may judge for himself.

"I am, sir, &c."

No. 161.] *Tuesday, September* 15.

——————incoctum generoso pectus honesto.—*Per.*

EVERY principle, that is a motive to good actions, ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by *honour*.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper therefore is chiefly designed for those, who, by means of any of these advantages, are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But, as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *scorns*, to do an ill action. The one considers vice as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he de-

clares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba.

> Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not.
> It ought not to be sported with ——— *Cato.*

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour, and these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage, than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and, at the same time, run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret, that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow, in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men, who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour with old Syphax, in the play before mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion, that leads astray young, inexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuits of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare's phrase, "are worn and hackney'd in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old, battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of Honour by any other way than through that of Virtue.

No. 162.] *Wednesday, September* 16.

> Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, consiliare sibi animos hominum, et ad usus suos adjungere. *Cicero.*

I was the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their cousin Tom, who is one of those country squires that set up for plain, honest gentlemen who speak their minds. Tom is, in short, a lively, impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made him a pleasant companion, had it been polished and rectified by good manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he set every one in the company a blushing, by some blunt question, or unlucky observation. He asked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a husband; and told her eldest sister she looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who suffers more than her daughters on such an occasion, desired her cousin Thomas, with a smile, not to be so severe on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh, "If I be not mistaken, aunt, you were a mother at fifteen, and why do you expect that your daughters should be maids till five and twenty?" I endeavoured to divert the discourse, when, without taking notice of what I said, "Mr. Ironside," says he, "you fill my cousins' heads with your fine notions, as you call them; can you teach them to make a pudding?" I must confess he put me out of countenance with his rustic raillery, so that I made some excuse, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the usefulness of complaisance, to make all conversation agreeable. This, though in

itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possessed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the graces. In the same manner, I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and economy of the world.

If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakspeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

> ——The poor man's contumely,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be *a constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.* I shall here add, that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance, which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

"Schacabac, being reduced to great poverty, and having ate nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humorist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready covered for an entertainment, Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and, at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him, if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, 'If I did not like it, you may be sure,' says he, 'I should not eat so heartily of it.' 'You oblige me mightily,' replied the Barmecide, 'pray let me help you to this leg of a goose.' Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted lamb, fed with pistacho nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, 'Here is a dish,' says he, 'that you will see at nobody's table but my own.' Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever ate before. Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweetmeat of his own invention. Schacabac, at length, being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he ate nothing, and, at the same time, being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. 'Come then,' says the Barmecide, 'the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia.' He then *filled* both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being pressed to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, 'Sir,' says he, 'I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink. The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry at him, 'I find,' says he, 'thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest.' Upon which, calling for his supper, the rice soup, the goose, the pistacho lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the dessert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines, were served up successively, one after ano-

her; and Schacabac was feasted, in reality, with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination."

No. 163.] *Thursday, September* 17.

——miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ.—*Juv.*

When I am disposed to give myself a day's rest, I order the lion to be opened, and search into that magazine of intelligence for such letters as are to my purpose. The first I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himself in the beginning of it, after such a manner, as I am persuaded no man of sense would treat him. Even the lawyer and physician to a man of quality expect to be used like gentlemen, and much more may any one of so superior a profession. I am by no means for encouraging that dispute, whether the chaplain or the master of the house be the better man, and the more to be respected. The two learned authors, Dr. Hicks and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add several others, are to be excused if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, since, in so corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs so far into the other extreme. The only controversy, between the patron and the chaplain, ought to be, which should promote the good designs and interests of each other most; and, for my own part, I think it is the happiest circumstance, in a great state or title, that it qualifies a man for choosing, out of such a learned and valuable body of men as that of the English clergy, a friend, a spiritual guide, and a companion. The letter I have received from one of this order, is as follows,

"Mr. Guardian,—I hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three questions, but also in the solution of them.

"I have had the honour, many years, of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the highest servant in the house, either out of respect to my cloth, or because I lie in the uppermost garret.

"Whilst my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with useful learning and innocent mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture not only to sanctify and garnish a feast, but treated as a gentleman, and generally desired to fill up the conversation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the estate, I find I am looked upon as a *censor morum*, an obstacle to mirth and talk, and suffered to retire constantly, with *prosperity to the church* in my mouth. I declare solemnly, sir, that I have heard nothing, from all the fine gentlemen who visit us, more remarkable, for half a year, than that one young lord was seven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtesan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to stay three or four rounds beyond the church, to see what topics of discourse they went upon, but, to my great surprise, have hardly heard a word all the time besides the toasts. Then they all stare full in my face, and show all the actions of uneasiness till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to use the words in an old comedy, 'I find, by the noise they make, that they had a mind to be private.' I am at a loss to imagine what conversation they have among one another, which I may not be present at, since I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am shocked with no freedoms whatsoever, which are consistent with Christianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my post hitherto at the dessert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I shall be invested with this privilege I do not know. For the servants, who do not see me supported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to brush very familiary by me, and thrust aside my chair, when they set the sweetmeats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and desire you will make the public sensible, that the Christian priesthood was never thought in any age or country to debase the man who is a member of it. Among the great services which your useful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the least, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown servant,

"G. W."

"Venerable Nestor,—I was very much pleased with your paper of the 7th instant, in which you recommend the study of useful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have since that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous Sir Thomas More; it is inscribed to a friend of his, who was then seeking out a wife; he advises him on that occasion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he desires a happy life, to join himself with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this last head are as follow.

Proculque stulta sit
Parvis labellulis
Semper loquacitas,
Proculque rusticum
Semper silentium.
Sit illa vel modò
Instructa literis.
Vel talis ut modò
Sit apta literis.
Felix, quibus bene
Priscis ab omnibus
Possit libellulis
Vitam beantis
Haurire dogmata.
Armata cum quibus,
Nec illa prosperis
Superba turgeat,
Nec illa turbidis
Miscella lugeat
Prostrata casibus.
Jucunda sit erit
Semper, nec unquam erit
Gravis, molestave
Vitæ comes tuæ,
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quiescere,
Dum grata te fovet.
Manûque mobili
Dum plectra personat,
Et voce (quâ nec est
Prognæ sororculæ
Tuæ suavior)
Amœna cantillat
Apollo que velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo,
Docto tamen dies
Noctesque ducere.
Notare verbula
Mellita maximis
Non absque gratiis
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia,

Quibus coerceat
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium,
Quibus levaverit
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia
Jam cum omnium gravi
Rerum scientia.
Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuisse conjugem,
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curasset improbo
Labore fœminam
Referre rusticam.

Talemque credimus
Nasonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem quæt
Æquare carmine,
Fuisse filiam,
Talemque suspicor
(Qua nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuisse Tulliam:
Talisque quæ tulit
Gracchos duos fuit,
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Instruxit artibus:
Nec profuit minus
Magistra quàm parens.

The sense of this elegant description is as follows:

"May you meet with a wife who is not always stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense! May she be *learned*, if possible, or at least capable of being made so! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will be *herself* in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. You will find in her an even, cheerful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wisdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of *men*, into the bosom of one who is so dear, so knowing, and so amiable. If she touches her lute, or sings to it any of her own compositions, her voice will soothe you in your solitudes, and sound more sweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her conversation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her discourse. She will keep your mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

"Such was doubtless the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a foolish bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia, as she is celebrated by the most learned and the most fond of fathers. And such was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no less famous for having been their instructor than their parent.

No. 165.] *Saturday, September* 19.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile—— *Hor.*

It is a melancholy thing to see a coxcomb at the head of a family. He scatters infection through the whole house. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him; if they have more sense than himself, they are out of countenance for him; if less, they submit their understandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often secretly concerned, when I have seen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themselves, while they are talking after a couple of silly parents. The dulness of a father often extinguishes a genius in the son, or gives such a wrong cast to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In short, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his insipid pleasantries, shallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his-fire side, his parties of diversion, are all of them so many standing scenes of folly.

This is one reason why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it, and if it meets with weakness in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumstance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the husband; but it is better it should be so, than that there should be no knowledge in the whole house. It is highly expedient that at least one of the persons, who sits at the helm of affairs, should give an example of good sense to those who are under them in these little domestic governments.

If folly is of ill consequence in the head of a family, vice is much more so, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the master is a profligate, the rake runs through the house. You hear the sons talking loosely and swearing after their father, and see the daughters either familiarised to his discourse, or every moment blushing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his master's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Invest him with the same title and ornaments, and you would scarce know him from his lord. He practises the same oaths, the same ribaldry, the same way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it should be wise and virtuous. The first of these qualifications does not indeed lie within his power: but though a man cannot abstain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modesty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which, though the greatest ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the most ordinary capacities.

As wisdom and virtue are the proper qualifications of the master of a house, if he is not accomplished in both of them, it is much better that he should be deficient in the former than in the latter, since the consequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than those of folly.

When I read the histories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of

he extraordinary influence, which that great philosopher, who was an illustrious pattern of virtue and wisdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himself in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpose to converse with the most learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is still admired by the greatest men of the present times, as a prodigy of science. His wife, Theano, wrote several books, and, after his death, taught his philosophy in his public school, which was frequented by numberless disciples of different countries. There are several excellent sayings recorded of her. I shall only mention one, because it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wisdom. Being asked by some of her sex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having conversed with a man? "If it were her husband," says she, "the next day; if a stranger, never." Pythagoras had by this wife two sons and three daughters. His two sons, Telauges and Mnesarchus, were both eminent philosophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean school. Arignote was one of his daughters, whose writings were extant, and very much admired in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whose hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to strangers, which she observed to the hazard of her life; and though she was offered a great sum for them, rather chose to live in poverty, than not to obey the commands of her beloved father. Mila was the third of the daughters, whose works and history were very famous in Lucian's time. She was so signally virtuous, that, for her unblemished behaviour in her virginity, she was chosen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national solemnity; and, for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was so precious among her countrymen, that her house was, after her death, converted into a temple, and the street she lived in, called by the name of the Museum. Nor must I omit, whilst I am mentioning this great philosopher, under his character as the master of a family, that two of his servants so improved themselves under him, that they were instituted into his sect, and make an eminent figure in the list of Pythagoreans. The names of these two servants were Astræus and Zamolxes. This single example sufficiently shows us both the influence and the merit of one who discharges as he ought the office of a good master of a family; which, if it were well observed in every house, would quickly put an end to that universal depravation of manners, by which the present age is so much distinguished; and which is more easy to lament than to reform.

No. 166.] *Monday, September* 21.

——aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.—*Ovid. Met.*

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent, without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life, without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathise with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that, though they have failed in their principal design, they have, however, made such discoveries in their way to it, as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent in my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such a habitual exercise of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it, I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had, with great pains and application, got together a list of all the French protestants; and, by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them the double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the

town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg, that he had met with over against St. Clement's church. This so affected me, that, as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow citizens, I resolved to new pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart, was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year, (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life,) leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry, to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of Impropriations; but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: this made me resolve to set aside one morning, to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream, some body knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor, that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message: but, seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for, with great impatience, above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:

"Sir,—After having got out of you every thing you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and, therefore, must ingenuously confess to you, that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you, for your comfort, that I never yet could bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded, you yourself can best tell.

"Your humble servant to command,

"THOMAS WHITE."

"I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door."

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself, as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed.

No. 167.] *Tuesday, September 22.*

Fata viam invenient——— *Virg.*

The following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern part of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons, whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. "Helim," said he, "I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now show thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train

hem up in the humble and unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me, without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive." "The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed," said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl, of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived when he was not in company with his beloved Belsora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balsora, his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "Far be it," said he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician." The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that, without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgin's of Paradise; but, upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and, after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those that saw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, and that her body should be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his deceased queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint my reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey, in a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace, which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the Black Palace, it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Back Palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its

effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa, was near at hand. Now, it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparations for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen, whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of Paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes, who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth till such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon, by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. He here met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air on this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place, insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was for some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted on the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that, before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chase, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan; he immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time, and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come, upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and, seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Abdallah!"——Having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shed tears of joy. The king at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that, instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request,

therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country so far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, till it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the Garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Balsora. This was that king, Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

THE FREEHOLDER.

No. 1.] *Friday, December* 23, 1715.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.—*Tacit.*

The arguments of an author lose a great deal of their weight, when we are persuaded that he only writes for argument's sake, and has no real concern in the cause which he espouses. This is the case of one, who draws his pen in the defence of property, without having any; except, perhaps, in the copy of a libel, or a ballad. One is apt to suspect, that the passion for liberty, which appears in a Grub-street patriot, arises only from his apprehensions of a jail; and that, whatever he may pretend, he does not write to secure, but to get, something of his own. Should the government be overturned, he has nothing to lose but an old standish.

I question not but the reader will conceive a respect for the author of this paper, from the title of it; since, he may be sure, I am no considerable a man, that I cannot have less than forty shillings a year.

I have rather chosen this title than any other, because it is what I most glory in, and what most effectually calls to my mind the happiness of that government under which I live. As a British freeholder, I should not scruple taking place of a French marquis; and when I see one of my countrymen amusing himself in his little cabbage-garden, I naturally look upon him as a greater person than the owner of the richest vineyard in Champagne.

The House of Commons is the representative of men in my condition. I consider myself as one who give my consent to every law which passes: a freeholder in our government being of the nature of a citizen of Rome in that famous commonwealth; who, by the election of a tribune, had a kind of remote voice in every law that was enacted. So that a freeholder is but one remove from a legislator, and for that reason ought to stand up in the defence of those laws, which are in some degree of his own making. For such is the nature of our happy constitution, that the bulk of the people virtually give their approbation to every thing they are bound to obey, and prescribe to themselves those rules by which they are to walk.

At the same time that I declare I am a freeholder, I do not exclude myself from any other title. A freeholder may be either a voter, or a knight of the shire; a wit, or a fox-hunter; a scholar, or a soldier; an alderman, or a courtier; a patriot, or a stock-jobber. But I choose to be distinguished by this denomination, as the freeholder is the basis of all other titles. Dignities may be grafted upon it; but this is the substantial stock, that conveys to them their life, taste, and beauty; and without which they are no more than blossoms, that would fall away with every shake of wind.

And here I cannot but take occasion to congratulate my country upon the increase of this happy tribe of men, since, by the wisdom of the present parliament, I find the race of freeholders spreading into the remotest corners of the island. I mean that act which passed in the late session for the encouragement of loyalty in Scotland: by which it is provided, "That all and every vassal and vassals in Scotland, who shall continue peaceable, and in dutiful allegiance to his majesty, his heirs, and successors, holding lands or tenements of any offender (guilty of high-treason) who holds such lands or tenements immediately of the crown, shall be vested and seized, and are hereby enacted and ordained to hold the said lands or tenements of his majesty, his heirs, and successors, in fee and heritage for ever, by such manner of holding, as any such offender held such lands or tenements of the crown, &c."

By this means it will be in the power of a Highlander to be at all times a good tenant, without being a rebel; and to deserve the character of a faithful servant, without thinking himself obliged to follow his master to the gallows.

How can we sufficiently extol the goodness of his present majesty, who is not willing to have a single slave in his dominions! or enough rejoice in the exercise of that loyalty, which, instead of betraying a man into the most ignominious servitude, (as it does in some of our neighbouring kingdoms,) entitles him to the highest privileges of freedom and property! It is now to be hoped, that we shall have few vassals, but to the laws of our country.

When these men have a taste of property, they will naturally love that constitution

from which they derive so great a blessing. There is an unspeakable pleasure in calling any thing one's own. A freehold, though it be but in ice and snow, will make the owner pleased in the possession, and stout in the defence of it; and is a very proper reward for our allegiance to our present king, who (by an unparalleled instance of goodness in a sovereign, and infatuation in subjects) contends for the freedom of his people against themselves; and will not suffer many of them to fall into a state of slavery, which they are bent upon with so much eagerness and obstinacy.

A freeholder of Great Britain is bred with an aversion to every thing that tends to bring him under a subjection to the arbitrary will of another. Of this we find frequent instances in all our histories; where the persons, whose characters are the most amiable, and strike us with the highest veneration, are those who stood up manfully against the invasions of civil liberty, and the complicated tyranny which popery imposes upon our bodies, our fortunes, and our minds. What a despicable figure then must the present mock-patriots make in the eyes of posterity, who venture to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for the ruin of those civil rights, which their ancestors, rather than part with, chose to be cut to pieces in the field of battle? And what an opinion will after ages entertain of their religion, who bid fair for a gibbet, by endeavouring to bring in a superstition, which their forefathers perished in flames to keep out?

But how instructive soever the folly of these men may prove to future times, it will be my business more immediately to consult the happiness of the age in which I live. And since so many profligate writers have endeavoured to varnish over a bad cause, I shall do all in my power to recommend a good one, which indeed requires no more than barely to explain what it is. While many of my gallant countrymen are employed in pursuing rebels half discomfited through the consciousness of their guilt, I shall labour to improve those victories to the good of my fellow-subjects; by carrying on our successes over the minds of men, and by reconciling them to the cause of their king, their country, and their religion.

To this end, I shall, in the course of this paper, (to be published every Monday and Friday,) endeavour to open the eyes of my countrymen to their own interest, to show them the privileges of an English freeholder, which they enjoy in common with myself, and to make them sensible how these blessings are secured to us by his majesty's title, his administration, and his personal character.

I have only one request to make to my readers, that they will peruse these papers with the same candour and impartiality in which they are written; and shall hope for no other prepossession in favour of them, than what one would think should be natural to every man, a desire to be happy, and a good will towards those, who are the instruments of making them so.

No. 2.] *Monday, December* 26.

Non de domino, sed de parente loquimur. Intelligamus ergo bona nostra, dignosque nos illius usu probemus; atque identidem cogitemus, si majus principibus præstemus obsequium, qui servitute civium, quam qui libertate lætantur.—*Plin.*

Having, in my first paper, set forth the happiness of my station as a freeholder of Great Britain, and the nature of that property which is secured to me by the laws of my country; I cannot forbear considering, in the next place, that person who is intrusted with the guardianship and execution of those laws. I have lived in one reign, when the prince, instead of invigorating the laws of our country, or giving them their proper course, assumed a power of dispensing with them: and in another, when the sovereign was flattered by a set of men into a persuasion, that the regal authority was unlimited and uncircumscribed. In either of these cases, good laws are at best but a dead letter; and by showing the people how happy they ought to be, only serve to aggravate the sense of their oppressions.

We have the pleasure at this time to see a king upon the throne, who hath too much goodness to wish for any power, that does not enable him to promote the welfare of his subjects; and too much wisdom to look upon those as his friends, who would make their court to him by the profession of an obedience, which they never practised, and which has always proved fatal to those princes, who have put it to the trial. His majesty gave a proof of his sovereign virtues, before he came to the exercise of them in this kingdom. His inclination to justice led him to rule his German subjects in the same manner, that our constitution directs him to govern the English. He regarded those which are our civil liberties, as the natural rights of mankind; and therefore indulged them to a people, who pleaded no other claim to them than from his known goodness and humanity. This experience of a good prince, before we had the happiness to enjoy him, must give great satisfaction to every thinking man, who considers how apt sovereignty is to deprave human nature; and how many of our own princes made very ill figures upon the throne, who, before they ascended it, were the favourites of the people.

What gives us the greatest security in the conduct of so excellent a prince is, that consistency of behaviour, whereby he inflexibly pursues those measures which appear the most just and equitable. As he hath the character of being the most prudent in laying proper schemes; he is no less remarkable for being steady in accomplishing what he has once concerted. Indeed, if we look

into the history of his present majesty, and reflect upon that wonderful series of successes which have attended him, I think they cannot be ascribed to any thing so much as to his uniformity and firmness of mind, which has always discovered itself in his proceedings. It was by this that he surmounted those many difficulties which lay in the way to his succession; and by which, we have reason to hope, he will daily make all opposition fall before him. The fickle and unsteady politics of our late British monarchs have been the perpetual source of those dissentions and animosities which have made the nation unhappy: whereas the constant and unshaken temper of his present majesty must have a natural tendency to the peace of his government, and the unanimity of his people.

Whilst I am enumerating the public virtues of our sovereign, which are so conducive to the advantage of those who are to obey him, I cannot but take notice, that his majesty was bred up from his infancy with a love to this our nation, under a princess, who was the most accomplished woman of her age, and particularly famous for her affection to the English. Our countrymen were dear to him, before there was any prospect of their being his subjects; and every one knows, that nothing recommends a man so much to the distinguishing civilities of his court, as the being born in Great Britain.

To the fame of his majesty's civil virtues, we may add the reputation he has acquired by his martial achievements. It is observed by Sir William Temple, that the English are particularly fond of a king who is valiant: upon which account his majesty has a title to all the esteem that can be paid the most warlike prince; though, at the same time, for the good of his subjects, he studies to decline all occasions of military glory; and chooses rather to be distinguished as the father, than as the captain of his people. I am glad his rebellious subjects are too inconsiderable to put him upon exerting that courage and conduct, which raised him so great a reputation in Hungary and the Morea, when he fought against the enemies of Christianity; and in Germany and Flanders, where he commanded against the great disturber of the peace of Europe. One would think there was reason for the opinion of those, who make personal courage to be a hereditary virtue, when we see so many instances of it in the line of Brunswick. To go no farther back than the time of our present king, where can we find, among the sovereign houses of Europe, any other family, that has furnished so many persons of distinguished fortitude? Three of his majesty's brothers have fallen gloriously in the field, fighting against the enemies of their native country: and the bravery of his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, is still fresh in our memory, who fought, with the spirit of his father, at the battle of Audenarde, when the children of France, and the Pretender, fled before him.

I might here take notice of his majesty's more private virtues, but have rather chosen to remind my countrymen of the public parts of his character, which are supported by such incontestable facts as are universally known and acknowledged.

Having thus far considered our happiness in his majesty's civil and military character, I cannot forbear pleasing myself with regarding him in the view of one who has been always fortunate. Cicero recommends Pompey under this particular head to the Romans, with whom the character of being fortunate was so popular, that several of their emperors gave it a place among their titles. Good fortune is often the reward of virtue, and as often the effect of prudence. And whether it proceeds from either of these, or from both together, or whatever may be the cause of it, every one is naturally pleased to see his interest conducted by a person who is used to good success. The establishment of the electoral dignity in his majesty's family was a work reserved for him finally to accomplish. A large accession of dominion fell to him, by his succeeding to the dukedom of Zell, whereby he became one of the greatest princes of Germany; and one of the most powerful persons that ever stood next heir to the throne of Great Britain. The duchy of Bremen and the bishopric of Osnaburg have considerably strengthened his interests in the empire, and given a great additional weight to the Protestant cause. But the most remarkable interpositions of Providence, in favour of him, have appeared in removing those seemingly invincible obstacles to his succession; in taking away, at so critical a juncture, the person who might have proved a dangerous enemy; in confounding the secret and open attempts of his traitorous subjects, and in giving him the delightful prospect of transmitting his power through a numerous and still increasing progeny.

Upon the whole, it is not to be doubted but every wise and honest subject will concur with Providence in promoting the glory and happiness of his present majesty, who is endowed with all those royal virtues, that will naturally secure to us the national blessings, which ought to be dear and valuable to a free people.

No. 3.] *Friday, December 30.*

Quibus otio vel magnifice, vel molliter vivere copia erat, incerta pro certis, bellum quam pacem, malebant. *Sal.*

Every one knows that it is usual for a French officer, who can write and read, to set down all the occurrences of a campaign, in which he pretends to have been personally concerned; and to publish them under the title of his Memoirs, when most of his fellow-soldiers are dead that might have con-

tradicted any of his matters of fact. Many a gallant young fellow has been killed in battle before he came to the third page of his secret history; when several, who have taken more care of their persons, have lived to fill a whole volume with their military performances, and to astonish the world with such instances of their bravery as had escaped the notice of every body else. One of our late Preston heroes had, it seems, resolved upon this method of doing himself justice: and, had he not been nipped in the bud, might have made a very formidable figure, in his own works, among posterity. A friend of mine, who had the pillage of his pockets, has made me a present of the following Memoirs, which he desires me to accept as a part of the spoils of the rebels. I have omitted the introduction, as more proper for the inspection of a secretary of state; and shall only set down so much of the memoirs as seems to be a faithful narrative of that wonderful expedition, which drew upon it the eyes of all Europe.

"Having thus concerted measures for a rising, we had a general meeting over a bowl of punch. It was here proposed by one of the wisest among us, to draw up a manifesto, setting forth the grounds and motives of our taking arms; for, as he observed, there had never yet been an insurrection in England, where the leaders had not thought themselves obliged to give some reasons for it. To this end we laid our heads together to consider what grievances the nation had suffered under the reign of king George. After having spent some hours upon this subject, without being able to discover any, we unanimously agreed to rebel first, and to find out reasons for it afterwards. It was indeed easy to guess at several grievances of a private nature, which influenced particular persons. One of us had spent his fortune: another was a younger brother: a third had the incumbrance of a father upon his estate. But that which principally disposed us in favour of the chevalier was, that most of the company had been obliged to take the abjuration oath against their will. Being at length thoroughly inflamed with zeal and punch, we resolved to take horse the next morning; which we did accordingly, having been joined by a considerable reinforcement of Roman Catholics, whom we could rely upon, as knowing them to be the best Tories in the nation, and avowed enemies to Presbyterianism. We were likewise joined by a very useful associate, who was a fiddler by profession, and brought in with him a body of lusty young fellows whom he had tweedled into the service. About the third day of our march I was made a colonel; though I must needs say, I gained my commission by my horse's virtue, not my own; having leaped over a six-bar gate at the head of the cavalry. My general, who is a discerning man, hereupon gave me a regiment; telling me, 'He did not question but I would do the like when I came to the enemies palisadoes.' We pursued our march with much intrepidity through two or three open towns, to the great terror of the market-people, and the miscarriage of half a dozen big-bellied women. Notwithstanding the magistracy was generally against us, we could discover many friends among our spectators; particularly in two or three balconies, which were filled with several tawdry females, who are known by the ancient name of Harlots. This sort of ladies received us every where with great demonstrations of joy, and promised to assist us with their prayers. After these signal successes in the north of England, it was thought advisable, by our general, to proceed towards our Scotch confederates. During our first day's march, I amused myself with considering what post I should accept of under James the Third, when we had put him in possession of the British dominions. Being a great lover of country sports, I absolutely determined not to be a minister of state, nor to be fobbed off with a garter; until at length passing by a noble country-seat, which belongs to a Whig, I resolved to beg it; and pleased myself the remainder of the day with several alterations I intended to make in it: for, though the situation was very delightful, I neither liked the front of the house, nor the avenues that led to it. We were indeed so confident of success, that I found most of my fellow-soldiers were taken up with imaginations of the same nature. There had like to have been a duel between two of our subalterns, upon a dispute which of them should be governor of Portsmouth. A Popish priest about the same time gave great offence to a Northumberland squire, whom he threatened to excommunicate, if he did not give up to him the church-lands, which his family had usurped ever since the Reformation. In short, every man had cut out a place for himself in his own thoughts; so that I could reckon up in our little army, two or three lord-treasurers, half a dozen secretaries of state, and at least a score of lords-justices in Eyre for each side of Trent. We pursued our march through several villages, which we drank dry, making proclamation, at our entrance, in the name of James the Third, against all concealments of ale or brandy. Being very much fatigued with the action of a whole week, it was agreed to rest on Sunday, when we heard a most excellent sermon. Our chaplain insisted principally upon two heads. Under the first he proved to us, that the breach of public oaths is no perjury; and under the second expounded to us the nature of non-resistance; which might be interpreted from the Hebrew, to signify either loyalty or rebellion, according as the sovereign bestowed his favours and preferments. He concluded with exhorting us, in a most pathetic manner, to purge the land by wholesome severities, and to propagate sound principles by fire and sword. We set forward the next day towards our friends at Kelso; but by the way had like to have lost our

eneral, and some of our most active officers: or a fox, unluckily crossing the road, drew off a considerable detachment, who clapped spurs to their horses, and pursued him with whoops and hollas till we had lost sight of them. A covey of partridges, springing in our front, put our infantry into disorder on the same day. It was not long after this that we were joined by our friends from the other side of the Frith. Upon the junction of the two corps, our spies brought us word, that they discovered a great cloud of dust at some distance; upon which we sent out a party to reconnoitre. They returned to us with intelligence, that the dust was raised by a great drove of black cattle. This news was not a little welcome to us, the army of both nations being very hungry. We quickly formed ourselves, received orders for the attack, with positive instructions to give no quarter. Every thing was executed with so much good order, that we made a very plentiful supper. We had, three days after, the same success against a flock of sheep, which we were forced to eat with great precipitation, having received advice of General Carpenter's march as we were at dinner. Upon this alarm, we made incredible stretches towards the south, with a design to gain the straitnesses of Preston. We did little remarkable in our way, except setting fire to a few houses, and frighting an old woman into fits. We had now got a long day's march of the enemy; and meeting with a considerable refreshment of October, all the officers assembled over it, among whom were several Popish lords and gentlemen, who toasted many loyal healths and confusions, and wept very plentifully for the danger of the church. We sat till midnight, and at our parting resolved to give the enemy battle; but the next morning changed our resolutions, and prosecuted our march with indefatigable speed. We were no sooner arrived upon the frontiers of Cumberland, but we saw a great body of militia drawn up in array against us. Orders were given to halt; and a council of war was immediately called, wherein we agreed, with that great unanimity which was so remarkable among us on these occasions, to make a retreat. But before we could give the word, the trainbands, taking advantage of our delay, fled first. We arrived at Preston without any memorable adventure; where, after having formed many barricades, and prepared for a vigorous resistance, upon the approach of the king's troops under General Wills, who was used to the outlandish way of making war, we thought it high time to put in practice that passive obedience, in which our party so much glories, and which I would advise them to stick to for the future."

Such was the end of this rebellion; which, in all probability, will not only tend to the safety of our constitution, but the preservation of the game.

No. 4.] *Monday, January* 2, 1716.

Ne se muller extra virtutum cogitationes, extraque bellorum casus putet, ipsis incipientis matrimonii auspiciis admonetur, venire se laborum periculorumque sociam, idem in pace, idem in prælio passuram assuramque. Sic vivendum, sic pereundum. *Tacit.*

It is with great satisfaction I observe, that the women of our island, who are the most eminent for virtue and good sense, are in the interest of the present government. As the fair sex very much recommend the cause they are engaged in, it would be no small misfortune to a sovereign, though he had all the male part of the nation on his side, if he did not find himself king of the most beautiful half of his subjects. Ladies are always of great use to the party they espouse, and never fail to win over numbers to it. Lovers, according to Sir William Petty's computation, make at least the third part of the sensible men of the British nation; and it has been an uncontroverted maxim in all ages, that though a husband is sometimes a stubborn sort of a creature, a lover is always at the devotion of his mistress. By this means it lies in the power of every fine woman, to secure at least half a dozen able-bodied men to his majesty's service. The female world are likewise indispensably necessary in the best causes to manage the controversial part of them, in which no man of tolerable breeding is ever able to refute them. Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.

It is indeed remarkable, that the inferior tribe of common women, who are a dishonour to their sex, have, in most reigns, been the professed sticklers for such as have acted in opposition to the true interest of the nation. The most numerous converts in king James' reign, were particularly noted to be of this kind. I can give no other reason for such a behaviour, unless it be, that it is not for the advantage of these female adventurers the laws of the land should take place, and that they know Bridewell is a part of our constitution.

There are many reasons why the women of Great Britain should be on the side of the freeholder, and enemies to the person who would bring in arbitrary government and popery. As there are several of our ladies who amuse themselves in the reading of travels, they cannot but take notice what uncomfortable lives those of their own sex lead, where passive obedience is professed and practised in its utmost perfection. In those countries the men have no property but in their wives, who are the slaves to slaves: every married woman being subject to a domestic tyrant, that requires from her the same vassalage which he pays to his sultan. If the ladies would seriously consider the evil consequences of arbitrary power, they would find, that it spoils the shape of the foot in China, where the barbarous politics of the men so diminish the basis of the female figure, as to unqualify a woman for an evening walk or a country dance. In

the East Indies, a widow, who has any regard to her character, throws herself into the flames of her husband's funeral pile, to show, forsooth, that she is faithful and loyal to the memory of her deceased lord. In Persia, the daughters of Eve, as they call them, are reckoned in the inventory of their goods and chattels: and it is a usual thing when a man sells a bale of silk, or a drove of camels, to toss half a dozen women into the bargain. Through all the dominions of the great Turk, a woman thinks herself happy if she can get but the twelfth share of a husband, and is thought of no manner of use in the creation, but to keep up a proper number of slaves for the commander of the faithful. I need not set forth the ill usage which the fair ones meet with in those despotic governments that lie nearer us. Every one hath heard of the several ways of locking up women in Spain and Italy; where, if there is any power lodged in any of the sex, it is not among the young and the beautiful, whom nature seems to have formed for it, but among the old and withered matrons, known by the frightful name of *gouvernantes* and *duennas*. If any should allege the freedoms indulged to the French ladies, he must own that these are owing to the natural gallantry of the people, not to their form of government, which excludes, by its very constitution, every female from power, as naturally unfit to hold the sceptre of that kingdom.

Women ought, in reason, to be no less averse to popery than to arbitrary power. Some merry authors have pretended to demonstrate, that the Roman Catholic religion could never spread in a nation, where women would have more modesty than to expose their innocent liberties to a confessor. Others, of the same turn, have assured us, that the fine British complexion, which is so peculiar to our ladies, would suffer very much from a fish diet: and that a whole Lent would give such a sallowness to the celebrated beauties of this island, as would scarce make them distinguishable from those of France. I shall only leave to the serious consideration of my country-women the danger any of them might have been in, (had popery been our national religion,) of being forced by their relations to a state of perpetual virginity. The most blooming toast in the island might have been a nun; and many a lady, who is now a mother of fine children, condemned to a condition of life, disagreeable to herself, and unprofitable to the world. To this, I might add the melancholy objects, they would be daily entertained with, of several sightly men delivered over to an inviolable celibacy. Let a young lady imagine to herself the brisk embroidered officer, who now makes love to her with so agreeable an air, converted into a monk; or the beau, who now addresses himself to her in a full-bottomed wig, distinguished by a little bald pate, covered with a black leather skull-cap. I forbear to mention many other objections, which the ladies, who are no strangers to the doctrines of popery, will easily recollect: though I do not in the least doubt, but those I have already suggested, will be sufficient to persuade my fair readers to be zealous in the Protestant cause.

The freedom and happiness of our British ladies is so singular, that it is a common saying in foreign countries, "If a bridge were built cross the seas, all the women in Europe would flock into England." It has been observed, that the laws relating to them are so favourable, that one would think they themselves had given votes in enacting them. All the honours and indulgences of society are due to them by our customs; and, by our constitution, they have all the privileges of English-born subjects, without the burdens. I need not acquaint my fair fellow freeholders, that every man who is anxious for our sacred and civil rights, is a champion in their cause; since we enjoy, in common, a religion agreeable to that reasonable nature, of which we equally partake; and since, in point of property, our law makes no distinction of sexes.

We may therefore justly expect from them, that they will act in concert with us for the preservation of our laws and religion, which cannot subsist, but under the government of his present majesty; and would necessarily be subverted, under that of a person bred up in the most violent principles of popery and arbitrary power. Thus may the fair sex contribute to fix the peace of a brave and generous people, who for many ages have disdained to bear any tyranny but theirs; and be as famous in history, as those illustrious matrons, who, in the infancy of Rome, reconciled the Romans and Sabines, and united the two contending parties under their new king.

No. 5.] *Saturday, January* 6.

Omnium societatum nulla est gravior, nulla carior, quam ea quæ cum republica est uniciique nostrum: cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares: sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est: pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei id profuturus? *Cicero.*

THERE is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country. This generous and public-spirited passion has been observed of late years to languish and grow cold in this our island; where a party of men have made it their business to represent it as chimerical and romantic, to destroy in the minds of the people the sense of national glory, and to turn into ridicule our natural and ancient allies, who are united to us by the common interests both of religion and policy. It may not therefore be unseasonable to recommend to this present generation the practice of that virtue, for which their ancestors were particularly fa-

mous, and which is called "The love of one's country." This love to our country, as a moral virtue, is a fixed disposition of mind to promote the safety, welfare, and reputation of the community in which we are born, and of the constitution under which we are protected. Our obligation to this great duty may appear to us from several considerations.

In the first place, we may observe, that we are directed to it by one of those secret suggestions of nature, which go under the name of Instinct, and which are never given in vain. As self-love is an instinct planted in us for the good and safety of each particular person, the love of our country is impressed on our minds for the happiness and preservation of the community. This instinct is so remarkable, that we find examples of it in those who are born in the most uncomfortable climates, or the worst of governments. We read of an inhabitant of Nova Zembla, who, after having lived some time in Denmark, where he was clothed and treated with the utmost indulgence, took the first opportunity of making his escape, though with the hazard of his life, into his native regions of cold, poverty, and nakedness. We have an instance of the same nature among the very Hottentots. One of these savages was brought into England, taught our language, and, in a great measure, polished out of his natural barbarity; but, upon being carried back to the Cape of Good Hope (where it was thought he might have been of advantage to our English traders) he mixed in a kind of transport with his countrymen, brutalised with them in their habits and manners, and would never again return to his foreign acquaintance. I need not mention the common opinion of the negroes in our plantations, who have no other notion of a future state of happiness, than that, after death, they shall be conveyed back to their native country. The Swiss are so remarkable for this passion, that it often turns to a disease among them, for which there is a particular name in the German language, and which the French call "The distemper of the country:" for nothing is more usual than for several of their common soldiers, who are listed into a foreign service, to have such violent hankerings after their home, as to pine away even to death, unless they have a permission to return; which, on such an occasion, is generally granted them. I shall only add, under this head, that, since the love of one's country is natural to every man, any particular nation, who, by false politics, shall endeavour to stifle or restrain it, will not be upon a level with others.

As this love of our country is natural to every man, so it is likewise very reasonable; and that, in the first place, because it inclines us to be beneficial to those, who are, and ought to be, dearer to us than any others. It takes in our families, relations, friends and acquaintance, and, in short, all whose welfare and security we are obliged to consult, more than that of those who are strangers to us. For this reason it is the most sublime and extensive of all social virtues: especially if we consider that it does not only promote the well-being of those who are our contemporaries, but likewise of their children and their posterity. Hence it is that all casuists are unanimous in determining, that, when the good of the country interferes, even with the life of the most beloved relation, dearest friend, or greatest benefactor, it is to be preferred without exception.

Farther, though there is a benevolence due to all mankind, none can question but a superior degree of it is to be paid to a father, a wife, or a child. In the same manner, though our love should reach to the whole species, a greater proportion of it should exert itself towards that community in which Providence has placed us. This is our proper sphere of action, the province allotted to us for the exercise of all our civil virtues, and in which alone we have opportunities of expressing our good-will to mankind. I could not but be pleased, in the accounts of the late Persian embassy into France, with a particular ceremony of the ambassador; who, every morning, before he went abroad, religiously saluted a turf of earth dug out of his own native soil, to remind him that, in all the transactions of the day, he was to think of his country, and pursue its advantages. If, in the several districts and divisions of the world, men would thus study the welfare of those respective communities, to which their power of doing good is limited, the whole race of reasonable creatures would be happy, as far as the benefits of society can make them so. At least, we find so many blessings naturally flowing from this noble principle, that, in proportion as it prevails, every nation becomes a prosperous and flourishing people.

It may be yet a farther recommendation of this particular virtue, if we consider that no nation was ever famous for its morals, which was not, at the same time, remarkable for its public spirit. Patriots naturally rise out of a Spartan or Roman virtue: and there is no remark more common among the ancient historians, than that when the state was corrupted with avarice and luxury, it was in danger of being betrayed, or sold.

To the foregoing reasons for the love which every good man owes to his country, we may add, that the actions, which are most celebrated in history, and which are read with the greatest admiration, are such as proceed from this principle. The establishing of good laws, the detecting of conspiracies, the crushing of seditions and rebellions, the falling in battle, or the devoting of a man's self to certain death for the safety of his fellow citizens, are actions that always warm the reader, and endear to him persons of the remotest ages, and the most distant countries.

And as actions, that proceed from the love

of one's country, are more illustrious than any others in the records of time; so we find, that those persons, who have been eminent in other virtues, have been particularly distinguished by this. It would be endless to produce examples of this kind out of Greek and Roman authors. To confine myself therefore, in so wide and beaten a field, I shall choose some instances from holy writ, which abounds in accounts of this nature, as much as any other history whatsoever. And this I do the more willingly, because, in some books lately written, I find it objected against revealed religion, that it does not inspire the love of one's country. Here I must premise, that as the sacred author of our religion chiefly inculcated to the Jews those parts of their duty wherein they were most defective, so there was no need of insisting upon this: the Jews being remarkable for an attachment to their own country, even to the exclusion of all common humanity to strangers. We see in the behaviour of this divine person, the practice of this virtue in conjunction with all others. He deferred working a miracle in the behalf of a Syro-Phœnicia woman, until he had declared his superior good-will to his own nation; and was prevailed upon to heal the daughter of a Roman centurion, by hearing from the Jews, that he was one who loved their nation, and had built them a synagogue. But, to look out for no other instance, what was ever more moving, than his lamentation over Jerusalem, at his first approach to it, notwithstanding he had foretold the cruel and unjust treatment he was to meet with in that city! for he foresaw the destruction which, in a few years, was to fall upon that people; a destruction not to be paralleled in any nation from the beginning of the world to this day; and, in the view of it, melted into tears. His followers have, in many places, expressed the like sentiments of affection for their countrymen, among which none is more extraordinary than that of the great convert, who wished he himself might be made a curse, provided it might turn to the happiness of his nation; or, as he words it, "Of his brethren and kinsmen, who are Israelites." This instance naturally brings to mind the same heroic temper of soul in the great Jewish lawgiver, who would have devoted himself in the same manner rather than see his people perish. It would, indeed, be difficult to find out any man of extraordinary piety in the sacred writings, in whom this virtue is not highly conspicuous. The reader, however, will excuse me, if I take notice of one passage, because it is a very fine one, and wants only a place in some polite author of Greece or Rome, to have been admired and celebrated. The king of Syria, lying sick upon his bed, sent Hasael, one of his great officers, to the prophet Elisha, to inquire of him whether he should recover. The prophet looked so attentively on this messenger, that it put him into some confusion; or, to quote this beautiful circumstance, and the whole narrative, in the pathetic language of scripture, "Elisha settled his countenance steadfastly upon him, until he was ashamed: and Hasael said, why weepeth my lord? And he said, because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strong holds wilt thou set on fire, and their men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child. And Hasael said, but what, is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? And Elisha answered, the Lord hath shewed me, that thou shalt be king over Syria."

I might enforce these reasons for the love of our country, by considerations adapted to my readers, as they are Englishmen, and as by that means they enjoy a purer religion, and a more excellent form of government, than any other nation under heaven. But, being persuaded that every one must look upon himself as indispensably obliged to the practice of a duty, which is recommended to him by so many arguments and examples, I shall only desire the honest, well-meaning reader, when he turns his thoughts towards the public, rather to consider what opportunities he has of doing good to his native country, than to throw away his time in deciding the rights of princes, or the like speculations, which are so far beyond his reach. Let us leave these great points to the wisdom of our legislature, and to the determination of those, who are the proper judges of our constitution. We shall otherwise be liable to the just reproach, which is cast upon such Christians as waste their lives in the subtle and intricate disputes of religion, when they should be practising the doctrine which it teaches. If there be any right upon earth, any relying on the judgment of our most eminent lawyers and divines, or indeed any certainty in human reason, our present sovereign has an undoubted title to our duty and obedience. But supposing, for argument's sake, that this right were doubtful, and that an Englishman could be divided in his opinion, as to the person to whom he should pay his allegiance: in this case, there is no question, but the love of his country ought to cast the balance, and to determine him on that side, which is most conducive to the welfare of his community. To bring this to our present case. A man must be destitute of common sense, who is capable of imagining that the Protestant religion could flourish under the government of a bigoted Roman Catholic, or that our civil rights could be protected by one who has been trained up in the politics of the most arbitrary prince in Europe, and who could not acknowledge his gratitude to his benefactor, by any remarkable instance, which would not be detrimental to the British nation. And are these such desirable blessings, that an honest man would endeavour to arrive at them, through the confusions of a civil war, and the blood of many thousands of his fel-

low-subjects? On the contrary, the arguments for our steady, loyal, and affectionate adherence to King George, are so evident from this single topic, that if every Briton, instead of aspiring after private wealth or power, would sincerely desire to make his country happy, his present majesty would not have a single malecontent in his whole dominions.

No. 6.] *Monday, January* 9.

Fraus enim astringit, non dissolvit perjurium.
Cicero.

At a time when so many of the king's subjects present themselves before their respective magistrates to take the oaths required by law, it may not be improper to awaken, in the minds of my readers, a due sense of the engagement under which they lay themselves. It is a melancholy consideration, that there should be several among us so hardened and deluded, as to think an oath a proper subject for a jest; and to make this, which is one of the most solemn acts of religion, an occasion of mirth. Yet such is the depravation of our manners at present, that nothing is more frequent than to hear profligate men ridiculing, to the best of their abilities, these sacred pledges of their duty and allegiance; and endeavouring to be witty upon themselves, for daring to prevaricate with God and man. A poor conceit of their own, or a quotation out of Hudibras, shall make them treat with levity an obligation wherein their safety and welfare are concerned, both as to this world and the next. Raillery, of this nature, is enough to make the hearer tremble. As these miscreants seem to glory in the profession of their impiety, there is no man who has any regard to his duty, or even to his reputation, that can appear in their defence. But if there are others of a more serious turn, who join with us deliberately in these religious professions of loyalty to our sovereign, with any private salvoes or evasions, they would do well to consider those maxims, in which all casuists are agreed, who have gained any esteem for their learning, judgment, or morality. These have unanimously determined that an oath is always to be taken in the sense of that authority which imposes it: and that those, whose hearts do not concur with their lips in the form of these public protestations; or, who have any mental reserves, or, who take an oath against their consciences, upon any motive whatsoever; or, with a design to break it, or repent of it, are guilty of perjury. Any of these, or the like circumstances, instead of alleviating the crime, make it more heinous, as they are premeditated frauds (which it is the chief design of an oath to prevent,) and the most flagrant instances of insincerity to men, and irreverence to their Maker. For this reason, the perjury of a man, who takes an oath, with an intention to keep it, and is afterwards seduced to the violation of it, (though a crime not to be thought of without the greatest horror) is yet, in some respects, not quite so black as the perjury abovementioned. It is, indeed, a very unhappy token of the great corruption of our manners, that there should be any so inconsiderate among us, as to sacrifice the standing and essential duties of morality, to the views of politics; and that, as in my last paper, it was not unseasonable to prove the love of our country to be a virtue, so in this there should be any occasion to show that perjury is a sin. But it is our misfortune to live in an age when such wild and unnatural doctrines have prevailed among some of our fellow subjects, that if one looks into their schemes of government, they seem, according as they are in the humour, to believe that a sovereign is not to be restrained by his coronation oath, or his people by their oaths of allegiance: or to represent them in a plainer light, in some reigns they are for a power, and an obedience that is unlimited, and in others, are for retrenching, within the narrowest bounds, both the authority of the prince and the allegiance of the subject.

Now the guilt of perjury is so self-evident, that it was always reckoned among the greatest crimes, by those who were only governed by the light of reason: the inviolable observing of an oath, like the other practical duties of Christianity, is a part of natural religion. As reason is common to all mankind, the dictates of it are the same through the whole species: and since every man's own heart will tell him, that there can be no greater affront to the Deity, whom he worships, than to appeal to him with an intention to deceive; nor a greater injustice to men, than to betray them by false assurances; it is no wonder that pagans and Christians, infidels and believers, should concur in a point, wherein the honour of the Supreme Being and the welfare of society are so highly concerned. For this reason, Pythagoras to his first precept of honouring the immortal gods, immediately subjoins that of paying veneration to an oath. We may see the reverence which the heathens showed to these sacred and solemn engagements from the inconveniences which they often suffered, rather than break through them. We have frequent instances of this kind in the Roman commonwealth; which, as it has been observed by several pagan writers, very much excelled all other pagan governments in the practice of virtue. How far they exceeded, in this particular, those great corrupters of Christianity, and, indeed, of natural religion, the Jesuits, may appear from their abhorrence of every thing that looked like a fraudulent or mental evasion. Of this I shall only produce the following instance. Several Romans, who had been taken prisoners by Hannibal, were released, upon obliging themselves, by an oath, to return again to his camp. Among these there

was one, who, thinking to elude the oath, went the same day back to the camp, on pretence of having forgot something. But this prevarication was so shocking to the Roman senate, that they ordered him to be apprehended, and delivered up to Hannibal.

We may farther see the just sense the heathens had of the crime of perjury, from the penalties which they inflicted on the persons guilty of it. Perjury among the Scythians was a capital crime; and among the Egyptians also was punished with death, as Diodorus Siculus relates, who observes that an offender of this kind is guilty of those two crimes (wherein the malignity of perjury truly consists) a failing in his respect to the Divinity, and in his faith towards men. It is unnecessary to multiply instances of this nature, which may be found in almost every author who has written on this subject.

If men, who had no other guide but their reason, considered an oath to be of such a tremendous nature, and the violation of it to be so great a crime; it ought to make a much deeper impression upon minds enlightened by revealed religion, as they have more exalted notions of the Divinity. A supposed heathen deity might be so poor in his attributes, so stinted in his knowledge, goodness, or powers, that a pagan might hope to conceal his perjury from his notice, or not to provoke him, should he be discovered; or should he provoke him, not to be punished by him. Nay, he might have produced examples of falsehood and perjury in the gods themselves, to whom he appealed. But as revealed religion has given us a more just and clear idea of the divine nature. He, whom we appeal to, is Truth itself, the great Searcher of hearts, who will not let fraud and falsehood go unpunished, or "hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain." And as with regard to the Deity, so likewise with regard to man, the obligation of an oath is stronger upon Christians than upon any other part of mankind; and that because charity, truth, mutual confidence, and all other social duties are carried to greater heights, and enforced with stonger motives, by the principles of our religion.

Perjury, with relation to the oaths which are at present required by us, has in it all the aggravating circumstances which can attend that crime. We take them before the magistrates of public justice; are reminded, by the ceremony, that it is a part of that obedience which we learn from the gospel; expressly disavow all evasions and mental reservations whatsoever; appeal to Almighty God for the integrity of our hearts, and only desire him to be our helper, as we fulfil the oath we there take in his presence. I mention these circumstances, to which several others might be added, because it is a received doctrine among those, who have treated of the nature of an oath, that the greater the solemnities are which attend it, the more they aggravate the violation of it. And here what must be the success that a man can hope for who turns a rebel, after having disclaimed the divine assistance, but upon condition of being a faithful and loyal subject? He first of all desires that God may help him, as he shall keep his oath, and afterwards hopes to prosper in an enterprise which is the direct breach of it.

Since, therefore, perjury, by the common sense of mankind, the reason of the thing, and from the whole tenor of Christianity, is a crime of so flagitious a nature, we cannot be too careful in avoiding every approach towards it.

The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable, in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, "I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart." The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation; and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any the smallest hint, that might open a way to perjury.

And here it highly imports us to consider, that we do not only break our oath of allegiance by actual rebellion, but by all those other methods which have a natural and manifest tendency to it. The guilt may lie upon a man, where the penalty cannot take hold of him. Those who speak irreverently of the person to whom they have sworn allegiance; who endeavour to alienate from him the hearts of his subjects; or to inspire the people with disaffection to his government, cannot be thought to be true to the oath they have taken. And as for those who, by concerted falsehoods and defamations, endeavour to blemish his character, or weaken his authority; they incur the complicated guilt both of slander and perjury. The moral crime is completed in such offenders, and there are only accidental circumstances wanting, to work it up for the cognizance of the law.

Nor is it sufficient for a man, who has given these solemn assurances to his prince, to forbear the doing him any evil, unless, at the same time, he do him all the good he can in his proper station of life.

Loyalty is of an active nature, and ought to discover itself in all the instances of zeal and affection to our sovereign: and if we carefully examine the duty of that allegiance which we pledge to his majesty, by the oaths that are tendered to us, we shall find that "We do not only renounce, refuse, and abjure any allegiance or obedience to the pretender, but swear to defend King George to the utmost of our power, against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever, and to disclose and make known to his majesty, all treasons and traitorous con-

spiracies, which we shall know to be against him."

To conclude, as among those who have bound themselves by these sacred obligations, the actual traitor or rebel is guilty of perjury in the eye of the law; the secret promoter, or well-wisher of the cause, is so before the tribunal of conscience. And though I should be unwilling to pronounce the man who is indolent, or indifferent in the cause of his prince, to be absolutely perjured; I may venture to affirm, that he falls very short of that allegiance to which he is obliged by oath. Upon the whole we may be assured, that, in a nation which is tied down by such religious and solemn engagements, the people's loyalty will keep pace with their morality; and that, in proportion as they are sincere Christians, they will be faithful subjects.

No. 7.] *Friday, January* 13.

Veritas pluribus modis infracta: primum inscitia reipublicæ, ut alienæ; mox libidine assentandi, aut rursus odio adversus dominantes. Obtrectatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur: quippe adulationi fœdum crimen servitutis, malignitati falsa species libertatis inest. *Tacit.*

THERE is no greater sign of a bad cause, than when the patrons of it are reduced to the necessity of making use of the most wicked artifices to support it. Of this kind are the falsehoods and calumnies which are invented and spread abroad by the enemies to our king and country. This spirit of malice and slander does not discover itself in any instances so ridiculous, as in those, by which seditious men endeavour to depreciate his majesty's person and family, without considering that his court at Hanover was always allowed to be one of the politest in Europe, and that, before he became our king, he was reckoned among the greatest princes of Christendom.

But the most glorious of his majesty's predecessors was treated after the same manner. Upon that prince's first arrival, the inconsiderable party, who then laboured to make him odious to the people, gave out, that he brought with him twenty thousand Laplanders, clothed in the skins of bears, all of their own killing; and that they mutinied, because they had not been regaled with a bloody battle within two days after their landing. He was no sooner on the throne, than those, who had contributed to place him there, finding that he had made some changes at court which were not to their humour, endeavoured to render him unpopular by misrepresentations of his person, his character, and his actions; they found that his nose had a resemblance to that of Oliver Cromwell, and clapped him on a huge pair of mustaches to frighten his people with: his mercy was fear; his justice was cruelty; his temperance economy, prudent behaviour, and application to business, were Dutch virtues, and such as we had not been used to in our English kings. He did not fight a battle in which the Tories did not slay double the number of what he had lost in the field; nor ever raised a siege or gained a victory, which did not cost more than it was worth. In short, he was contriving the ruin of his kingdom; and, in order to it, advanced Dr. Tillotson to the highest station of the church, my Lord Somers of the law, Mr. Montague of the treasury, and the admiral at la Hogue of the fleet. Such were the calumnies of the party of those times, which we see so faithfully copied out by men of the same principles under the reign of his present majesty.

As the schemes of these gentlemen are the most absurd and contradictory to common sense, the means by which they are promoted must be of the same nature. Nothing but weakness and folly can dispose Englishmen and Protestants to the interests of a popish pretender: and the same abilities of mind will naturally qualify his adherents to swallow the most palpable and notorious falsehoods. Their self-interested and designing leaders cannot desire a more ductile and easy people to work upon. How long was it before many of this simple and deluded tribe were brought to believe that the Highlanders were a generation of men that could be conquered! The rabble of the party were instructed to look upon them as so many giants and Saracens; and were very much surprised to find, that every one of them had not with his broad sword mowed down at least a squadron of the king's forces. There were not only public rejoicings in the camp at Perth, but likewise many private congratulations nearer us, among these well-wishers to their country, upon the victories of their friends at Preston; which continued till the rebels made their solemn cavalcade from Highgate. Nay, there were some of these wise partisans, who concluded, the government had hired two or three hundred hale men, who looked like fox-hunters, to be bound and pinioned, if not to be executed, as representatives of the pretended captives. Their victories in Scotland have been innumerable; and no longer ago than last week, they gained a very remarkable one, in which the Highlanders cut off all the Dutch forces to a man; and afterwards, disguising themselves in their habits, came up as friends to the king's troops, and put them all to the sword. This story had a great run for a day or two; and I believe one might still find out a whisper among their secret intelligence, that the Duke of Mar is actually upon the road to London, if not within two days march of the town. I need not take notice, that their successes in the battle of Dumblain are magnified among some of them to this day; though a Tory may very well say, with King Pyrrhus, "that such another victory would undo them."

But the most fruitful source of falsehood and calumny, is that which, one would think, should be the least apt to produce them; I mean a pretended concern for the safety of

our established religion. Were these people as anxious for the doctrines which are essential to the church of England, as they are for the nominal distinction of adhering to its interests, they would know, that the sincere observation of public oaths, allegiance to their king, submission to their bishops, zeal against popery, and abhorrence of rebellion, are the great points that adorn the character of the church of England, and in which the authors of the reformed religion in this nation have always gloried. We justly reproach the Jesuits, who have adapted all Christianity to temporal and political views, for maintaining a position so repugnant to the laws of nature, morality, and religion, that an evil may be committed for the sake of good, which may arise from it. But we cannot suppose even this principle, as bad a one as it is, should influence those persons, who, by so many absurd and monstrous falsehoods, endeavour to delude men into a belief of the danger of the church. If there be any relying on the solemn declarations of a prince, famed for keeping his word, constant in the public exercises of our religion, and determined in the maintenance of our laws, we have all the assurances that can be given us, for the security of the established church under his government. When a leading man, therefore, begins to grow apprehensive for the church, you may be sure, that he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one. It is pleasant on these occasions, to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for his religion, and converting his spleen into zeal. These narrow and selfish views have so great an influence in this city, that, among those who call themselves the landed interest, there are several of my fellow freeholders, who always fancy the church in danger upon the rising of bank-stock. But the standing absurdities, without the belief of which no man is reckoned a staunch churchman, are, that there is a calves-head club; for which, by the way, some pious Tory has made suitable hymns and devotions: that there is a confederacy among the greatest part of the prelates to destroy the Episcopacy; and that all, who talk against Popery, are Presbyterians in their hearts. The emissaries of the party are so diligent in spreading ridiculous fictions of this kind, that at present, if we may credit common report, there are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the churches in London are shut up; and that, if any clergyman walks the streets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by some sturdy schismatic.

We may observe upon this occasion, that there are many particular falsehoods suited to the particular climates and latitudes in which they are published, according as the situation of the place makes them less liable to discovery: there is many a lie, that will not thrive within a hundred miles of London: nay, we often find a lie born in Southwark, that dies the same day on this side the water: and several produced in the loyal ward of Port-soken of so feeble a make, as not to bear carriage to the Royal-Exchange. However, as the mints of calumny are perpetually at work, there are a great number of curious inventions issued out from time to time, which grow current among the party, and circulate through the whole kingdom.

As the design of this paper is not to exasperate, but to undeceive my countrymen, let me desire them to consider the many inconveniences they bring upon themselves by these mutual intercourses of credulity and falsehood. I shall only remind the credulous of the strong delusion they have by this means been led into the greatest part of their lives. Their hopes have been kept up by a succession of lies for near thirty years. How many persons have starved in expectation of those profitable employments, which were promised them by the authors of these forgeries! how many of them have died with great regret, when they thought they were within a month of enjoying the inestimable blessings of a popish and arbitrary reign!

I would therefore advise this blinded set of men, not to give credit to those persons, by whom they have been so often fooled and imposed upon; but, on the contrary, to think it an affront to their parts, when they hear from any of them such accounts, as they would not dare to tell them, but upon the presumption that they are idiots. Or, if their zeal for the cause shall dispose them to be credulous in any points that are favourable to it, I would beg of them not to venture wagers upon the truth of them: and in this present conjuncture, by no means to sell out of the stocks upon any news they shall hear from their good friends at Perth. As these party fictions are the proper subjects of mirth and laughter, their deluded believers are only to be treated with pity or contempt. But as for those incendiaries of figure and distinction, who are the inventers and publishers of such gross falsehoods and calumnies, they cannot be regarded by others, but with the utmost detestation and abhorrence; nor, one would think, by themselves without the greatest remorse and compunction of heart; when they consider, that, in order to give a spirit to a desperate cause, they have, by their false and treacherous insinuations and reports, betrayed so many of their friends into their destruction.

No. 8.] *Monday, January* 16.

> Adveniet qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
> Verba redarguerit. *Virg.*

I HAVE heard that several ladies of distinction, upon the reading of my fourth paper, are studying methods how to make themselves useful to the public. One has a design of keeping an open tea-table, where

every man shall be welcome that is a friend to King George. Another is for setting up an assembly for basset, where none shall be admitted to *punt*, that have not taken the oaths. A third is upon an invention of a dress which will put every Tory lady out of countenance: I am not informed of the particulars, but am told in general, that she has contrived to show her principles by the setting of her commode; so that it will be impossible for any woman, that is *disaffected*, to be in the fashion. Some of them are of opinion that the fan may be made use of with good success, against popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of Rome in various figures; and that their abhorrence of the superstitious use of beads, may be very aptly expressed in the make of a pearl necklace. As for the civil part of our constitution, it is unanimously agreed, among the leaders of the sex, that there is no glory in making a man their slave, who has not naturally a passion for liberty; and to disallow of all professions of passive obedience, but from a lover to his mistress.

It happens very luckily for the interest of the Whigs, that their very enemies acknowledge the finest women of Great Britain to be of that party. The Tories are forced to borrow their toasts from their antagonists; and can scarce find beauties enough of their own side to supply a single round of October. One may, indeed, sometimes discover among the malignants of the sex, a face that seems to have been naturally designed for a Whig lady: but then it is so often flushed with rage, or soured with disappointments, that one cannot but be troubled to see it thrown away upon the owner. Would the pretty malecontent be persuaded to love her king and country, it would diffuse a cheerfulness through all her features, and give her quite another air. I would therefore advise these my gentle readers, as they consult the good of their faces, to forbear frowning upon loyalists, and pouting at the government. In the mean time, what may we not hope from a cause, which is recommended by all the allurement of beauty, and the force of truth! It is therefore to be hoped that every fine woman will make this laudable use of her charms; and that she may not want to be frequently reminded of this great duty, I will only desire her to think of her country every time she looks in her glass. But because it is impossible to prescribe such rules as shall be suitable to the sex in general, I shall consider them under their several divisions of maids, wives, and widows.

As for virgins, who are unexperienced in the wiles of men, they would do well to consider how little they are to rely on the faith of lovers, who, in less than a year, have broken their allegiance to their lawful sovereign; and what credit is to be given to the vows and protestations of such as show themselves so little afraid of perjury. Besides, what would an innocent young lady think, should she marry a man without examining his principles, and afterwards find herself got with child by a rebel?

In the next place, every wife ought to answer for her man. If the husband be engaged in a seditious club, or drinks mysterious healths, or be frugal of his candles on a rejoicing night, let her look to him, and keep him out of harm's way; or the world will be apt to say, she has a mind to be a widow before her time. She ought in such cases to exert the authority of the curtain lecture; and if she finds him of a rebellious disposition, to tame him, as they do birds of prey, by dinning him in the ears all night long.

Widows may be supposed women of too good sense not to discountenance all practices, that have a tendency to the destruction of mankind. Besides, they have a greater interest in property than either maids or wives, and do not hold their jointures by the precarious tenure of portions or pin-money. So that it is as unnatural for a dowager, as a freeholder, to be an enemy to our constitution.

As nothing is more instructive than examples, I would recommend to the perusal of our British virgins the story of Clelia, a Roman spinster, whose behaviour is represented by all the historians, as one of the chief motives that discouraged the Tarquins from prosecuting their attempt to regain the throne, from whence they had been expelled. Let the married women reflect upon the glory acquired by the wife of Coriolanus, who, when her husband, after long exile, was returning into his country with fire and sword, diverted him from so cruel and unnatural an enterprise. And let those, who have outlived their husbands, never forget their country-woman, Boadicea, who headed her troops in person against the invasion of a Roman army, and encouraged them with this memorable saying, "I, who am a woman, am resolved upon victory or death: but as for you, who are men, you may, if you please, choose life and slavery."

But I do not propose to our British ladies that they should turn Amazons in the service of their sovereign, nor so much as let their nails grow for the defence of their country. The men will take the work of the field off their hands, and show the world, that English valour cannot be matched, when it is animated by English beauty. I do not, however, disapprove the project which is now on foot for a Female Association; and, since I hear the fair confederates cannot agree among themselves upon a form, shall presume to lay before them the following rough draught, to be corrected or improved as they in their wisdom shall think fit.

"We the consorts, relicts, and spinsters of the isle of Great Britain, whose names are underwritten, being most passionately offended at the falsehood and perfidiousness of certain faithless men, and at the luke

warmth and indifference of others, have entered into a voluntary association for the good and safety of our constitution. And we do hereby engage ourselves to raise and arm our vassals for the service of his majesty King George, and him to defend with our tongues and hearts, our eyes, eye-lashes, favourites, lips, dimples, and every other feature, whether natural or acquired. We promise publicly and openly to avow the loyalty of our principles in every word we shall utter, and every patch we shall stick on. We do farther promise, to annoy the enemy with all the flames, darts, and arrows with which nature has armed us; never to correspond with them by sigh, ogle, or billet-doux; not to have any intercourse with them either in snuff or tea; nor to accept the civility of any man's hand, who is not ready to use it in the defence of his country. We are determined, in so good a cause, to endure the greatest hardships and severities, if there should be occasion; and even to wear the manufacture of our country, rather than appear the friends of a foreign interest in the richest French brocade. And, forgetting all private feuds, jealousies, and animosities, we do unanimously oblige ourselves, by this our association, to stand and fall by one another, as loyal and faithful sisters and fellow-subjects."

N. B. This association will be lodged at Mr. Motteux's, where attendance will be given to the subscribers, who are to be ranged in their respective columns, as maids, wives, and widows.

No. 9.] *Friday, January* 20.

Consilia qui dant prava cautis hominibus,
Et perdunt operam, et deridentur turpiter.—*Phædr.*

THOUGH I have already seen, in The Town-Talk, a letter from a celebrated Englishman to the Pretender, which is indeed an excellent answer to his declaration, the title of this paper obliges me to publish the following piece, which considers it in different lights.

The Declaration of the Freeholders of Great Britain, in answer to that of the Pretender.

WE, by the mercy of God, freeholders of Great Britain, to the Popish Pretender, who styles himself King of Scotland and England, and defender of our faith, DEFIANCE. Having seen a libel, which you have lately published against the king and people of these realms, under the title of a DECLARATION, We, *in justice to the sentiments of our own hearts*, have thought fit to return you the following answer; wherein we shall endeavour to reduce to method the several particulars, which you have contrived to throw together with much malice, and no less confusion.

We believe you sincere in the first part of your declaration, where you own it would be a great satisfaction to you to be placed upon the throne by our endeavours: but you discourage us from making use of them, by declaring it to be your right *both by the laws of God and man.* As for the laws of God, we should think ourselves great transgressors of them, should we for your sake rebel against a prince, who, under God, is the most powerful defender of that religion which we think the most pleasing to him; and as for the laws of man, we conceive those to be of that kind, which have been enacted from time to time for near thirty years past, against you and your pretensions, by the legislature of this kingdom.

You afterwards proceed to invectives against the royal family: which we do assure you is a very unpopular topic, except to your few deluded friends among the rabble.

You call them *aliens to our country*, not considering that King George has lived above a year longer in England than ever you did. You say they are *distant in blood*, whereas no body ever doubted that King George is great grandson to King James the First, though many believe that you are not son to King James the Second. Besides, all the world acknowledges he is the nearest to our crown of Protestant blood, of which you cannot have one drop in your veins, unless you derive it from such parents as you do not care for owning.

Your next argument against the royal family, is, that they are *strangers to our language;* but they must be strangers to the British court who told you so. However, you must know, that we plain men should prefer a king who was a stranger to our language, before one who is a stranger to our laws and religion; for we could never endure French sentiments, though delivered in our native dialect; and should abhor an arbitrary prince, though he tyrannized over us in the finest English that ever was spoken. For these reasons, sir, we cannot bear the thought of hearing a man, that has been bred up in the politics of Louis the Fourteenth, talk intelligibly from the British throne; especially when we consider, however he may boast of his speaking English, he says his prayers in an unknown tongue.

We come now to the grievances, for which, in your opinion, we ought to take up arms against our present sovereign. The greatest you seem to insist upon, and which is most in the mouths of your party, is the union of the two kingdoms; for which his majesty ought most certainly to be deposed, because it was made under the reign of her, whom you call your *dear sister of glorious memory.* Other grievances which you hint at under his majesty's administration, are, the murder of King Charles the First, who was beheaded before King George was born; and the sufferings of King Charles the Second, which perhaps his present majesty cannot wholly clear himself of, because he came into the world a day before his restoration.

As on the one side you arraign his present majesty by this most extraordinary retrospect, on the other hand you condemn his government by what we may call the spirit of second sight. You are not content to draw into his reign those mischiefs that were done a hundred years ago, unless you anticipate those that may happen a hundred years hence. So that the keenest of your arrows either fall short of him, or fly over his head. We take it for a certain sign that you are at a loss for present grievances, when you are thus forced to have recourse to your *future prospects and future miseries.* Now, sir, you must know, that we freeholders have a natural aversion to hanging, and do not know how to answer it to our wives and families, if we should venture our necks upon the truth of your prophecies. In our ordinary way of judging, we guess at the king's future conduct by what we have seen already; and therefore beg you will excuse us if for the present we defer entering into a rebellion, to which you so graciously invite us. When we have as bad a prospect of our King George's reign, as we should have of yours, then will be your time to date another declaration from your court at Commerci: which, if we may be allowed to prophecy in our turn, cannot possibly happen before the hundred and fiftieth year of your reign.

Having considered the past and future grievances mentioned in your declaration, we come now to the present; all of which are founded upon this supposition, That whatever is done by his majesty or his ministers, to keep you out of the British throne, is a grievance. These, sir, may be grievances to you, but they are none to us. On the contrary, we look upon them as the greatest instances of his majesty's care and tenderness for his people. To take them in order: the first relates to the ministry; who are chosen, as you observe very rightly, out of the worst, and not the best of *your* subjects. Now, sir, can you in conscience think us to be such fools as to rebel against the king, for having employed those who are his most eminent friends, and were the greatest sufferers in his cause before he came to the crown; and for having removed a general who is now actually in arms against him, and two secretaries of state, both of whom have listed themselves in your service; or because he chose to substitute in their places such men who had distinguished themselves by their zeal against you, in the most famous battles, negotiations, and debates.

The second grievance you mention, is, that the glory of the late queen has suffered, who, you insinuate, *had secured to you the enjoyment of that inheritance, out of which you had been so long kept.* This may indeed be a reason why her memory should be precious with you: but you may be sure we shall think never the better of her, for her having your good word. For the same reason it makes us stare, when we hear it objected to his present majesty, *that he is not kind to her faithful servants;* since, if we can believe what you yourself say, it is impossible they should be *his faithful servants.* And by the way, many of your private friends here wish you would forbear babbling at that rate: for, to tell you a secret, we are very apt to suspect that any Englishman, who deserves your praise, deserves to be hanged.

The next grievance, which you have a mighty mind to redress among us, is the parliament of Great Britain, against whom you bring a stale accusation, which has been used by every minority in the memory of man; namely, that it was procured by unwarrantable influences and corruptions. We cannot indeed blame you for being angry at those who have set such a round price upon your head. Your accusation of our high court of parliament puts us in mind of a story, often told among us freeholders, concerning a rattle-brained young fellow, who, being indicted for two or three pranks upon the highway, told the judge he would swear the peace against him, for putting him in fear of his life.

The next grievance is such a one, that we are amazed how it could come into your head. Your words are as follow: "Whilst the principal powers, engaged in the late wars, do enjoy the blessings of peace, and are attentive to discharge their debts, and ease their people, Great Britain, in the midst of peace, feels all the load of war. New debts are contracted, new armies are raised at home, Dutch forces are brought into these kingdoms." What, in the name of wonder, do you mean? Are you in earnest, or do you design to banter us? Whom is the nation obliged to for all this load of war that it feels? Had you been wise enough to have slept at Bar-le-duc in a whole skin, we should not have contracted new debts, raised new armies, or brought over Dutch forces to make an example of you.

The most pleasant grievance is still behind, and indeed a most proper one to close up this article. "King George has taken possession of the duchy of Bremen, whereby a door is opened to let in an inundation of foreigners from abroad, and to reduce these nations to the state of a province to one of the most inconsiderable provinces of the empire." And do you then really believe the mob story, that King George designs to make a bridge of boats from Hanover to Wapping? We would have you know that some of us read Baker's Chronicle, and do not find that William the Conqueror ever thought of making England a province to his native duchy of Normandy, notwithstanding it lay so much more convenient for that purpose: nor that King James the First had ever any thoughts of reducing this nation to the state of a province to his ancient kingdom of Scotland, though it lies upon the same continent. But, pray, how comes it to pass that the electorate of Hanover is become all of a sudden one of the most inconsiderable provinces of the

empire? If you undervalue it upon the account of its religion, you have some reason for what you say; though you should not think we are such strangers to maps, and live so much out of the world, as to be ignorant that it is, for power and extent, the second Protestant state in Germany; and whether you know it or no, the Protestant religion in the empire is looked upon as a sufficient balance against popery. Besides, you should have considered that, in your declaration upon the king's coming to the throne of Great Britain, you endeavoured to terrify us from receiving him, by representing him *as a powerful foreign prince, supported by a numerous army of his own subjects.* Be that as it will; we are no more afraid of being a province to Hanover, than the Hanoverians are apprehensive of being a province to Bremen.

We have now taken notice of those great evils which you are come to rescue us from: but as they are such as we have neither felt nor seen, we desire you will put yourself to no farther trouble for our sakes.

You afterwards begin a kind of Te Deum, before the time, in that remarkable sentence, "We adore the wisdom of the Divine Providence, which has opened a way to our restoration, by the success of those very measures that were laid to disappoint us for ever." We are at a loss to know what you mean by this devout jargon: but by what goes before and follows, we suppose it to be this: that the coming of King George to the crown has made many malecontents, and by that means opened a way to your restoration; whereas, you should consider, that, if he had not come to the crown, the way had been open of itself. In the same pious paragraph, "You most earnestly conjure us to pursue those methods for your restoration, which the finger of God seems to point out to us." Now the only methods which we can make use of for that end, are civil war, rapine, bloodshed, treason, and perjury; methods which we Protestants do humbly conceive, can never be pointed out to us by the finger of God.

The rest of your declaration contains the encouragements you give us to rebel. First, you promise to share with us *all dangers and difficulties* which we shall meet with in this worthy enterprise. You are very much in the right of it: you have nothing to lose, and hope to get a crown: we do not hope for any new freeholds, and only desire to keep what we have. As, therefore, you are in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to make yourself our master, we shall think ourselves as much in the right to undergo dangers and difficulties to hinder you from being so.

Secondly, "You promise to refer your and our interest to a Scotch parliament," which you are resolved to call immediately. We suppose you mean if the frost holds. But, sir, we are certainly informed there is a parliament now sitting at Westminster, that are busy at present in taking care both of the Scotch and English interest, and have actually done every thing which you would *let* be done by our representatives in the Highlands.

Thirdly, "You promise, that if we will rebel for you against our present sovereign, you will remit and discharge all crimes of high treason, misprision, and all other crimes and offences whatsoever, done or committed against you and your father." But will you answer in this case, that King George will forgive us? Otherwise we beseech you to consider what poor comfort it would be for a British freeholder to be conveyed up Holborn with your pardon in his pocket. And here we cannot but remark, that the conditions of your general pardon are so stinted, as to show that you are very cautious lest your good-nature should carry you too far. You exclude from the benefit of it, all those who do not *from the time of your landing lay hold on mercy, and return to their duty and allegiance.* By this means all neuters and lookers-on are to be executed of course: and by the studied ambiguity in which you couch the terms of your gracious pardon, you still leave room to gratify yourself in all the pleasures of tyranny and revenge.

Upon the whole, we have so bad an opinion of rebellion, as well as of your motives to it, and rewards for it, that you may rest satisfied, there are few freeholders on this side the Forth who will engage in it: and we verily believe that you will suddenly take a resolution in your cabinet of Highlanders to scamper off with your new crown, which we are told the ladies of those parts have so generously clubbed for. And you may assure yourself that it is the only one you are like to get by this notable expedition. And so we bid you heartily farewell.

Dated Jan. 19, in the second year of our public happiness.

No. 10.] *Monday, January* 23.

Potior visa est periculosa libertas quieto servitio.—*Sal.*

One may venture to affirm, that all honest and disinterested Britons, of what party soever, if they understood one another, are of the same opinion in points of government: and that the gross of the people, who are imposed upon by terms which they do not comprehend, are Whigs in their hearts. They are made to believe, that passive obedience and non-resistance, unlimited power, and indefeisible right, have something of a venerable and religious meaning in them; whereas, in reality, they only imply, that a king of Great Britain has a right to be a tyrant, and that his subjects are obliged in conscience to be slaves. Were the case truly and fairly laid before them, they would know, that when they make a profession of such principles, they renounce their legal claim to liberty and property, and unwarily submit to what they really abhor.

It is our happiness, under the present reign, to hear our king from the throne exhorting us to be *zealous assertors of the liberties of our country;* which exclude all pretensions to an arbitrary, tyrannic, or despotic power. Those, who have the misfortune to live under such a power, have no other law but the will of their prince, and consequently no privileges but what are pernicious. For, though in some arbitrary governments there may be a body of laws observed in the ordinary forms of justice, they are not sufficient to secure any rights to the people; because they may be dispensed with, or laid aside at the pleasure of the sovereign.

And here it very much imports us to consider, that arbitrary power naturally tends to make a man a bad sovereign, who might possibly have been a good one, had he been invested with an authority limited and circumscribed by laws. None can doubt of this tendency in arbitrary power, who consider, that it fills the mind of man with great and unreasonable conceits of himself; raises him into a belief, that he is of a superior species to his subjects; extinguishes in him the principle of fear, which is one of the greatest motives to all duties; and creates an ambition of magnifying himself, by the exertion of such a power in all its instances. So great is the danger, that when a sovereign can do what he will, he will do what he can.

One of the most arbitrary princes of our age was Muley Ishmael, emperor of Morocco, who, after a long reign, died about a twelvemonth ago. This prince was a man of much wit and natural sense, of an active temper, undaunted courage, and great application. He was a descendant of Mahomet; and so exemplary for his adherence to the law of his prophet, that he abstained all his life from the taste of wine; began the annual fast, or Lent of Ramadan, two months before his subjects; was frequent in his prayers; and, that he might not want opportunities of kneeling, had fixed in all the spacious courts of his palace large consecrated stones, pointing towards the east, for any occasional exercise of his devotion. What might not have been hoped from a prince of these endowments, had they not been all rendered useless and ineffectual to the good of his people by the notion of that power which they ascribed to him! This will appear, if we consider how he exercised it towards his subjects in those three great points, which are the chief ends of government, the preservation of their lives, the security of their fortunes, and the determinations of justice between man and man.

Foreign envoys, who have given an account of their audiences, describe this holy man mounted on horseback in an open court, with several of his alcaids, or governors of provinces, about him, standing barefoot, trembling, bowing to the earth, and, at every word he spoke, breaking out into passionate exclamations of praise, as, "Great is the wisdom of our lord the king; our lord the king speaks as an angel from heaven." Happy was the man among them, who was so much a favourite as to be sent on an errand to the most remote street in his capital; which he performed with the greatest alacrity, ran through every puddle that lay in his way, and took care to return out of breath and covered with dirt, that he might show himself a diligent and faithful minister. His majesty, at the same time, to exhibit the greatness of his power, and show his horsemanship, seldom dismissed the foreigner from his presence, till he had entertained him with the slaughter of two or three of his liege subjects, whom he very dexterously put to death with the tilt of his lance. St. Olon, the French envoy, tells us, that, when he had his last audience of him, he received him in robes just stained with an execution; and that he was blooded up to his elbows by a couple of Moors, whom he had been butchering with his own imperial hands. By the calculation of that author, and many others, who have since given an account of his exploits, we may reckon that by his own arm he killed above forty thousand of his people. To render himself the more awful, he chose to wear a garb of a particular colour, when he was bent upon executions; so that, when he appeared in yellow, his great men hid themselves in corners, and durst not pay their court to him, till he had satiated his thirst of blood by the death of some of his loyal commoners, or of such unwary officers of state as chanced to come in his way. Upon this account we are told, that the first news inquired after every morning at Mequinez, was, whether the emperor was stirring, and in a good or bad humour? As this prince was a great admirer of architecture, and employed many thousands in works of that kind, if he did not approve the plan of the performance, it was usual for him to show the delicacy of his taste, by demolishing the building, and putting to death all that had a hand in it. I have heard but of one instance of his mercy; which was shown to the master of an English vessel. This, our countryman, presented him with a curious hatchet, which he received very graciously; and, asking him whether it had a good edge, tried it upon the donor, who, slipping aside from the blow, escaped with the loss only of his right ear; for old Muley, upon second thoughts, considered it was not one of his own subjects, stopped his hand, and would not send him to paradise. I cannot quit this article of his tenderness for the lives of his people, without mentioning one of his queens, whom he was remarkably fond of; as also a favourite prime minister, who was very dear to him. The first died by a kick of her lord the king, when she was big with child, for having gathered a flower as she was walking with him in his pleasure garden. The other was bastinadoed to death by his majesty; who, repenting of the drubs he had given him when it was too late, to manifest

his esteem for the memory of so worthy a man, executed the surgeon that could not cure him.

This absolute monarch was as notable a guardian of the fortunes, as of the lives, of his subjects. When any man among his people grew rich, in order to keep him from being dangerous to the state, he used to send for all his goods and chattels. His governors of towns and provinces, who formed themselves upon the example of their grand monarque, practised rapine, violence, extortion, and all the arts of despotic government in their respective districts, that they might be the better enabled to make him their yearly presents. For the greatest of his viceroys could only propose to himself a comfortable subsistence out of the plunder of his province, and was in certain danger of being recalled or hanged, if he did not remit the bulk of it to his dread sovereign. That he might make a right use of these prodigious treasures, which flowed into him from all parts of his wide empire, he took care to bury them under ground, by the hands of his most trusty slaves, and then cut their throats, as the most effectual method to keep them from making discoveries. These were his *ways* and *means* for raising money, by which he weakened the hands of the factions, and, in any case of emergency, could employ the whole wealth of his empire, which he had thus amassed together in his subterraneous exchequer.

As there is no such thing as property under an arbitrary government, you may learn what was Muley Ishmael's notion of it from the following story. Being upon the road, amidst his life-guards, a little before the time of the Ram-feast, he met one of his alcaids at the head of his servants, who were driving a great flock of sheep to market. The emperor asked whose they were: the alcaid answered, with profound submission, "They are mine, O Ishmael, son of Elcherif, of the line of Hassan." "Thine! thou son of a cuckold," said this servant of the Lord, "I thought I had been the only proprietor in this country;" upon which he run him through the body with his lance, and very piously distributed the sheep among his guards, for the celebration of the feast.

His determinations of justice between man and man were, indeed, very summary and decisive, and generally put an end to the vexations of a law-suit, by the ruin both of plaintiff and defendant. Travellers have recorded some samples of this kind, which may give us an idea of the blessings of his administration. One of his alcaids, complaining to him of a wife, whom he had received from his majesty's hands, and, therefore, could not divorce her, that she used to pull him by the beard; the emperor, to redress this grievance, ordered his beard to be plucked up by the roots, that he might not be liable to any more such affronts. A country farmer having accused some of his negro guards for robbing him of a drove of oxen, the emperor readily shot the offenders; but afterwards demanding reparation of the accuser, for the loss of so many brave fellows, and, finding him insolvent, compounded the matter with him by taking away his life. There are many other instances of the same kind. I must observe, however, under this head, that the only good thing he is celebrated for, during his whole reign, was the clearing of the roads and highways of robbers, with which they used to be very much infested. But his method was to slay man, woman, and child, who lived within a certain distance from the place where the robbery was committed. This extraordinary piece of justice could not but have its effect, by making every road in his empire unsafe for the profession of a freebooter.

I must not omit this emperor's reply to Sir Cloudsly Shovel, who had taken several of his subjects, by way of reprisal, for the English captives that were detained in his dominions. Upon the admiral's offering to exchange them on very advantageous terms, this good emperor sent him word, the subjects he had taken were poor men, not worth the ransoming; and that he might throw them overboard, or destroy them otherwise as he pleased.

Such was the government of Muley Ishmael, "the servant of God, the emperor of the faithful, who was courageous in the way of the Lord, the noble, the good."

To conclude this account, which is extracted from the best authorities, I shall only observe, that he was a great admirer of his late most Christian Majesty. In a letter to him, he compliments him with the title of "Sovereign arbiter of the actions and wills of his people." And in a book published by a Frenchman, who was sent to him as an ambassador, is the following passage: "He is absolute in his states, and often compares himself to the Emperor of France, who, he says, is the only person that knows how to reign like himself, and to make his will the law."

This was that emperor of France, to whom the person, who has a great mind to be king of these realms, owed his education, and from whom he learned his notions of government. What should hinder one, whose mind is so well seasoned with such prepossessions, from attempting to copy after his patron, in the exercise of such a power; especially considering that the party who espouse his interest, never fail to compliment a prince that distributes all his places among them, with unlimited power on his part, and unconditional obedience on that of his subjects.

No. 11.] *Friday, January 27.*

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

By our latest advices, both from town and

country, it appears, that the ladies of Great Britain, who are *able to bear arms*, that is, to smile or frown to any purpose, have already began to commit hostilities upon the men of each opposite party. To this end we are assured, that many of them on both sides exercise before their glasses every morning; that they have already cashiered several of their followers as mutineers, who have contradicted them in some political conversations; and that the Whig ladies, in particular, design, very soon, to have a general review of their forces, at a play bespoken by one of their leaders. This set of ladies, indeed, as they daily do duty at court, are much more expert in the use of their airs and graces than their female antagonists, who are most of them bred in the country: so that the sisterhood of loyalists, in respect of the fair malecontents, are like an army of regular forces, compared with a raw undisciplined militia.

It is to this misfortune in their education that we may ascribe the rude and opprobrious language with which the disaffected part of the sex treat the present royal family. A little lively rustic, who hath been trained up in ignorance and prejudice, will prattle treason a whole winter's evening, and string together a parcel of silly seditious stories, that are equally void of decency and truth. Nay, you sometimes meet with a zealous matron who sets up for the pattern of a parish, uttering such invectives as are highly misbecoming her, both as a woman and a subject. In answer, therefore, to such disloyal termagants, I shall repeat to them a speech of the honest and blunt Duke du Sully to an assembly of popish ladies, who were railing very bitterly against Henry the Fourth, at his accession to the French throne; "Ladies," said he, "you have a very good king, if you know when you are well. However, set your hearts at rest, for he is not a man to be scolded or scratched out of his kingdom."

But as I never care to speak of the fair sex, unless I have an occasion to praise them, I shall take my leave of these ungentle damsels; and only beg of them, not to make themselves less amiable than nature designed them, by being rebels to the best of their abilities, and endeavouring to bring their country into bloodshed and confusion. Let me, therefore, recommend to them the example of those beautiful associates, whom I mentioned in my eighth paper, as I have received the particulars of their behaviour from the person with whom I lodged their association.

This association, being written at length, in a large roll of the finest vellum, with three distinct columns for the maids, wives, and widows, was opened for the subscribers near a fortnight ago. Never was a subscription for a raffling or an opera more crowded. There is scarce a celebrated beauty about town that you may not find in one of the three lists; insomuch, that if a man, who did not know the design, should read only the names of the subscribers, he would fancy every column to be a catalogue of toasts. Mr. Motteux has been heard to say, more than once, that if he had the portraits of all the associates, they would make a finer auction of pictures, than he, or any body else, had ever exhibited.

Several of these ladies, indeed, criticised upon the form of the association. One of them, after the perusal of it, wondered that, among the features to be used in defence of their country, there was no mention made of *teeth*; upon which she smiled very charmingly, and discovered as fine a set as ever eye beheld. Another, who was a tall, lovely prude, holding up her head in a most majestic manner, said, with some disdain, she thought a *good neck* might have done his majesty as much service as smiles or dimples. A third looked upon the association as defective, because so necessary a word as *hands* was omitted; and, by her manner of taking up the pen, it was easy to guess the reason of her objection.

Most of the persons who associated, have done much more than by the letter of the association they were obliged to; having not only set their names to it, but subscribed their several aids and subsidies for the carrying on so good a cause. In the virgin column is one who subscribes fifteen lovers, all of them good men and true. There is another who subscribes five admirers, with one tall, handsome black man, fit to be a colonel. In short, there is scarce one in this list who does not engage herself to supply a quota of brisk young fellows, many of them already equipped with hats and feathers. Among the rest, was a pretty sprightly coquette, with sparkling eyes, who subscribed two quivers of arrows.

In the column of wives, the first that took pen in hand, writ her own name and one vassal, meaning her husband. Another subscribes her husband and three sons. Another her husband and six coach-horses. Most in this catalogue paired themselves with their respective mates, answering for them as men of honest principles, and fit for the service.

N. B. There were two in this column that wore association ribands; the first of them subscribed her husband and her husband's friend; the second a husband and five lovers; but, upon inquiry into their characters, they are both of them found to be Tories, who hung out false colours to be spies upon the association, or to insinuate to the world, by their subscriptions, as if a lady of Whig principles could love any man besides her husband.

The widow's column is headed by a fine woman who, calls herself Boadicea, and subscribes six hundred tenants. It was, indeed, observed that the strength of the association lay most in this column; every widow, in proportion to her jointure, having a great number of admirers, and most of them distinguished as able men. Those who have

examined this list compute, that there may be three regiments raised out of it, in which there shall not be one man under six foot high.

I must not conclude this account, without taking notice of the *association riband*, by which these beautiful confederates have agreed to distinguish themselves. It is, indeed so very pretty an ornament, that I wonder any Englishwoman will be without it. A lady of the association who bears this badge of allegiance upon her breast, naturally produces a desire in every male beholder, of gaining a place in a heart which carries on it such a visible mark of its fidelity. When the beauties of our island are thus industrious to show their principles as well as their charms, they raise the sentiments of their countrymen, and inspire them at the same time both with loyalty and love. What numbers of proselytes may we not expect, when the most amiable Britons thus exhibit to their admirers, the only terms upon which they are to hope for any correspondence or alliance with them! It is well known that the greatest blow the French nation ever received, was the dropping of a fine lady's garter, in the reign of King Edward the Third. The most remarkable battles which have been since gained over that nation, were fought under the auspices of a blue riband. As our British ladies have still the same faces, and our men the same hearts, why may we not hope for the same glorious achievements from the influence of this beautiful breast-knot?

No. 12.] *Monday, January* 30.

Quapropter de summâ salute vestrâ, P. C. de vestris conjugibus ac liberis, de aris ac focis, de fanis ac templis, de totius urbis tectis ac sedibus, de imperio, de libertate, de salute patriæ, deque universâ republicâ decernite diligenter, ut instituistis, ac fortiter. *Cicero.*

THIS day being set apart by public authority to raise in us an abhorrence to the *great rebellion*, which involved this nation in so many calamities, and ended in the murder of their sovereign; it may not be unseasonable to show the guilt of rebellion in general, and of that rebellion in particular, which is stirred up against his present majesty.

That rebellion is one of the most heinous crimes which it is in the power of man to commit, may appear from several considerations. First, as it destroys the end of all government, and the benefits of civil society. Government was instituted for maintaining the peace, safety, and happiness of a people. These great ends are brought about by a general conformity and submission to that frame of laws which is established in every community, for the protection of the innocent, and the punishment of the guilty. As, on the one side, men are secured in the quiet possession of their lives, properties, and every thing they have a right to: so, on the other side, those who offer them any injury in these particulars, are subject to penalties proportioned to their respective offences. Government, therefore, mitigates the inequality of power among particular persons, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightiest of his fellow-subjects; since he has the force of the whole community on his side, which is able to control the insolence or injustice of any private oppressor. Now, rebellion disappoints all these ends and benefits of government, by raising a power in opposition to that authority which has been established among a people for their mutual welfare and defence. So that rebellion is as great an evil to society, as government itself is a blessing.

In the next place, rebellion is a violation of all those engagements, which every government exacts from such persons as live under it; and, consequently, the most base and pernicious instance of treachery and perfidiousness. The guilt of rebellion increases in proportion as these engagements are more solemn and obligatory. Thus if a man makes his way to rebellion through perjury, he gives additional horrors to that crime, which is in itself of the blackest nature.

We may likewise consider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedness than any other crime we can commit. It is big with rapine, sacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildest effects, as it impoverishes the public, ruins particular families, begets and perpetuates hatreds among fellow-subjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the seat of war and desolation, and exposes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In short, as it is impossible for it to take effect, or to make the smallest progress, but through a continued course of violence and bloodshed; a robber, or a murderer, looks like an innocent man, when we compare him with a rebel.

I shall only add, that, as in the subordination of a government, the king is offended by any insults or oppositions to an inferior magistrate; so the Sovereign Ruler of the universe is affronted by a breach of allegiance to those whom he has set over us; Providence having delegated to the supreme magistrate in every country the same power for the good of men, which that supreme magistrate transfers to those several officers and substitutes who act under him, for the preserving of order and justice.

Now, if we take a view of the present rebellion, which is formed against his majesty, we shall find in it all the guilt that is naturally inherent in this crime, without any single circumstance to alleviate it. Insurrections among a people, to rescue themselves from the most violent and illegal oppressions; to throw off a tyranny that makes property precarious, and life painful; to preserve their laws and their religion to themselves and their posterity; are excused

rom the necessity of such an undertaking, hen no other means are left for the secu- ty of every thing that is dear and valuable reasonable creatures. By the frame of r constitution, the duties of protection and egiance are reciprocal; and, as the safety a community is the ultimate end and de- n of government, when this, instead of ng preserved, is manifestly destroyed, il societies are excusable before God and n, if they endeavour to recover them- ves out of so miserable a condition. For, uch a case, government becomes an evil ead of a blessing, and is not at all prefera- to a state of anarchy and mutual inde- ndence. For these reasons, we have rce ever yet heard of an insurrection that s not either coloured with grievances of e highest kind, or countenanced by one or re branches of the legislature. But the esent rebellion is formed against a king, ose right has been established by frequent rliaments of all parties, and recognised by e most solemn oaths; who has not been arged with one illegal proceeding; who ts in perfect concert with the lords and mmons of the realm; who is famed for e equity and goodness, and has already ry much advanced the reputation and terest of our country. The guilt, there- re, of this rebellion, has in it all the most ggravating circumstances; which will still ppear more plainly, if we consider, in the rst place, the real motives to it.

The rebellion, which was one of the most agitious in itself, and described with the tmost horror by historians, is that of Cata- ne and his associates. The motives to it re displayed at large by the Roman writers, order to inspire the reader with the ut- most detestation of it. Cataline, the chief f the rebellion, had been disappointed in is competition for one of the first offices in he government, and had involved himself in uch private debts and difficulties, as no- hing could extricate him out of, but the uin of an administration that would not in- rust him with posts of honour or profit. His principal accomplices were men of the ame character, and animated by the same ncentives. They complained that power was lodged in the hands of the worst, to the ppression of the best; and that places were conferred on unworthy men, to the ex- clusion of themselves and their friends. Many of them were afraid of public justice or past crimes, and some of them stood ac- ually condemned as traitors to their coun- ry. These were joined by men of desperate ortunes, who hoped to find their account in he confusions of their country, were ap- lauded by the meanest of the rabble, who lways delighted in change, and privately betted by persons of a considerable figure, who aimed at those honours and preferments which were in the possession of their rivals. These are the motives with which Cata- ine's rebellion is branded in history, and which are expressly mentioned by Sallust.

I shall leave it to every unprejudiced reader to compare them with the motives which have kindled the present rebellion in his majesty's dominions.

As this rebellion is of the most criminal nature from its motives, so it is likewise, if we consider its consequences. Should it succeed, (a supposition which, God be thanked, is very extravagant,) what must be the natural effects of it upon our religion! What could we expect from an army, blessed by the pope, headed by a zealous Roman Catholic, encouraged by the most bigoted princes of the church of Rome, supported by contributions, not only from those several potentates, but from the wealthiest of their convents, and officered by Irish papists and outlaws! Can we imagine that the Roman Catholics of our own nation would so heartily embark in an enterprise, to the visible hazard of their lives and fortunes, did they only hope to enjoy their religion under those laws which are now in force? In short, the danger to the Protestant cause is so manifest, that it would be an affront to the understanding of the reader to endeavor farther to prove it.

Arbitrary power is so interwoven with popery, and so necessary to introduce it, so agreeable to the education of the pretender, so conformable to the principles of his adherence, and so natural to the insolence of conquerors, that, should our invader gain the sovereign power by violence, there is no doubt but he would preserve it by tyranny. I shall leave to the reader's own consideration, the change of property in general, and the utter extinction of it in our national funds, the inundation of nobles without estates, prelates without bishoprics, officers civil and military without places; and in short, the several occasions of rapine and revenge, which would necessarily ensue upon such a fatal revolution. But, by the blessing of Providence, and the wisdom of his majesty's administration, this melancholy prospect is as distant as it is dreadful.

These are the consequences which would necessarily attend the success of the present rebellion. But we will now suppose that the event of it should for some time remain doubtful. In this case we are to expect all the miseries of a civil war, nay, the armies of the greatest foreign princes would be subsisted, and all the battles of Europe fought in England. The rebels have already shown us, that they want no inclination to promote their cause by fire and sword, where they have an opportunity of practising their barbarities. Should such a fierce and rapacious host of men, as that which is now in the Highlands, fall down into our country, that is so well peopled, adorned, and cultivated, how would their march be distinguished by ravage and devastation! might not we say of them, in the sublime and beautiful words of the prophet, describing the progress of an enraged army from the north; "Before them is as the garden of Eden, and behind them as the deso-

late wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them?"

What then can we think of a party, who would plunge their native country into such evils as these; when the only avowed motive for their proceedings is a point of theory, that has been already determined by those who are proper judges, and in whose determination we have so many years acquiesced? If the calamities of the nation in general can make no impression on them, let them at least, in pity to themselves, their friends, and dependants, forbear all open and secret methods of encouraging a rebellion, so destructive, and so unprovoked. All human probabilities are against them; and they cannot expect success but from a miraculous interposition of the Almighty. And this we may with all Christian humility hope, will not turn against us, who observe those oaths which we have made in his presence; who are zealous for the safety of that religion, which we think most acceptable in his sight; and who endeavour to preserve that constitution which is most conducive to the happiness of our country.

No. 13.] *Friday, February* 3.

Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent.—*Virg.*

THE most common, and indeed the most natural, division of all offences, is into those of omission and commission. We may make the same division of that particular set of crimes which regard human society. The greatest crime which can be committed against it is rebellion; as was shown in my last paper. The greatest crime of omission, is an indifference in the particular members of a society, when a rebellion is actually begun among them. In such a juncture, though a man may be innocent of the great breach which is made upon government, he is highly culpable, if he does not use all the means that are suitable to his station for reducing the community into its former state of peace and good order.

Our obligation to be active on such an occasion appears from the very nature of civil government; which is an institution, whereby we are all confederated together for our mutual defence and security. Men who profess a state of neutrality in times of public danger, desert the common interest of their fellow subjects; and act with independence to that constitution into which they are incorporated. The safety of the whole requires our joint endeavours. When this is at stake, the indifferent are not properly a part of the community; or rather are like dead limbs, which are an incumbrance to the body, instead of being of use to it. Besides that, the protection which all receive from the same government, justly calls upon the gratitude of all to strengthen it, as well as upon their self-interest to preserve it.

But farther; if men, who in their hearts are friends to a government, forbear giving it their utmost assistance against its enemies, they put it in the power of a few desperate men to ruin the welfare of those who are much superior to them in strength, number, and interest. It was a remarkable law of Solon, the great legislator of the Athenians, that any person who in the civil tumults and commotions of the public remained neuter, or an indifferent spectator of the contending parties, should, after the re-establishment of the public peace, forfeit all his possessions, and be condemned to perpetual banishment. This law made it necessary for every citizen to take his party, because it was highly probable the majority would be so wise as to espouse that cause which was most agreeable to the public weal, and by that means hinder a sedition from making a successful progress. At least, every prudent and honest man, who might otherwise favour any indolence in his own temper, was hereby engaged to be active, such a one would be sure to join himself to that side which had the good of their country most at heart. For this reason their famous lawgiver condemned the persons who sat idle in divisions so dangerous to the government, as aliens to the community, and, therefore, to be cut off from it as unprofitable members.

Farther; indifference cannot but be criminal, when it is conversant about objects which are so far from being of an indifferent nature, that they are of the highest importance to ourselves and our country. If it be indifferent to us whether we are free subjects or slaves; whether our prince be of our own religion, or of one that obliges him to extirpate it; we are in the right to give ourselves no trouble in the present juncture. A man governs himself by the dictates of virtue and good sense, who acts without zeal or passion in points that are of no consequence: but when the whole community is shaken, and the safety of the public endangered, the appearance of a philosophical or an affected indolence must arise either from stupidity or perfidiousness.

When in the division of parties among us, men only strove for the first place in the prince's favour; when all were attached to the same form of government, and contended only for the highest offices in it; a prudent and an honest man might look upon the struggle with indifference, and be in no great pain for the success of either side. But, at present, the contest is not in reality between Whigs and Tories, but between loyalists and rebels. Our country is now divided into two parties, who propose the same end by different means, but into such as would preserve, and such as would destroy it. Whatever denominations we might range ourselves under in former times, men, who have any natural love to their country, or sense of their duty, should exert their united strength in a cause that is common to all parties, as they are Protestants and Britons. In such a case, an avowed indifference is treachery to our

fellow-subjects; and a lukewarm allegiance may prove as pernicious in its consequences as treason.

I need not repeat here what I have proved at large in a former paper, that we are obliged to an active obedience by the solemn oaths we have taken to his majesty; and that the neutral kind of indifference, which is the subject of this paper, falls short of that obligation they lie under, who have taken such oaths; as will easily appear to any one who considers the form of those sacred and religious engagements.

How then can any man answer it to himself, if, for the sake of managing his interest or character among a party, or out of any personal pique to those who are the most conspicuous for their zeal in his majesty's service, or from any other private and self-interested motive, he stands as a looker-on when the government is attacked by an open rebellion? especially, when those engaged in it, cannot have the least prospect of success, but by the assistance of the ancient and hereditary enemies to the British nation. It is strange that these lukewarm friends to the government, whose zeal for their sovereign rises and falls with their credit at court, do not consider, before it be too late, that as they strengthen the rebels by their present indifference, they at the same time establish the interest of those who are their rivals and competitors for public posts of honour. When there is an end put to this rebellion, these gentlemen cannot pretend to have had any merit in so good a work: and they may well believe the nation will never care to see those men in the highest offices of trust, who, when they are out of them, will not stir a finger in its defence.

No. 14.] *Monday, February* 6.

> Periculosum est credere, et non credere:
> Utriusque exemplum breviter exponam rei.
> Hippolytus obiit, qui noverca creditum est:
> Cassandræ quia non creditum, ruit Ilium.
> Ergo exploranda est veritas multùm priùs,
> Quàm stulta pravè judicet sententia. *Phædr.*

Having, in the seventh paper, considered many of those falsehoods, by which the cause of our malecontents is supported; I shall here speak of that extravagant credulity which disposes each particular member of their party to believe them. This strange alacrity in believing absurdity and inconsistence, may be called the Political Faith of a Tory.

A person who is thoroughly endowed with this political faith, like a man in a dream, is entertained from one end of his life to the other with objects that have no reality or existence. He is daily nourished and kept in humour by fiction and delusion; and may be compared to the old, obstinate knight in Rabelais, that every morning swallowed a chimera for his breakfast.

This political faith of a malecontent is altogether founded on hope. He does not give credit to any thing because it is probable, but because it is pleasing. His wishes serve him instead of reasons, to confirm the truth of what he hears. There is no report so incredible or contradictory in itself which he doth not cheerfully believe, if it tends to the advancement of the cause. In short, a malecontent, who is a good believer, has generally reason to repeat the celebrated rant of an ancient father, *Credo quia impossibile est:* which is as much as to say, It must be true, because it is impossible.

It has been very well observed, that the most credulous man in the world is the atheist, who believes the universe to be the production of chance. In the same manner, a Tory, who is the greatest believer in what is improbable, is the greatest infidel in what is certain. Let a friend to the government relate to him a matter of fact, he turns away his ear from him, and gives him the lie in every look. But if one of his own stamp should tell him that the king of Sweden would be suddenly at Perth, and that his army is now actually marching thither upon the ice; he hugs himself at the good news, and gets drunk upon it before he goes to bed. This sort of people puts one in mind of several towns in Europe that are inaccessible on the one side, while they lie open and unguarded on the other. The minds of our malecontents are indeed so depraved with those falsehoods which they are perpetually imbibing, that they have a natural relish for error, and have quite lost the taste of truth in political matters. I shall therefore dismiss this head with a saying of King Charles the Second. This monarch, when he was at Windsor, used to amuse himself with the conversation of the famous Vossius, who was full of stories relating to the antiquity, learning, and manners of the Chinese; and at the same time a free-thinker in points of religion. The king, upon hearing him repeat some incredible accounts of these eastern people, turning to those who were about him, "This learned divine," said he, "is a very strange man: he believes every thing but the Bible."

Having thus far considered the political faith of the party, as it regards matters of fact, let us in the next place take a view of it with respect to those doctrines which it embraces, and which are the fundamental points whereby they are distinguished from those, whom they used to represent as enemies to the constitution in church and state. How far their great articles of political faith, with respect to our ecclesiastical and civil government, are consistent with themselves, and agreeable to reason and truth, may be seen in the following paradoxes, which are the essentials of a Tory's *creed*, with relation to political matters. Under the name of Tories, I do not here comprehend multitudes of well-designing men, who were formerly included under that denomination, but are now in the interest of his majesty and the present government. These have already seen the evil tendency of such principles,

which are the *credenda* of the party, as it is opposite to that of the Whigs.

ARTICLE I.

That the church of England will be always in danger, till it has a Popish king for its defender.

II.

That, for the safety of the church, no subject should be tolerated in any religion different from the established; but that the head of our church may be of that religion which is most repugnant to it.

III.

That the Protestant interest in this nation, and in all Europe, could not but flourish under the protection of one, who thinks himself obliged, on pain of damnation, to do all that lies in his power for the extirpation of it.

IV.

That we may safely rely upon the promises of one, whose religion allows him to make them, and at the same time obliges him to break them.

V.

That a good man should have a greater abhorrence of Presbyterianism, which is perverseness, than of popery, which is but idolatry.

VI.

That a person who hopes to be king of England, by the assistance of France, would naturally adhere to the British interest, which is always opposite to that of the French.

VII.

That a man has no opportunities of learning how to govern the people of England in any foreign country, so well as in France.

VIII.

That ten millions of people should rather choose to fall into slavery, than not acknowledge their prince to be invested with a hereditary and indefeisible right of oppression.

IX.

That we are obliged in conscience to become subjects of a duke of Savoy, or of a French king, rather than enjoy, for our sovereign, a prince who is the first of the royal blood in the Protesant line.

X.

That non-resistance is the duty of every Christian, whilst he is in a good place.

XI.

That we ought to profess the doctrine of passive obedience until such time as nature rebels against principle, that is, until we are put to the necessity of practising it.

VII.

That the Papists have taken up arms to defend the church of England, with the utmost hazard of their lives and fortunes.

XIII.

That there is an unwarrantable faction in this island, consisting of king, lords, and commons.

XIV.

That the legislature, when there is a majority of Whigs in it, has not power to make laws.

XV.

That an act of parliament, to empower the king to secure suspected persons in times of rebellion, is the means to establish the sovereign on the throne, and consequently a great infringement of the liberties of the subject.

No. 15.] *Friday, February* 10.

——Auxilium, quoniam sic cogitis ipsi,
Dixit, ab hoste petam: vultus avertite vestros,
Si quis amicus adest: et Gorgonis extulit ora.—*Ovid.*

It is with great pleasure that I see a race of female patriots springing up in this island. The fairest among the daughters of Great Britain no longer confine their cares to a domestic life, but are grown anxious for the welfare of their country, and show themselves good stateswomen as well as good housewives.

Our she confederates keep pace with us in quashing that rebellion which had begun to spread itself among part of the fair sex. If the men who are true to their king and country have taken Preston and Perth, the ladies have possessed themselves of the opera and the playhouse with as little opposition or bloodshed. The non-resisting women, like their brothers in the Highlands, think no post tenable against an army that makes so fine an appearance; and dare not look them in the face, when they are drawn up in battle-array.

As an instance of this cheerfulness in our fair fellow-subjects to oppose the designs of the pretender, I did but suggest in one of my former papers, "That the fan might be made use of with good success against popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of Rome in various figures;" when immediately they took the hint, and have since had frequent consultations upon several ways and methods *to make the fan useful.* They have unanimously agreed upon the following resolutions, which are indeed very suitable to ladies who are at the same time the most beautiful and the most loyal of their sex. To hide their faces behind the fan, when they observe a Tory gazing upon them. Never to peep through it, but in order to pick out men, whose principles make them worth the conquest. To return no other answer to a Tory's addresses, than by counting the sticks of it all the while he is talking to them. To avoid dropping it in

the neighbourhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an opportunity of taking it up. To show their disbelief of any Jacobite story by a flirt of it. To fall a fanning themselves, when a Tory comes into one of their assemblies, as being disordered at the sight of him.

These are the uses by which every fan may, in the hands of a fine woman, become serviceable to the public. But they have at present under consideration, certain fans of a Protestant make, that they may have a more extensive influence, and raise an abhorrence of popery in a whole crowd of beholders: for they intend to let the world see what party they are of, by figures and designs upon these fans; as the knights-errant used to distinguish themselves by devices on their shields.

There are several sketches of pictures which have been already presented to the ladies for their approbation, and out of which several have made their choice. A pretty young lady will very soon appear with a fan, which has on it a nunnery of lively black-eyed vestals, who are endeavouring to creep out at the grates. Another has a fan mounted with a fine paper, on which is represented a group of people upon their knees, very devoutly worshipping an old tenpenny nail. A certain lady, of great learning, has chosen for her device the council of Trent; and another, who has a good satirical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge, tawdry woman, representing the whore of Babylon; which she is resolved to spread full in the face of any sister-disputant, whose arguments have a tendency to popery. The following designs are already executed on several mountings. The ceremony of the holy pontiff opening the mouth of a cardinal in a full consistory. An old gentleman with a triple crown upon his head, and big with child, being the portrait of Pope Joan. Bishop Bonner purchasing great quantities of faggots and brush-wood, for the conversion of heretics. A figure reaching at a sceptre with one hand, and holding a chaplet of beads in the other: with a distant view of Smithfield.

When our ladies make their zeal thus visible upon their fans, and, every time they open them, display an error of the church of Rome, it cannot but have a good effect, by showing the enemies of our present establishment the folly of what they are contending for. At least, every one must allow that fans are much more innocent engines for propagating the Protestant religion, than racks, wheels, gibbets, and the like machines, which are made use of for the advancement of the Roman Catholic. Besides, as every lady will of course study her fan, she will be a perfect mistress of the controversy, at least in one point of popery; and as her curiosity will put her upon the perusal of every fan that is fashionable, I doubt not but in a very little time there will scarce be a woman of quality in Great Britain, who would not be an overmatch for an Irish priest.

The beautiful part of this island, whom I am proud to number amongst the most candid of my readers, will likewise do well to reflect, that our dispute at present concerns our civil as well as religious rights. I shall therefore only offer it to their thoughts as a point that highly deserves their consideration, whether the fan may not also be made use of with regard to our political constitution. As a freeholder, I would not have them confine their cares for us as we are Protestants, but at the same time have an eye to our happiness as we are Britons. In this case they would give a new turn to the minds of their countrymen, if they would exhibit on their fans the several grievances of a tyranical government. Why might not an audience of Muley Ishmael, or a Turk dropping his handkerchief in his seraglio, be proper subjects to express their abhorrence both of despotic power and of male tyranny? Or, if they have a fancy for burlesque, what would they think of a French cobler cutting shoes for several of his fellow-subjects out of an old apple tree? On the contrary, a fine woman, who would maintain the dignity of her sex, might bear a string of galley slaves, dragging their chains the whole breadth of her fan; and, at the same time, to celebrate her own triumphs, might order every slave to be drawn with the face of one of her admirers.

I only propose these as hints to my gentle readers, which they may alter or improve as they shall think fit; but cannot conclude without congratulating our country upon this disposition among the most amiable of its inhabitants, to consider in their ornaments the advantage of the public as well as of their persons. It was with the same spirit, though not with the same politeness, that the ancient British women had the figures of monsters painted on their naked bodies, in order (as our historians tell us) to make themselves beautiful in the eyes of their countrymen, and terrible to their enemies. If this project goes on, we may boast, that our sister Whigs have the finest fans, as well as the most beautiful faces, of any ladies in the world. At least, we may venture to foretel, that the figures in their fans will lessen the Tory interest much more than those in the Oxford Almanacs will advance it.

No. 16.] *Monday, February* 13.

Itaque quod plerumque in atroci negotio solet, Senatus decrevit, darent operam Consules ne quid Respublica detrimenti caperet. Ea potestas per Senatum more Romano magistratui maxuma permittitur, exercitum parare, bellum gerere, coercere omnibus modis socios atque cives, domi militiaque imperium atque judicium summum habere. Aliter, sine populi jussu nulli earum rerum Consuli jus est. *Sallust.*

It being the design of these papers to reconcile men to their own happiness, by re-

moving those wrong notions and prejudices which hinder them from seeing the advantage of themselves and their posterity in the present establishment, I cannot but take notice of every thing that by the artifice of our enemies is made a matter of complaint.

Of this nature is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, by which his majesty has been enabled, in these times of danger, to seize and detain the persons of such, who he had reason to believe were conspiring against his person and government. The expediency and reasonableness of such a temporary suspension in the present juncture, may appear to every considerate man, who will turn his thoughts impartially on this subject.

I have chosen, in points of this nature, to draw my arguments from the first principles of government, which, as they are of no party, but assented to by every reasonable man, carry the greater with them, and are accommodated to the notions of all my readers. Every one knows, who has considered the nature of government, that there must be in each particular form of it an absolute and unlimited power; and that this power is lodged in the hands of those who have the making of its laws, whether by the nature of the constitution it be in one or more persons, in a single order of men, or in a mixed body of different ranks and degrees. It is an absurdity to imagine that those, who have the authority of making laws, cannot suspend any particular law, when they think it expedient for the public. Without such a power, all government would be defective, and not armed with a sufficient force for its own security. As self-preservation, by all honest methods, is the first duty of every community, as well as of every private person, so the public safety is the general view of all laws. When, therefore, any law does not conduce to this great end, but, on the contrary, in some extraordinary and unnatural junctures, the very observation of it would endanger the community, that law ought to be laid asleep for such a time, by the proper authority. Thus the very intention of our Habeas Corpus act, namely, the preservation of the liberties of the subject, absolutely requires that act to be now suspended, since the confinement of dangerous and suspected persons, who might strengthen this rebellion, and spread a civil war through all parts of this kingdom, secures to us our civil rights, and every thing that can be valuable to a free people.

As every government must in its nature be armed with such an authority, we may observe that those governments which have been the most famous for public spirit, and the most jealous of their liberty, have never failed to exert it upon proper occasions. There cannot be a greater instance of this, than in the old commonwealth of Rome, who flattered themselves with an opinion that their government had in it a due temper of the regal, noble, and popular power, represented by the consuls, the senators, and the tribunes. The regal part was, however, in several points notoriously defective, and particularly because the consuls had not a negative in the passing of a law, as the other two branches had. Nevertheless, in this government, when the republic was threatened with any great and imminent danger, they thought it for the common safety to appoint a temporary dictator, invested with the whole power of the three branches; who, when the danger was over, retired again into the community, and left the government in its natural situation. But what is more to our case, the consular power itself, though infinitely short of the regal power in Great Britain, was intrusted with the whole authority which the legislature has put into the hands of his majesty. We have an eminent instance of this in the motto of my paper, which I shall translate for the benefit of the English reader, after having advertised him, that the power there given to the consul, was in the time of a conspiracy. "The senate therefore made a decree, as usual, when they have matters before them of so horrid a nature, that the consuls should take care the commonwealth did not suffer any prejudice. By virtue of this very great power which the senate allows to the magistrate, according to the ancient customs of Rome, he may raise an army, wage war, make use of all kinds of methods to restrain the associates and citizens of Rome, and exercise the supreme authority both at home and abroad in matters civil and military; whereas, otherwise, the consul is not invested with any of these powers without the express command of the people."

There now only remains to show, that his majesty is legally possessed of this power; and that the necessity of the present affairs requires he should be so. He is intrusted with it by the legislature of the nation; and in the very notion of a legislature is implied a power to change, repeal, and suspend what laws are in being, as well as to make what new laws they shall think fit for the good of the people. This is so uncontroverted a maxim, that I believe never any body attempted to refute it. Our legislature have however had that just regard for their fellow-subjects, as not to entertain a thought of abrogating this law, but only to hinder it from operating at a time when it would endanger the constitution. The king is empowered to act but for a few months by virtue of this suspension; and by that means differs from a king of France, or any other tyrannical prince, who, in times of peace and tranquillity, and upon what occasion he pleases, sends any of his subjects out of the knowledge of their friends into such castles, dungeons, or imprisonments as he thinks fit. Nor did the legislature do any thing in this that was unprecedented. The Habeas Corpus act was made but about five and thirty years ago, and since that time has been suspended four times before his present

majesty's accession to the throne: twice under the reign of King William and Queen Mary; once under the reign of King William; and once under the reign of Queen Anne.

The necessity of this law at this time arose from the prospect of an invasion, which has since broke out into an actual rebellion; and from informations of secret and dangerous practices among men of considerable figure, who could not have been prevented from doing mischief to their country but by such a suspension of this act of parliament.

I cannot, however, but observe, that, notwithstanding the lawfulness and necessity of such a suspension, had not the rebellion broke out after the passing of this act of parliament, I do not know how those who had been the most instrumental in procuring it, could have escaped that popular odium, which their malicious and artful enemies have now in vain endeavoured to stir up against them. Had it been possible for the vigilance and endeavours of a ministry to have hindered even the attempts of an invasion, their very endeavours might have proved prejudicial to them. Their prudent and resolute precautions would have turned to their disadvantage, had they not been justified by those events, which they did all that was in their power to obviate. This naturally brings to mind the reflection of Tully in the like circumstances, "That amidst the divisions of Rome, a man was in an unhappy condition who had a share in the administration, nay, even in the preservation of the commonwealth." *O conditionem miseram non modo administrandæ, verum etiam conservandæ Reipublicæ!*

Besides, every unprejudiced man will consider how mildly and equitably this power has been used. The persons confined have been treated with all possible humanity, and abridged of nothing but the liberty of hurting their country, and very probably of ruining both themselves and their families. And as to the numbers of those who are under this short restraint, it is very observable, that people do not seem so much surprised at the confinement of some, as at the liberty of many others. But we may from hence conclude, what every Englishman must observe with great pleasure, that his majesty does not in this great point regulate himself by any private jealousies or suspicions, but by those evidences and informations which he has received.

We have already found the good consequences of this suspension, in that it has hindered the rebellion from gathering the strength it would otherwise have gained; not to mention those numbers it has kept from engaging in so desperate an enterprise, with the many lives it has preserved, and the desolations it has prevented.

For these and many other reasons, the representatives of Great Britain in parliament could never have answered it to the people they represent, who have found such great benefits from the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and without it must have felt such fatal consequences, had they not, in a case of such great necessity, made use of this customary, legal, and reasonable method for securing his majesty on the throne, and their country from misery or ruin.

No. 17.] *Friday, February* 17.

—Hic niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveto.—*Hor.*

We are told that, in Turkey, when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods, it is usual to blacken the whole front of his house: nay, we have sometimes heard, that an ambassador, whose "business it is" (if I may quote his character in Sir Henry Wotton's words) "to lie for the good of his country," has sometimes had this mark set upon his house, when he has been detected in any piece of feigned intelligence, that has prejudiced the government, and misled the minds of the people. One could almost wish that the habitations of such of our own countrymen as deal in forgeries, detrimental to the public, were distinguished in the same manner; that their fellow subjects might be cautioned not to be too easy in giving credit to them. Were such a method put in practice, this metropolis would be strangely chequered; some entire parishes would be in mourning, and several streets darkened from one end to the other.

But I have given my thoughts, in two preceding papers, both on the inventors and the believers of these public falsehoods and calumnies, and shall here speak of that contempt with which they are and ought to be received by those in high stations, at whom they are levelled. Any person, indeed, who is zealous for promoting the interest of his country, must conquer all that tenderness and delicacy which may make him afraid of being spoken ill of; or his endeavours will often produce no less uneasiness to himself, than benefit to the public. Among a people who indulge themselves in the utmost freedoms of thought and speech, a man must either be insignificant, or able to bear an undeserved reproach. A true patriot may comfort himself under the attacks of falsehood and obloquy, from several motives and reflections.

In the first place, he should consider, that the chief of his antagonists are generally actuated by a spirit of envy; which would not rise against him, if it were not provoked by his desert. A statesman, who is possessed of real merit, should look upon his political censurers with the same neglect, that a good writer regards his critics; who are generally a race of men that are not able to discover the beauties of a work they examine, and deny that approbation to others, which they never met with themselves. Patriots, therefore, should rather rejoice in the success of their honest designs, than be mortified by those who misrepresent them.

They should likewise consider, that not only envy, but vanity has a share in the detraction of their adversaries. Such aspersions, therefore, do them honour at the same time that they are intended to lessen their reputation. They should reflect, that those who endeavour to stir up the multitude against them, do it to be thought considerable, and not a little applaud themselves in a talent that can raise clamours out of nothing, and throw a ferment among the people, by murmurs or complaints, which they know in their own hearts are altogether groundless. There is a pleasant instance of this nature recorded at length in the first book of the Annals of Tacitus. When a great part of the Roman legions were in a disposition to mutiny, an impudent varlet, who was a private sentinel, being mounted upon the shoulders of his fellow-soldiers, and resolved to try the power of his eloquence, addressed himself to the army, in all the postures of an orator, after the following manner: "You have given liberty to these miserable men," said he, pointing to some criminals whom they had rescued, "but which of you can restore life to my brother? Who can give me back my brother? He was murdered no longer ago than last night, by the hands of those ruffians, who are entertained by the general to butcher the poor soldiery. Tell me, Blæsus," for that was the name of the general, who was then sitting on the tribunal, "tell me, where hast thou cast his dead body? An enemy does not grudge the rites of burial. When I have tired myself with kissing his cold corpse, and weeping over it, order me to be slain upon it. All I ask of my fellow-soldiers, since we both die in their cause, is, that they would lay me in the same grave with my brother." The whole army was in an uproar at this moving speech, and resolved to do the speaker justice, when, upon inquiry, they found that he never had a brother in his life; and that he stirred up the sedition only to show his parts.

Public ministers would likewise do well to consider, that the principal authors of such reproaches as are cast upon them, are those who have a mind to get their places: and as for a censure arising from this motive, it is in their power to escape it when they please, and turn it upon their competitors. Malecontents of an inferior character are actuated by the same principle; for so long as there are employments of all sizes, there will be murmurers of all degrees. I have heard of a country gentleman, who made a very long and melancholy complaint to the late Duke of Buckingham, when he was in great power at court, of several public grievances. The duke, after having given him a very patient hearing, "My dear friend," says he, "this is but too true; but I have thought of an expedient which will set all things right, and that very soon." His country friend asked him, what it was? "You must know," says the duke, "there's a place of five hundred pounds a year fallen this very morning, which I intend to put you in possession of." The gentleman thanked his grace, went away satisfied, and thought the nation the happiest under heaven, during that whole ministry.

But farther, every man in a public station ought to consider, that when there are two different parties in a nation, they will see things in different lights. An action, however conducive to the good of their country, will be represented by the artful, and appear to the ignorant, as prejudicial to it. Since I have here, according to the usual liberty of essay-writers, rambled into several stories, I shall fetch one to my present purpose out of the Persian history. We there read of a virtuous young emperor, who was very much afflicted to find his actions misconstrued and defamed by a party among his subjects that favoured another interest. As he was one day sitting among the ministers of his divan, and amusing himself after the eastern manner, with the solution of difficult problems and enigmas, he proposed to them, in his turn, the following one. "What is the tree that bears three hundred and sixty-five leaves, which are all black on the one side, and white on the other?" His grand visier immediately replied, it was the year, which consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and nights: "But, sir," says he, "permit me at the same time to take notice, that these leaves represent your actions, which carry different faces to your friends and enemies, and will always appear black to those who are resolved only to look upon the wrong side of them."

A virtuous man, therefore, who lays out his endeavours for the good of his country, should never be troubled at the reports which are made of him, so long as he is conscious of his own integrity. He should rather be pleased to find people descanting upon his actions, because, when they are thoroughly canvassed and examined, they are sure, in the end, to turn to his honour and advantage. The reasonable and unprejudiced part of mankind will be of his side, and rejoice to see their common interest lodged in such honest hands. A strict examination of a great man's character, is like the trial of a suspected chastity, which was made among the Jews by the waters of jealousy. Moses assures us, that the criminal burst upon the drinking of them; but if she was accused wrongfully, the Rabbins tell us, they heightened her charms, and made her much more amiable than before; so that they destroyed the guilty, but beautified the innocent.

No. 18.] *Monday, February* 20.

——————Inopem me copia fecit.—*Ovid.*

EVERY Englishman will be a good subject to King George, in proportion as he is a good Englishman, and a lover of the constitution of his country. In order to awaken a

my readers the love of this their constitution, it may be necessary to set forth its superior excellency to that form of government, which many wicked and ignorant men have of late years endeavoured to introduce among us. I shall not, therefore, think it proper to take notice, from time to time, of any particular act of power, exerted by those among whom the pretender to his majesty's crown has been educated; which would prove fatal to this nation, should it be conquered and governed by a person who, in all probability, would put in practice the politics in which he has been so long instructed.

There has been nothing more observable in the reign of his present Gallic majesty, than the method he has taken for supplying his exchequer with a necessary sum of money. The ways and means for raising it has been an edict, or a command in writing signed by himself, to increase the value of louis d'ors from fourteen to sixteen livres, by virtue of a new stamp which shall be struck upon them. As this method will bring all the gold of the kingdom into his hands, it is provided by the same edict that they shall be paid out again to the people at twenty livres each; so that four livres in the score, by this means, accrue to his majesty out of all the money in the kingdom of France.

This method of raising money is consistent with that form of government, and with the repeated practice of their late grand monarque; so that I shall not here consider the many evil consequences which it must have upon their trade, their exchange, and public credit: I shall only take notice of the whimsical circumstances a people must lie under, who can be thus made poor or rich by an edict, which can throw an alloy into a louis d'or, and debase it into half its former value, or, if his majesty pleases, raise the price of it, not by the accession of metal, but of a mark. By the present edict many a man in France will swell into a plum, who fell several thousand pounds short of it the day before its publication. This conveys a kind of fairy treasure into their chests, even whilst they are under lock and key; and is a secret of multiplication without addition. It is natural enough, however, for the vanity of the French nation to grow insolent upon this imaginary wealth, not considering that their neighbours think them no more rich, by virtue of an edict to make fourteen twenty, than they would think them more formidable should there be another edict to make every man in the kingdom seven foot high.

It was usual for his late most Christian majesty to sink the value of their louis d'ors about the time he was to receive the taxes of his good people, and to raise them when he had got them safe into his coffers. And there is no question but the present government in that kingdom will so far observe this kind of conduct, as to reduce the twenty livres to their old number of fourteen, when they have paid them out of their hands; which will immediately sink the present timpany of wealth, and re-establish the natural poverty of the Gallic nation.

One cannot but pity the melancholy condition of a miser in this country, who is perpetually telling his livres, without being able to know how rich he is. He is as ridiculously puzzled and perplexed as a man that counts the stones on Salisbury Plain, which can never be settled to any certain number, but are more or fewer every time he reckons them.

I have heard of a young French lady, a subject of Louis the Fourteenth, who was contracted to a marquis upon the foot of a five thousand pound fortune, which she had by her in specie; but one of these unlucky edicts coming out a week before the intended marriage, she lost a thousand pound, and her bridegroom into the bargain.

The uncertainty of riches is a subject much discoursed of in all countries, but may be insisted on more emphatically in France than any other. A man is here under such a kind of situation, as one who is managed by a juggler. He fancies he has so many pieces of money in his hand; but let him grasp them never so carefully, upon a word or two of the artist they increase or dwindle to what number the doctor is pleased to name.

This method of lowering or advancing money, we, who have the happiness to be in another form of government, should look upon as an unwarrantable kind of clipping and coining. However, as it is an expedient that is often practised, and may be justified in that constitution which has been so thoroughly studied by the pretender to his majesty's crown, I do not see what should have hindered him from making use of so expeditious a method for raising a supply, if he had succeeded in his late attempt to dethrone his majesty, and subvert our constitution. I shall leave it to the consideration of the reader, if, in such a case, the following edict, or something very like it, might not have been expected.

"Whereas, these our kingdoms have long groaned under an expensive and consuming land war, which has very much exhausted the treasure of the nation, we being willing to increase the wealth of our people, and not thinking it advisable for this purpose to make use of the tedious methods of merchandise and commerce, which have been always promoted by a faction among the worst of our subjects, and were so wisely discountenanced by the best of them in the late reign, do hereby enact, by our sole will and pleasure, that every shilling in Great Britain shall pass in all payments for the sum of fourteen pence, till the first of September next, and that every other piece of money shall rise and pass, in current payment, in the same proportion. The advantage which will accrue to these nations by this our royal donative, will visibly appear to all men of sound principles, who are so

justly famous for their antipathy to strangers, and would not see the landed interest of their country weakened by the importations of foreign gold and silver. But since, by reason of the great debts which we have contracted abroad, during our fifteen years reign, as well as of our present exigencies, it will be necessary to fill our exchequer by the most prudent and expeditious methods, we do also hereby order every one of our subjects to bring in these his fourteen-penny pieces, and all the other current cash of this kingdom, by what new titles soever dignified or distinguished, to the master of our mint, who, after having set a mark upon them, shall deliver out to them, on, or after, the first of September aforesaid, their respective sums, taking only four pence for ourself for such his mark on every fourteen-penny piece, which from henceforth shall pass in payment for eighteen pence, and so in proportion for the rest. By this method, the money of this nation will be more by one third than it is at present; and we shall content ourselves with not quite one-fifth part of the current cash of our loving subjects; which will but barely suffice to clear the interest of those sums in which we stand indebted to our most dear brother and ancient ally. We are glad of this opportunity of showing an instance of our goodness to our subjects, by this our royal edict, which shall be read in every parish church of Great Britain, immediately after the celebration of high mass. *For such is our pleasure.*"

No. 19.] *Friday, February 24.*

Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ; etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est. *Sallust.*

It has been usual these many years for writers, who have approved the scheme of government which has taken place, to explain to the people the reasonableness of those principles which have prevailed, and to justify the conduct of those who act in conformity to such principles. It therefore happens well for the party which is undermost, when a work of this nature falls into the hands of those who content themselves to attack their principles, without exposing their persons, or singling out any particular objects for satire and ridicule. This manner of proceeding is no inconsiderable piece of merit in writers, who are often more influenced by a desire of fame, than a regard to the public good; and who, by this means, lose many fair opportunities of showing their own wit, or of gratifying the ill-nature of their readers.

When a man thinks a party engaged in such measures as tend to the ruin of his country, it is certainly a very laudable and virtuous action in him to make war after this manner upon the whole body. But as several casuists are of opinion that, in a battle, you should discharge upon the gross of the enemy, without levelling your piece at any particular person; so in this kind of combat also, I cannot think it fair to aim at any one man, and make his character the mark of your hostilities. There is now to be seen in the castle of Milan, a cannon bullet, inscribed, "This to the Mareschal de Crequi," which was the very ball that shot him. An author, who points his satire at a great man, is to be looked upon in the same view with the engineer who signalized himself by this ungenerous practice.

But as the spirit of the Whigs and Tories shows itself, upon every occasion, to be very widely different from one another; so is it particularly visible in the writings of this kind, which have been published by each party. The latter may, indeed, assign one reason to justify themselves in this practice; that, having nothing of any manner of weight to offer against the principles of their antagonists, if they speak at all, it must be against their persons. When they cannot refute an adversary, the shortest way is to libel him; and to endeavour at the making his person odious, when they cannot represent his notions as absurd.

The Examiner was a paper, in the last reign, which was the favourite work of the party. It was ushered into the world by a letter from the secretary of state, setting forth the great genius of the author, the usefulness of his design, and the mighty consequences that were to be expected from it. It is said to have been written by those among them whom they looked upon as their most celebrated wits and politicians, and was dispersed into all quarters of the nation with great industry and expense. Who would not have expected, that at least the rules of decency and candour would be observed in such a performance? but, instead of this, you saw all the great men, who had done eminent services to their country but a few years before, draughted out one by one, and baited in their turns. No sanctity of character, or privilege of sex, exempted persons from this barbarous usage. Several of our prelates were the standing marks of public raillery, and many ladies of the first quality branded by name for matters of fact, which, as they were false, were not heeded, and if they had been true, were innocent. The dead themselves were not spared. And here I cannot forbear taking notice of a kind of wit which has lately grown into fashion among the versifiers, epigrammatists, and other authors, who think it sufficient to distinguish themselves by their zeal for what they call the high-church, while they sport with the most tremendous parts of revealed religion. Every one has seen epigrams upon the deceased fathers of our church, where the whole thought has turned upon hell-fire. Patriots, who ought to be remembered with honour by their posterity, have been introduced as speakers in a state of torments.

There is something dreadful even in repeating these execrable pieces, which no man, who really believes in another life, can peruse without fear and trembling. It is astonishing to see readers who call themselves Christians, applauding such diabolical mirth, and seeming to rejoice in the doom which is pronounced against their enemies, by such abandoned scribblers. A wit of this kind, may with great truth be compared to the fool in the Proverbs, "who plays with arrows, fire-brands and death, and says, am I not in sport?"

I must, in justice to the more sober and considerate of that party, confess that many of them were highly scandalised at that personal slander and reflection which was flung out so freely by the libellers of the last reign, as well as by those profane liberties which have been since continued. And, as for those who are either the authors or the admirers of such compositions, I would have them consider with themselves, whether the name of a good churchman can atone for the want of that charity, which is the most essential part of Christianity. They would likewise do well to reflect, how, by these methods, the poison has run freely into the minds of the weak and ignorant; heightened their rage against many of their fellow-subjects; and almost divested them of the common sentiments of humanity.

In the former part of this paper, I have hinted that the design of it is to oppose the principles of those who are enemies to the present government, and the main body of that party who espouse those principles. But even in such general attacks there are certain measures to be kept, which may have a tendency rather to gain, than to irritate those who differ with you in their sentiments. The Examiner would not allow such as were of a contrary opinion to him, to be either Christians or fellow-subjects. With him they were all atheists, deists, or apostates, and a separate commonwealth among themselves, that ought either to be extirpated, or, when he was in a better humour, only to be banished out of their native country. They were often put in mind of some approaching execution, and therefore all of them advised to prepare themselves for it, as men who had then nothing to take care of, but how to die decently. In short, the Examiner seemed to make no distinction between conquest and destruction.

The conduct of this work has hitherto been regulated by different views, and shall continue to be so; unless the party it has to deal with draw upon themselves another kind of treatment: for, if they shall persist in pointing their batteries against particular persons, there are no laws of war that forbid the making of reprisals. In the mean time, this undertaking shall be managed with that generous spirit which was so remarkable among the Romans, who did not subdue a country in order to put the inhabitants to fire and sword, but to incorporate them into their own community, and make them happy in the same government with themselves.

No. 20.] *Monday, February 27.*

Privatus illis census erat brevis
Commune magnum———— *Hor.*

It is very unlucky for those who make it their business to raise popular murmurs and discontents against his majesty's government, that they find so very few and so very improper occasions for them. To show how hard they are set in this particular, there are several, who, for want of other materials, are forced to represent the bill which has passed this session, for laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon land, as a kind of grievance upon the subject. If this be a matter of complaint, it ought, in justice, to fall upon those who have made it necessary. Had there been no rebellion, there would have been no increase of the land-tax; so that, in proportion as a man declares his aversion to the one, he ought to testify his abhorrence of the other. But it is very remarkable that those, who would persuade the people that they are aggrieved by this additional burden, are the very persons who endeavour, in their ordinary conversation, to extenuate the heinousness of the rebellion, and who express the greatest tenderness for the persons of the rebels. They show a particular indulgence for that unnatural insurrection which has drawn this load upon us, and are angry at the means which were necessary for suppressing it. There needs no clearer proof of the spirit and intention with which they act: I shall, therefore, advise my fellow-freeholders to consider the character of any person, who would possess them with the notion of a hardship that is put upon the country by this tax. If he be one of known affection to the present establishment, they may imagine there is some reason for complaint. But, if on the contrary, he be one, who has shown himself indifferent as to the success of the present rebellion, or is suspected as a private abettor of it, they may take it for granted, his complaint against the land-tax is, either the rage of a disappointed man, or the artifice of one who would alienate their affections from the present government.

The expense which will arise to the nation from this rebellion is already computed at near a million. And it is a melancholy consideration for the freeholders of Great Britain, that the treason of their fellow-subjects should bring upon them as great a charge as the war with France. At the same time every reasonable man among them will pay a tax, with at least as great cheerfulness for stifling a civil war in its birth, as for carrying on a war in a foreign country. Had not our first supplies been effectual for crushing of our domestic enemies, we should immediately have beheld the whole kingdom a scene of slaughter and desolation: whereas, if we

had failed in our first attempts upon a distant nation, we might have repaired the losses of one campaign by the advantages of another, and after several victories gained over us, might still have kept the enemy from our gates.

As it was thus absolutely necessary to raise a sum that might enable the government to put a speedy stop to the rebellion, so could there be no method thought of raising such a sum more proper, than this of laying an additional tax of two shillings in the pound upon land.

In the first place: This tax has already been so often tried, that we know the exact produce of it, which, in any new project, is always very doubtful and uncertain. As we are thus acquainted with the produce of this tax; we find it is adequate to the services for which it is designed, and that the additional tax is proportioned to the supernumerary expense, which falls upon the kingdom this year by the unnatural rebellion, as it has been above stated.

In the next place: No other tax could have been thought of, upon which so much money would have been immediately advanced as was necessary in so critical a juncture, for pushing our successes against the rebels, and preventing the attempts of their friends and confederates, both at home and abroad. Nobody cares to make loans upon a new and untried project; whereas, men never fail to bring in their money upon a land-tax, when the premium, or interest allowed them, is suited to the hazard they run by such loans to the government. And here one cannot but bewail the misfortune of our country, when we consider, that the House of Commons had, last year, reduced this interest to four per cent. by which means there was a considerable saving to the nation; but that this year they have been forced to give six per cent. as well knowing the fatal consequences that might have ensued, had there not been an interest allowed, which would certainly encourage the lender to venture, in such a time of danger, what was indispensably necessary for the exigencies of the public.

Besides, this is a method for raising a sum of money, that, with the ordinary taxes, will, in all probability, defray the whole expense of the year: so that there is no burden laid upon our posterity, who have been sufficiently loaded by other means of raising money; nor any deficiency to be hereafter made up by ourselves; which has been our case in so many other subsidies.

To this we may add, that we have no example of any other tax, which, in its nature, would so particularly affect the enemies to his majesty's government. Multitudes of Papists and Nonjurors will be obliged to furnish a double proportion, out of their revenues, towards the clearing of that expense, which by their open and secret practices they have been instrumental in bringing upon their fellow-subjects.

I shall only mention one consideration more; that no other tax is so likely to cease as this is, when there is no farther occasion for it. This tax is established by a House of Commons, which, by virtue of an act of parliament passed a few years ago, must consist, for the most part, of landed men; so that a great share of the weight of it must necessarily fall upon the members of their own body. As this is an instance of their public spirit, so we may be sure they would not have exerted it, had there not been an absolute necessity; nor can we doubt, that for the same reasons, when this necessity ceases, they will take the first opportunity of easing themselves in this particular, as well as those whom they represent. It is a celebrated notion of a patriot, who signally distinguished himself for the liberties of his country, that a house of commons should never grant such subsidies as are easy to be raised, and give no pain to the people, lest the nation should acquiesce under a burden they did not feel, and see it perpetuated without repining. Whether this notion might not be too refined, I shall not determine; but by what has been already said, I think we may promise ourselves, that this additional tax of two shillings in the pound will not be continued another year, because we may hope the rebellion will be entirely ended in this.

And here, I believe, it must be obvious to every one's reflection, that the rebellion might not have concluded so soon, had not this method been made use of for that end. A foreign potentate trembles at the thought of entering into a war with so wealthy an enemy as the British nation, when he finds the whole landed interest of the kingdom engaged to oppose him with their united force; and at all times ready to employ against him such a part of their revenues as shall be sufficient to baffle his designs upon their country: especially, when none can imagine, that he expects any encouragement from those whose fortunes are either lodged in the funds or employed in trade.

The wisdom, therefore, of the present House of Commons has, by this tax, not only enabled the king to subdue those of his own subjects, who have been actually in arms against him, but to divert any of his neighbours from the hopes of lending them a competent assistance.

No. 21.] *Friday, March* 2.

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros; quam mille secutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.
Virg.

It is not easy for any one, who saw the magnificence of yesterday in the court of Great Britain, to turn his thoughts for some time after on any other subject. It was a solemnity every way suited to the birth-day

of a princess, who is the delight of our nation, and the glory of her sex. Homer tells us, that when the daughter of Jupiter presented herself among a crowd of goddesses, she was distinguished from the rest by her graceful stature, and known by her superior beauty, notwithstanding they were all beautiful. Such was the appearance of the Princess of Wales among our British ladies; or (to use a more solemn phrase) of "the king's daughter among her honourable women." Her royal highness, in the midst of such a circle, raises in the beholder the idea of a fine picture, where (notwithstanding the diversity of pleasing objects that fill up the canvass) the principal figure immediately takes the eye, and fixes the attention.

When this excellent princess was yet in her father's court, she was so celebrated for the beauty of her person, and the accomplishments of her mind, that there was no prince in the empire, who had room for such an alliance, that was not ambitious of gaining her into his family, either as a daughter, or as a consort. He, who is now the chief of the crowned heads in Europe, and was then king of Spain, and heir to all the dominions of the house of Austria, sought her in marriage. Could her mind have been captivated with the glories of this world, she had them all laid before her; but she generously declined them, because she saw the acceptance of them was inconsistent with what she esteems more than all the glories of this world, the enjoyment of her religion. Providence, however, kept in store a reward for such an exalted virtue; and, by the secret methods of its wisdom, opened a way for her to become the greatest of her sex, among those who profess that faith to which she adhered with so much Christian magnanimity.

This, her illustrious conduct, might, in the eye of the world, have lost its merit, had so accomplished a prince as his royal highness declared his passion for the same alliance at that time; it would then have been no wonder that all other proposals had been rejected. But it was the fame of this heroic constancy that determined his royal highness to desire in marriage a princess whose personal charms, which had before been so universally admired, were now become the least part of her character. We, of the British nation, have reason to rejoice, that such a proposal was made and accepted; and that her royal highness, with regard to these two successive treaties of marriage, showed as much prudence in her compliance with the one, as piety in her refusal of the other.

The princess was no sooner arrived at Hanover, than she improved the lustre of that court, which was before reckoned among the politest in Europe; and increased the satisfaction of that people, who were before looked upon as the happiest in the empire. She immediately became the darling of the Princess Sophia, who was acknowledged in all the courts of Europe the most accomplished woman of the age in which she lived, and who was not a little pleased with the conversation of one in whom she saw so lively an image of her own youth.

But I shall insist no longer on that reputation which her royal highness has acquired in other countries. We daily discover those admirable qualities for which she is so justly famed, and rejoice to see them exerted in our own country, where we ourselves are made happy by their influence. We are the more pleased to behold the throne of these kingdoms surrounded by a numerous and beautiful progeny, when we consider the virtues of those from whom they descend. Not only the features, but the mind of the parent is often copied out in the offspring. But the princess we are speaking of, takes the surest method of making her royal issue like herself, by instilling early into their minds all the principles of religion, virtue, and honour, and seasoning their tender years with all that knowledge which they are capable of receiving. What may we not hope from such an uncommon care in the education of the children of Great Britain, who are directed by such precepts, and will be formed by such an example!

The conjugal virtues are so remarkable in her royal highness, as to deserve those just and generous returns of love and tenderness, for which the prince her husband is so universally celebrated.

But there is no part of her royal highness's character which we observe with greater pleasure, than that behaviour by which she has so much endeared herself to his majesty; though indeed we have no reason to be surprised at this mutual intercourse of duty and affection, when we consider so wise and virtuous a princess possessing, in the same sacred person, the kindest of fathers, and the best of kings. And here it is natural for us to congratulate our own good fortune, who see our sovereign blessed with a numerous issue, among whom are heirs male in two direct descents, which has not happened in the reign of any English king since the time of his majesty's great ancestor, Edward the Third, and is a felicity not enjoyed by the subjects of any other of the kings of Europe, who are his contemporaries. We are like men entertained with the view of a spacious landscape, where the eye passes over one pleasing prospect into another, till the sight is lost by degrees in a succession of delightful objects, and leaves us in the persuasion that there remain still more behind.

But if we regard her royal highness in that light, which diffuses the greatest glory around a human character, we shall find the Christian no less conspicuous than the princess. She is as eminent for a sincere piety in the practice of religion, as for an inviolable aherence to its principles. She is constant in her attendance on the daily offices of our church, and by her serious and devout comportment on these solemn occasions,

gives an example that is very often too much wanted in courts.

Her religion is equally free from the weakness of superstition, and the sourness of enthusiasm. It is not of that uncomfortable, melancholy nature which disappoints its own end, by appearing unamiable to those whom it would gain to its interests. It discovers itself in the genuine effects of Christianity, in affability, compassion, benevolence, evenness of mind and all the offices of an active and universal charity.

As a cheerful temper is the necessary result of these virtues, so it shines out in all the parts of her conversation, and dissipates those apprehensions which naturally hang on the timorous or the modest, when they are admitted to the honour of her presence. There is none that does not listen with pleasure to a person in so high a station, who condescends to make herself thus agreeable by mirth without levity, and wit without ill-nature.

Her royal highness is, indeed, possessed of all those talents which make conversation either delightful or improving. As she has a fine taste of the elegant arts, and is skilled in several modern languages, her discourse is not confined to the ordinary subjects or forms of conversation, but can adapt itself with an uncommon grace to every occasion, and entertain the politest persons of different nations. I need not mention, what is observed by every one, that agreeable turn which appears in her sentiments upon the most ordinary affairs of life, and which is so suitable to the delicacy of her sex, the politeness of her education, and the splendor of her quality.

It would be vain to think of drawing into the compass of this paper, the many eminent virtues which adorn the character of this great princess; but as it is one chief end of this undertaking to make the people sensible of the blessings which they enjoy under his majesty's reign, I could not but lay hold on this opportunity to speak of that which ought in justice to be reckoned among the greatest of them.

No. 22.] *Monday, March 5.*

Studiis rudis, sermone barbaras, impetu strenuus, manu promptus, cogitatione celer.

Vell. Paterc.

For the honour of his majesty, and the safety of his government, we cannot but observe, that those who have appeared the greatest enemies to both, are of that rank of men, who are commonly distinguished by the title of Fox-hunters. As several of these have had no part of their education in cities, camps, or courts, it is doubtful whether they are of greater ornament or use to the nation in which they live. It would be an everlasting reproach to politics, should such men be able to overturn an establishment which has been formed by the wisest laws, and is supported by the ablest heads. The wrong notions and prejudices which cleave to many of these country gentlemen, who have always lived out of the way of being better informed, are not easy to be conceived by a person who has never conversed with them.

That I may give my readers an image of these rural statesmen, I shall, without farther preface, set down an account of a discourse I chanced to have with one of them some time ago. I was travelling towards one of the remote parts of England, when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, seeing a country gentleman trotting before me with a spaniel by his horse's side, I made up to him. Our conversation opened, as usual, upon the weather, in which we were very unanimous; having both agreed that it was too dry for the season of the year. My fellow traveller, upon this, observed to me, that there had been no good weather since the revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather they used to have in King Charles the Second's reign. I only answered, that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the king's fault; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon a rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to on old fantastical cur, Mr. Such-a-one, "You must have heard of him," says he, "he's one of the Rump." I knew the gentleman's character upon hearing his name, but assured him that to my knowledge he was a good churchman: "Ay!" says he with a kind of surprise, "We were told in the country, that he spoke twice in the queen's time against taking off the duties upon French claret." This naturally led us into the proceedings of late parliaments, upon which occasion he affirmed roundly, that there had not been one good law passed since King William's accession to the throne, except the act for preserving the game. I had a mind to see him out, and therefore did not care for contradicting him. "Is it not hard," says he, "that honest gentlemen should be taken into custody of messengers to prevent them from acting according to their consciences? But," says he, "what can we expect when a parcel of factious sons of whores——" He was going on in great passion, but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush, that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still till he had whistled him up; when he fell into a long panegyric upon his spaniel, who seemed indeed excellent in his kind: but I found the most remarkable adventure of his life was, that he had once like to have worried a dissenting teacher. The master could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of this story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and, as he himself told me, had made him a great favourite among all the honest gentlemen of the country. We were at length diverted from this

piece of mirth by a post-boy, who winding his horn at us, my companion gave him two or three curses, and left the way clear for him. "I fancy," said I, "that post brings news from Scotland. I shall long to see the next Gazette." "Sir," says he, "I make it a rule never to believe any of your printed news. We never see, sir, how things go, except now and then in Dyer's Letters, and I read that more for the style than the news. The man has a clever pen it must be owned. But is it not strange that we should be making war upon church of England men, with Dutch and Swiss soldiers, men of antimonarchical principles? these foreigners will never be loved in England, sir; they have not that wit and good breeding that we have." I must confess I did not expect to hear my new acquaintance value himself upon these qualifications, but, finding him such a critic upon foreigners, I asked him if he had ever travelled; he told me, he did not know what travelling was good for, but to teach a man to ride the great horse, to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience: to which he added, that he scarce ever knew a traveller in his life who had not forsook his principles, and lost his hunting seat. "For my part," says he, "I, and my father before me, have always been for passive obedience, and shall be always for opposing a prince who makes use of ministers that are of another opinion. But where do you intend to inn to night?" (for we were now come in sight of the next town.) "I can help you to a very good landlord, if you will go along with me. He is a lusty, jolly fellow, that lives well, at least three yards in the girt, and the best church of England man upon the road." I had a curiosity to see this high-church innkeeper, as well as to enjoy more of the conversation of my fellow-traveller, and therefore readily consented to set our horses together for that night. As we rode side by side, through the town, I was let into the characters of all the principal inhabitants whom we met in our way. One was a dog, another a whelp, another a cur, and another the son of a bitch, under which several denominations were comprehended all that voted on the Whig side in the last election of burgesses. As for those of his own party, he distinguished them by a nod of his head, and asking them how they did by their Christian names. Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion fetched out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments and private whispers passed between them; though it was easy to see, by the landlord's scratching his head, that things did not go to their wishes. The landlord had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to a standing crimson, by his zeal for the prosperity of the church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropped in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down two or three meeting-houses. While supper was preparing, he enlarged upon the happiness of the neighbouring shire; "For," says he, "there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole country, except the bishop." In short, I found by his discourse that he had learned a great deal of politics, but not one word of religion, from the parson of his parish; and, indeed, that he had scarce any other notion of religion, but that it consisted in hating Presbyterians. I had a remarkable instance of his notions in this particular. Upon seeing a poor decrepid old woman pass under the window where we sat, he desired me to take no notice of her; and afterwards informed me, that she was generally reputed a witch by the country people, but that, for his part, he was apt to believe she was a Presbyterian.

Supper was no sooner served in, than he took occasion, from a shoulder of mutton that lay before us, to cry up the plenty of England, which would be the happiest country in the world, provided we would live within ourselves. Upon which, he expatiated on the inconveniences of trade, that carried from us the commodities of our country, and made a parcel of upstarts as rich as men of the most ancient families of England. He then declared, frankly, that he had always been against all treaties and alliances with foreigners; "Our wooden walls," says he, "are our security, and we may bid defiance to the whole world, especially if they should attack us when the militia is out." I ventured to reply, that I had as great an opinion of the English fleet as he had; but I could not see how they could be paid, and manned, and fitted out, unless we encouraged trade and navigation. He replied, with some vehemence, that he would undertake to prove trade would be the ruin of the English nation. I would fain have put him upon it; but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon the London merchants, not forgetting the directors of the bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch; and he immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade, by observing to him, that the water was the only native of England that could be made use of on this occasion: but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmeg, were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion; but the landlord, who overheard me, brought him off, by affirming, that, for constant use, there was no liquor like a cup of English water, provided it had malt enough in it. My 'squire laughed heartily at the conceit, and made the landlord sit down with us. We sat pretty late over our punch; and, amidst a great deal of improving discourse, drank the healths of several persons in the country, whom I had never heard of, that, they both assured me, were the ablest

statesmen in the nation; and of some Londoners whom they extolled to the skies for their wit, and who, I knew, passed in town for silly fellows. It being now midnight, and my friend perceiving by his almanac that the moon was up, he called for his horses, and took a sudden resolution to go to his house, which was at three miles distance from the town, after having bethought himself that he never slept well out of his own bed. He shook me very heartily by the hand at parting, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks, that he had met with an opportunity of showing his parts, and left me a much wiser man than he found me.

No. 23.] *Friday, March* 9.

Illis ira modum supra est, et sæpe venenum
Morsibus inspirant.———— *Virg.*

In the wars of Europe which were waged among our forefathers, it was usual for the enemy, when there was a king in the field, to demand by a trumpet in what part of the camp he resided, that they might avoid firing upon the royal pavilion. Our party contests in England were heretofore managed with the same kind of decency and good breeding. The person of the prince was always looked upon as sacred; and whatever severe usage his friends or ministers met with, none presumed to direct their hostilities at their sovereign. The enemies of our present settlement are of such a coarse kind of make, and so equally void of loyalty and good manners, that they are grown scurrilous upon the royal family, and treat the most exalted characters with the most opprobrious language.

This petulance in conversation is particularly observed to prevail among some of that sex where it appears the most unbecoming and the most unnatural. Many of these act with the greater licentiousness, because they know they can act with the greater impunity. This consideration, indeed, engages the most generous and well-bred even of our she malecontents, to make no ill use of the indulgence of our lawgivers: and to discover in their debates at least the delicacy of the woman, if not the duty of the subject. But it is generally remarked, that every one of them, who is a shrew in domestic life, is now become a scold in politics. And as for those of the party, who are of a superior rank and unblemished virtue, it must be a melancholy reflection for them to consider that all the common women of the town are of their side: for which reason they ought to preserve a more than ordinary modesty in their satirical excursions, that their characters may not be liable to suspicion.

If there is not some method found out for allaying these heats and animosities among the fair sex, one does not know to what outrages they may proceed. I remember a hero in Scarron, who, finding himself opposed, by a mixed multitude of both sexes, with a great deal of virulent language, after having brought them to a submission, gave order (to keep them from doing farther mischief) that the men should be disarmed of their clubs, and that the women should have their nails pared. We are not yet reduced to the necessity of applying such violent remedies; but as we daily receive accounts of ladies battling it on both sides, and that those who appear against the constitution make war upon their antagonists by many unfair practices and unwarrantable methods, I think it is very convenient there should be a cartel settled between them. If they have not agreed upon any thing of this nature among themselves, I would propose to them the following plan, in which I have sketched out several rules suited to the politest sex in one of the most civilized nations.

That, in every political rencounter between woman and woman, no weapon shall be made use of but the tongue.

That, in the course of the engagement, if either of the combatants, finding herself hard pressed by her adversary, shall proceed to personal reflections or discovery of secrets, they shall be parted by the standers by.

That, when both sides are drawn up in a full assembly, it shall not be lawful for above five of them to talk at the same time.

That, if any shall detract from a lady's character, (unless she be absent,) the said detractress shall be forthwith ordered to the lowest place of the room.

That none presume to speak disrespectfully of his majesty, or any of the royal family, on pain of three hours' silence.

That none be permitted to talk spitefully of the court, unless they can produce vouchers that they have been there.

That the making use of news, which goes about in whisper, unless the author be produced, or the fact well attested, shall be deemed fighting with white powder, and contrary to the laws of war.

That any one who produces libels or lampoons, shall be regarded in the same manner as one who shoots with poisoned bullets.

That when a lady is thoroughly convinced of the falsehood of any story she has related, she shall give her parole not to tell it for a certain truth that winter.

That when any matter of doubt arises, which cannot otherwise be decided, appeal shall be made to a toast, if there be any such in the company.

That no coquette, notwithstanding she can do it with a good air, shall be allowed to sigh for the danger of the church, or to shiver at the apprehensions of fanaticism.

That when a woman has talked an hour and a half, it shall be lawful to call her down to order.

As this civil discord among the sisterhood of Great Britain is likely to engage them in

a long and lingering war, consisting altogether of drawn battles, it is the more necessary that there should be a cartel settled among them. Besides, as our English ladies are at present the greatest stateswomen in Europe, they will be in danger of making themselves the most unamiable part of their sex, if they continue to give a loose to intemperate language, and to a low kind of ribaldry, which is not used among the women of fashion in any other country.

Discretion and good nature have been always looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman, "whose price is above rubies," has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man, more endearing, than that "she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Besides, every fierce she-zealot should consider, that however any of the other sex may seem to applaud her as a partisan, there is none of them who would not be afraid of associating himself with her in any of the more private relations of life.

I shall only add, that there is no talent so pernicious as eloquence, to those who have it not under command: for which reason, women, who are so liberally gifted by nature in this particular, ought to study, with the greatest application, the rules of female oratory, delivered in that excellent treatise, entitled The Government of the Tongue. Had that author foreseen the political ferment which is now raised among the sex, he would probably have made his book larger by some chapters than it is at present: but what is wanting in that work, may, I hope, in some measure, be supplied by the above written cartel.

No. 24.] *Monday, March* 12.

Bellum importunum, cives, cum gente deorum,
Invictaque viris geritis———— *Virg.*

A PHYSICIAN makes use of various methods for the recovery of sick persons; and though some of them are painful, and all of them disagreeable, his patients are never angry at him, because they know he has nothing in view besides the restoring of them to a good state of health. I am forced to treat the disaffected part of his majesty's subjects in the same manner, and may therefore reasonably expect the same returns of good will. I propose nothing to myself but their happiness as the end of all my endeavours; and am forced to adapt different remedies to those different constitutions, which are to be found in such a distempered multitude. Some of them can see the unreasonable, and some of them the ridiculous, side of wrong principles, and, according to the different frame of their minds, reject an opinion as it carries in it either the appearance of wickedness, or of danger, or of folly.

I have endeavoured to expose in these several lights the notions and practices of those who are the enemies to our present establishment. But there is a set of arguments, which I have not yet touched upon, and which often succeed, when all others fail. There are many who will not quit a project, though they find it pernicious or absurd: but will readily desist from it, when they are convinced it is impracticable. An attempt to subvert the present government is, God be thanked, of this nature. I shall therefore apply the considerations of this paper rather to the discretion than the virtue of our malecontents, who should act in the present juncture of affairs like experienced gamesters, that throw up their cards when they know the game is in the enemy's hand, without giving themselves any unnecessary vexation in playing it out.

In the reign of our two last British sovereigns, those who did not favour their interest might be ungenerous enough to act upon the prospect of a change, considering the precarious condition of their health, and their want of issue to succeed them. But at present we enjoy a king of a long-lived family, who is in the vigour of his age, and blessed with a numerous progeny. To this we may add his remarkable steadiness in adhering to those schemes which he has formed upon the maturest deliberation, and that submissive deference of his royal highness, both from duty and inclination, to all the measures of his royal father. Nor must we omit that personal valour so peculiar to his majesty and his illustrious house, which would be sufficient to vanquish, as we find it actually deters, both his foreign and domestic enemies.

This great prince is supported by the whole Protestant interest of Europe, and strengthened with a long range of alliances that reach from one end of the continent to the other. He has a great and powerful king for his son-in-law; and can himself command, when he pleases, the whole strength of an electorate in the empire. Such a combination of sovereigns puts one in mind of the apparition of gods which discouraged Æneas from opposing the will of heaven. When his eyes were cleared of that mortal cloud which hung upon them, he saw the several celestial deities acting in a confederacy against him, and immediately gave up a cause which was excluded from all possibility of success.

But it is the greatest happiness, as well as the greatest pleasure, of our sovereign, that his chief strength lies in his own kingdoms. Both the branches of our legislature espouse his cause and interest with a becoming duty and zeal. The most considerable and wealthy of his subjects are convinced, that the prosperity of our sovereign and his people are inseparable: and we are very well satisfied, that his majesty, if the necessity of affairs should require it, might find, among the most dutiful of his subjects, men celebrated for their military characters, above any of the

age in which they live. There is no question but his majesty will be as generally valued and beloved in his British as he is in his German dominions, when he shall have time to make his royal virtues equally known among us. In the mean while we have the satisfaction to find, that his enemies have been only able to make ill impressions upon the low and ignorant rabble of the nation; and to put the dregs of the people into a ferment.

We have already seen how poor and contemptible a force has been raised by those who have dared to appear openly against his majesty, and how they were headed and encouraged by men whose sense of their guilt made them desperate in forming so rash an enterprise, and dispirited in the execution of it. But we have not seen that strength which would be exerted in the defence of his majesty, the Protestant religion, and the British liberties, were the danger great enough to require it. Should the king be reduced to the necessity of setting up the royal standard, how many thousands would range themselves under it! what a concourse would there be of nobles and patriots! We should see men of another spirit than what has appeared among the enemies to our country, and such as would outshine the rebellious part of their fellow-subjects as much in their gallantry as in their cause.

I shall not so much suspect the understandings of our adversaries, as to think it necessary to enforce these considerations, by putting them in mind of that fidelity and allegiance which is so visible in his majesty's fleet and army; or of many other particulars, which, in all human probability, will perpetuate our present form of government, and which may be suggested to them by their own private thoughts.

The party, indeed, that is opposite to our present happy settlement, seem to be driven out of the hopes of all human methods for carrying on their cause, and are therefore reduced to the poor comfort of prodigies and old women's fables. They begin to see armies in the clouds, when all upon the earth have forsaken them. Nay, I have been lately shown a written prophecy, that is handed among them with great secresy, by which it appears their chief reliance at present is upon a Cheshire miller who was born with two thumbs upon one hand.

I have addressed this whole paper to the despair of our malecontents, not with a design to aggravate the pain of it, but to use it as a means of making them happy. Let them seriously consider the vexation and disquietude of mind that they are treasuring up for themselves, by struggling with a power which will be always too hard for them; and by converting his majesty's reign into their own misfortune, which every impartial man must look upon as the greatest blessing to his country. Let them extinguish those passions, which can only imbitter their lives to them, and deprive them of their share in the happiness of the community. They may conclude that his majesty, in spite of any opposition they can form against him, will maintain his just authority over them; and whatever uneasiness they may give themselves, they can create none in him, excepting only because they prevent him from exerting equally his natural goodness and benevolence to every subject in his dominions.

No. 25.] *Friday, March* 16.

Quid est sapientia? semper idem velle atque idem nolle *Seneca.*

If we may believe the observation which is made of us by foreigners, there is no nation in Europe so much given to change as the English. There are some who ascribe this to the fickleness of our climate; and others to the freedom of our government. From one, or both of these causes, their writers derive that variety of humours which appears among the people in general, and that inconsistency of character which is to be found in almost every particular person. But as a man should always be upon his guard against the vices to which he is most exposed, so we should take a more than ordinary care not to lie at the mercy of the weather in our moral conduct, nor to make a capricious use of that liberty which we enjoy by the happiness of our civil constitution.

This instability of temper ought, in a particular manner, to be checked, when it shows itself in political affairs, and disposes men to wander from one scheme of government to another: since such a fickleness of behaviour in public measures cannot but be attended with very fatal effects to our country.

In the first place, it hinders any great undertaking, which requires length of time for its accomplishment, from being brought to its due perfection. There is not any instance in history which better confirms this observation, than that which is still fresh in every one's memory. We engaged in the late war with the design to reduce an exorbitant growth of power in the most dangerous enemy to Great Britain. We gained a long and wonderful series of victories, and had scarce any thing left to do, but to reap the fruits of them: when, on a sudden, our patience failed us; we grew tired of our undertaking; and received terms from those who were upon the point of giving us whatever we could have demanded of them.

This mutability of mind in the English makes the ancient friends of our nation very backward to engage with us in such alliances as are necessary for our mutual defence and security. It is a common notion among foreigners, that the English are good confederates in an enterprise which may be dispatched within a short compass of time; but that they are not to be depended upon in a work which cannot be finished without constancy and perseverance. Our late mea-

sures have so blemished our national credit in this particular, that those potentates, who are entered into treaties with his present majesty, have been solely encouraged to it by their confidence in his personal firmness and integrity.

I need not, after this, suggest to my reader the ignominy and reproach that falls upon a nation, which distinguishes itself among its neighbours by such a wavering and unsettled conduct.

This our inconsistency in the pursuit of schemes which have been thoroughly digested, has as bad an influence on our domestic as on our foreign affairs. We are told, that the famous Prince of Conde used to ask the English ambassador, upon the arrival of a mail, "Who was secretary of state in England by that post?" as a piece of raillery upon the fickleness of our politics. But what has rendered this a misfortune to our country, is, that public ministers have no sooner made themselves masters of their business, than they have been dismissed from their employments; and that this disgrace has befallen very many of them, not because they have deserved it, but because the people love to see new faces in high posts of honour.

It is a double misfortune to a nation, which is thus given to change, when they have a sovereign at the head of them, that is prone to fall in with all the turns and veerings of the people. Sallust, the gravest of all the Roman historians, who had formed his notions of regal authority from the manner in which he saw it exerted among the barbarous nations, makes the following remark: *Plerumque regiæ voluntates, uti vehementes, sic mobiles, sæpe ipsæ sibi adversæ.* "The wills of kings, as they are generally vehement, are likewise very fickle, and at different times opposite to themselves." Were there any colour for this general observation, how much does it redound to the honour of such princes who are exceptions to it!

The natural consequence of an unsteady government, is the perpetuating of strife and faction among a divided people. Whereas, a king, who persists in those schemes which he has laid, and has no other view in them but the good of his subjects, extinguishes all hopes of advancement in those who would grow great by an opposition to his measures, and insensibly unites the contending parties in their common interest.

Queen Elizabeth, who makes the greatest figure among our English sovereigns, was most eminently remarkable for that steadiness and uniformity which ran through all her actions, during that long and glorious reign. She kept up to her chosen motto in every part of her life; and never lost sight of those great ends, which she proposed to herself on her accession to the throne, the happiness of her people, and the strengthening of the Protestant interest. She often interposed her royal authority to break the cabals which were forming against her first ministers, who grew old, and died in those stations which they filled with so great abilities. By this means she baffled the many attempts of her foreign and domestic enemies, and entirely broke the whole force and spirit of that party among her subjects, which was popishly affected, and which was not a little formidable in the beginning of her reign.

The frequent changes and alterations in public proceedings, the multiplicity of schemes introduced upon one another, with the variety of short-lived favourites, that prevailed in their several turns under the government of her successors, have, by degrees, broken us into those unhappy distinctions and parties, which have given so much uneasiness to our kings, and so often endangered the safety of their people.

I question not but every impartial reader hath been beforehand with me, in considering, on this occasion, the happiness of our country under the government of his present majesty; who is so deservedly famous for an inflexible adherence to those counsels which have a visible tendency to the public good, and to those persons who heartily concur with him in promoting these his generous designs.

A prince of this character will be dreaded by his enemies, and served with courage and zeal by his friends; and will either instruct us, by his example, to fix the unsteadiness of our politics, or, by his conduct, hinder it from doing us any prejudice.

Upon the whole, as there is no temper of mind more unmanly in a private person, nor more pernicious to the public in a member of the community, than that changeableness with which we are too justly branded by all our neighbours, it is to be hoped, that the sound part of the nation will give no farther occasion for this reproach, but continue steady to that happy establishment which has now taken place among us. And as obstinacy in prejudices, which are detrimental to our country, ought not to be mistaken for that virtuous resolution and firmness of mind which is necessary to our preservation, it is to be wished that the enemies to our constitution would so far indulge themselves in this national humour, as to come into one change more, by falling in with that plan of government which at present they think fit to oppose. At least, we may expect they will be so wise as to show a legal obedience to the best of kings, who profess the duty of passive obedience to the worst.

No. 26.] *Monday, March* 19.

Bella viri pacemque gerant, quels bella gerenda.
Virg.

When the Athenians had long contended against the power of Philip, he demanded of them to give up their orators, as well knowing their opposition would be soon at

an end, if it were not irritated, from time to time, by these tongue-warriors. I have endeavoured, for the same reason, to gain our female adversaries, and, by that means, to disarm the party of its principal strength. Let them give us up their women, and we know by experience how inconsiderable a resistance we are to expect from their men.

This sharp political humour has but lately prevailed in so great a measure, as it now does, among the beautiful part of our species. They used to employ themselves wholly in the scenes of a domestic life, and, provided a woman could keep her house in order, she never troubled herself about regulating the commonwealth. The eye of the mistress was wont to make her pewter shine, and to inspect every part of her household furniture as much as her looking-glass. But, at present, our discontented matrons are so conversant in matters of state, that they wholly neglect their private affairs: for we may always observe, that a gossip in politics is a slattern in her family. It is, indeed, a melancholy thing to see the disorders of a household that is under the conduct of an angry stateswoman, who lays out all her thoughts upon the public, and is only attentive to find out miscarriages in the ministry. Several women of this turn are so earnest in contending for hereditary right, that they wholly neglect the education of their own sons and heirs; and are so taken up with their zeal for the church, that they cannot find time to teach their children their catechism. A lady who thus intrudes into the province of the men, was so astonishing a character among the old Romans, that, when Amæsia presented herself to speak before the senate, they looked upon it as a prodigy, and soon sent messengers to inquire of the oracle, what it might portend to the commonwealth.

It would be manifestly to the disadvantage of the British cause, should our pretty loyalists profess an indifference in state affairs, while their disaffected sisters are thus industrious to the prejudice of their country; and accordingly we have the satisfaction to find our she-associates are not idle upon this occasion. It is owing to the good principles of these his majesty's fair and faithful subjects, that our country-women appear no less amiable in the eyes of the male world, than they have done in former ages. For where a great number of flowers grow, the ground, at a distance, seems entirely covered with them, and we must walk into it, before we can distinguish the several weeds that spring up in such a beautiful mass of colours. Our great concern is, to find deformity can arise among so many charms, and that the most lovely parts of the creation can make themselves the most disagreeable. But it is an observation of the philosophers, that the best things may be corrupted into the worst; and the ancients did not scruple to affirm, that the furies and the graces were of the same sex.

As I should do the nation and themselves good service, if I could draw the ladies, who still hold out against his majesty, into the interest of our present establishment, I shall propose to their serious consideration, the several inconveniences which those among them undergo, who have not yet surrendered to the government.

They should first reflect on the great sufferings and persecutions to which they expose themselves by the obstinacy of their behaviour. They lose their elections in every club where they are set up for toasts. They are obliged by their principles to stick a patch on the most unbecoming side of their foreheads. They forego the advantage of birth-day suits. They are insulted by the loyalty of claps and hisses every time they appear at a play. They receive no benefit from the army, and are never the better for all the young fellows that wear hats and feathers. They are forced to live in the country and feed their chickens; at the same time that they might show themselves at court, and appear in brocade, if they behaved themselves well. In short, what must go to the heart of every fine woman, they throw themselves quite out of the fashion.

The above-mentioned motives must have an influence upon the gay part of the sex; and as for those who are actuated by more sublime and moral principles, they should consider, that they cannot signalise themselves as malecontents, without breaking through all the amiable instincts and softer virtues, which are peculiarly ornamental to womankind. Their timorous, gentle, modest behaviour; their affability, meekness, good breeding, and many other beautiful dispositions of mind, must be sacrificed to a blind and furious zeal for they do not know what. A man is startled when he sees a pretty bosom heaving with such party rage, as is disagreeable even in that sex which is of a more coarse and rugged make. And yet such is our misfortune, that we sometimes see a pair of stays ready to burst with sedition; and hear the most masculine passions expressed in the sweetest voices. I have lately been told of a country gentlewoman, pretty much famed for this virility of behaviour in party disputes, who, upon venting her notions very freely in a strange place, was carried before an honest justice of the peace. This prudent magistrate, observing her to be a large black woman, and finding by her discourse that she was no better than a rebel in a riding hood, began to suspect her for my Lord Nithisdale; till a stranger came to her rescue, who assured him, with tears in his eyes, that he was her husband.

In the next place, our British ladies may consider, that, by interesting themselves so zealously in the affairs of the public, they are engaged, without any necessity, in the crimes which are often committed even by the best of parties, and which they are naturally exempted from by the privilege of

their sex. The worst character a female could formerly arrive at, was, of being an ill woman; but by their present conduct, she may likewise deserve the character of an ill subject. They come in for their share of political guilt, and have found a way to make themselves much greater criminals than their mothers before them.

I have great hopes that these motives, when they are assisted by their own reflections, will incline the fair ones, of the adverse party, to come over to the national interest, in which their own is so highly concerned; especially, if they consider, that by these superfluous employments, which they take upon them as partisans, they do not only dip themselves in an unnecessary guilt, but are obnoxious to a grief and anguish of mind, which doth not properly fall within their lot. And here I would advise every one of these exasperated ladies, who indulge that opprobrious eloquence which is so much in fashion, to reflect on Esop's fable of the viper. "This little animal," says the old moralist, "chancing to meet with a file, began to lick it with her tongue till the blood came; which gave her a very silly satisfaction, as imagining the blood came from the file, notwithstanding all the smart was in her own tongue."

No. 27.] *Friday, March* 23.

——————Dii visa secundent.—*Luc.*

It is an old observation, that a time of peace is always a time of prodigies; for, as our news-writers must adorn their papers with that which the critics call *the marvellous*, they are forced into a dead calm of affairs, to ransack every element for proper amusements, and either to astonish their readers, from time to time, with a strange and wonderful sight, or be content to lose their custom. The sea is generally filled with monsters, when there are no fleets upon it, mount Ætna immediately began to rage upon the extinction of the rebellion: and wo to the people of Catanea, if the peace continues; for they are sure to be shaken every week with earthquakes, till they are relieved by the siege of some other great town in Europe. The air has likewise contributed its quota of prodigies. We had a blazing star by the last mail from Genoa; and, in the present dearth of battles, have been very opportunely entertained, by persons of undoubted credit, with a civil war in the clouds, where our sharpsighted malecontents discovered many objects invisible to an eye that is dimmed by whig principles.

I question not but this paper will fall in with the present humour, since it contains a very remarkable vision of a Highland seer, who is famous among the mountains, and known by the name of second-sighted Sawney. Had he been able to write, we might probably have seen this vision sooner in print; for it happened to him very early in the late hard winter; and is transmitted to me by a student at Glasgow, who took the whole relation from him, and stuck close to the facts, though he has delivered them in his own style.

"Sawney was descended of an ancient family, very much renowned for their skill in prognostics. Most of his ancestors were second-sighted, and his mother but narrowly escaped being burnt for a witch. As he was going out one morning very early to steal a sheep, he was seized on the sudden with a fit of second-sight. The face of the whole country about him was changed in the twinkling of an eye, and presented him with a wide prospect of new scenes and objects, which he had never seen till that day.

"He discovered, at a great distance from him, a large fabric, which cast such a glistering light about it, that it looked like a huge rock of diamond. Upon the top of it was planted a standard, streaming in a strong northern wind, and embroidered with a mixture of thistles and flower-de-luces. As he was amusing himself with this strange sight, he heard a bagpipe at some distance behind him, and, turning about, saw a general, who seemed very much animated with the sound of it, marching towards him at the head of a numerous army. He learnt, upon inquiry, that they were making a procession to the structure which stood before him, and which he found was the Temple of Rebellion. He immediately struck in with them; but described this march to the temple with so much horror, that he shivered every joint all the while he spoke of it. They were forced to clamber over so many rocks, and to tread upon the brink of so many precipices, that they were very often in danger of their lives. Sawney declared, that, for his own part, he walked in fear of his neck every step he took. Upon their coming within a few furlongs of the temple, they passed through a very thick grove, consecrated to a deity who was known by the name of Treason. They here dispersed themselves into abundance of labyrinths and covered walks, which led to the temple. The path was so very slippery, the shade so exceeding gloomy, and the whole wood so full of echoes, that they were forced to march with the greatest weariness, circumspection, and silence. They, at length, arrived at the great gate, which was the principal avenue to that magnificent fabric. Sawney stood some time at the entrance to observe the splendour of the building, and was not a little entertained with a prodigious number of statues, which were planted up and down in a spacious court that lay before it; but, upon examining it more nicely, he found the whole fabric, which made such a glittering appearance, and seemed impregnable, was composed of ice, and that the several statues, which seemed at a distance to be made of the whitest marble, were nothing else but so many figures in snow. The

front of the temple was very curiously adorned with stars and garters, ducal coronets, generals, staffs, and many other emblems of honour wrought in the most beautiful frost work. After having stood at gaze some time before this great gate, he discovered on it an inscription, signifying it to be the *gate of perjury*. There was erected near it a great colossus in snow, that had two faces, and was dressed like a Jesuit, with one of its hands upon a book, and the other grasping a dagger. Upon entering into the court, he took a particular survey of several of the figures. There was sedition with a trumpet in her hand, and rapine in the garb of a Highlander. Ambition, envy, disgrace, poverty, and disappointment, were all of them represented under their proper emblems. Among other statues, he observed that of rumour whispering an idiot in the ear, who was the representative of credulity; and faction, embracing with her hundred arms, an old-fashioned figure in a steeple-crowned hat, that was designed to express a cunning old gipsy, called passive obedience. Zeal too had a place among the rest, with a bandage over her eyes, though one would not have expected to have seen her represented in snow. But the most remarkable object in this court-yard, was a huge tree that grew up before the porch of the temple, and was of the same kind with that which Virgil tells us flourished at the entrance of the infernal regions; for it bore nothing but dreams, which hung in clusters under every leaf of it. The travellers refreshed themselves in the shade of this tree, before they entered the temple of rebellion, and after their frights and fatigues, received great comfort in the fruit which fell from it. At length the gates of the temple flew open, and the crowd rushed into it. In the centre of it was a grim idol, with a sword in the right hand, and a firebrand in the left. The forepart of the pedestal was curiously embossed with a triumph, while the back part, that lay more out of sight, was filled with gibbets and axes. This dreadful idol is worshipped, like several of old, with human sacrifices, and his votaries were consulting among themselves, how to gratify him with hecatombs; when, on a sudden, they were surprised with the alarm of a great light, which appeared in the southern part of the heavens, and made its progress directly towards them. This light appeared as a great mass of flame, or rather glory, like that of the sun in its strength. There were three figures in the midst of it, who were known by their several hieroglyphics, to be religion, loyalty, and valour. The last had a graceful air, a blooming countenance, and a star upon his breast, which shot forth several pointed beams of a peculiar lustre. The glory which encompassed them, covered the place, and darted its rays with so much strength, that the whole fabric, and all its ornaments, began to melt. The several emblems of honour, which were wrought on the front in the brittle materials abovementioned, trickled away under the first impressions of the heat. In short, the thaw was so violent, that the temple and statues ran off in a sudden torrent, and the whole winter-piece was dissolved. The covered walks were laid open by the light which shone through every part of them, and the dream-tree withered like the famous gourd that was smitten by the noonday sun. As for the votaries, they left the place with the greatest precipitation, and dispersed themselves by flight into a thousand different paths among the mountains."

No. 28.] *Monday, March* 26.

——————Incendia lumen
Præbebant, aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo.
Ovid. Met.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his dedication before his History of Henry the Seventh, observes, that peaceable times are the best to live in, though not so proper to furnish materials for a writer: as hilly countries afford the most entertaining prospects, though a man would choose to travel through a plain one. To this we may add, that the times, which are full of disorders and tumults, are likewise the fullest of instruction. History, indeed, furnishes us with very distinct accounts of factions, conspiracies, civil wars, and rebellions, with the fatal consequences that attend them: but they do not make such deep and lasting impressions on our minds, as events of the same nature, to which we have ourselves been witnesses, and in which we, or our friends and acquaintance, have been sufferers. As adversity makes a man wise in his private affairs, civil calamities give him prudence and circumspection in his public conduct.

The miseries of the civil war under the reign of King Charles the First, and the consequences which ensued upon them, did, for many years, deter the inhabitants of our island from the thoughts of engaging anew in such desperate undertakings; and convinced them, by fatal experience, that nothing could be so pernicious to the English, and so opposite to the genius of the people, as the subversion of monarchy. In the like manner we may hope that the great expences brought upon the nation by the present rebellion; the sufferings of innocent people, who have lived in that place, which was the scene of it; with that dreadful prospect of ruin and confusion which must have followed its success; will secure us from the like attempts for the future, and fix his majesty upon the throne of Great Britain; especially when those who are prompted to such wicked practices reflect upon the punishments to which the criminals have exposed themselves, and the miseries in which they have involved their relations, friends, and families.

It will be likewise worth their while to

consider, how such tumults and riots, as have been encouraged by many, who, we may hope, did not propose to themselves such fatal consequences, lead to a civil war: and how naturally that seditious kind of conversation, which many seem to think consistent with their religion and morality, ends in an open rebellion. I question not but the more virtuous and considerate parts of our malecontents are now stung with a very just remorse, for this their manner of proceeding, which has so visibly tended to the destruction of their friends, and the sufferings of their country. This may, at the same time, prove an instructive lesson to the boldest and bravest among the disaffected, not to build any hopes upon the talkative zealots of their party; who have shown, by their whole behaviour, that their hearts are equally filled with treason and cowardice. An army of trumpeters would give as great a strength to a cause, as this confederacy of tongue-warriors; who, like those military musicians, content themselves with animating their friends to battle, and run out of the engagement upon the first onset.

But one of the most useful maxims we can learn from the present rebellion, is, that nothing can be more contemptible and insignificant, than the scum of a people, when they are instigated against a king, who is supported by the two branches of the legislature. A mob may pull down a meeting-house, but will never be able to overturn a government, which has a courageous and wise prince at the head of it, and one who is zealously assisted by the great council of the nation, that best know the value of him. The authority of the lords and commons of Great Britain, in conjunction with that of our sovereign, is not to be controuled by a tumultuary rabble. It is big with fleets and armies, can fortify itself with what laws it shall judge proper for its own defence, can command the wealth of the kingdom for the security of the people, and engage the whole Protestant interest of Europe in so good and just a cause. A disorderly multitude, contending with the body of the legislature, is like a man in a fit under the conduct of one in the fulness of his health and strength. Such a one is sure to be overruled in a little time, though he deals about his blows, and exerts himself in the most furious convulsions, while the distemper is upon him.

We may farther learn, from the course of the present rebellion, who, among the foreign states in our neighbourhood, are the true and natural friends of Great Britain, if we observe, which of them gave us their assistance in reducing our country to a state of peace and tranquillity; and which of them used their endeavours to heighten our confusions, and plunge us into all the evils of a civil war. I shall only take notice, under this head, that, in former ages, it was the constant policy of France to raise and cherish intestine feuds and discords in the isle of Great Britain, that we might either fall a prey into their hands, or that they might prosecute their designs upon the continent with less interruption. Innumerable instances of this nature occur in history. The most remarkable one was that in the reign of King Charles the First. Though that prince was married to a daughter of France, and was personally beloved and esteemed in the French court, it is well known that they abetted both parties in the civil war, and always furnished supplies to the weaker side, lest there should be an end put to those fatal divisions.

We might also observe that this rebellion has been a means of discovering to his majesty, how much he may depend upon the professions and principles of the several parties among his own subjects; who are those persons that have espoused his interests with zeal or indifference; and who among them are influenced to their allegiance by places, duty, or affection. But as these, and several other considerations, are obvious to the thoughts of every reader, I shall conclude, with observing how naturally many of those, who distinguish themselves by the name of the High Church, unite themselves to the cause of popery; since it is manifest that all the Protestants concerned in the rebellion, were such as gloried in this distinction.

It would be very unjust to charge all who have ranged themselves under this new denomination, as if they had done it with a design to favour the interests of popery. But it is certain, that many of them, who at their first setting out, were most averse to the doctrines of the church of Rome, have, by the cunning of our adversaries, been inspired with such an unreasonable aversion to their Protestant brethren, and taught to think so favourably of the Roman Catholic principles, (not to mention the endeavours that have been used to reconcile the doctrines of the two churches, which are in themselves as opposite as light and darkness) that they have been drawn over insensibly into its interests. It is no wonder, therefore, that so many of these deluded zealots have been engaged in a cause, which they at first abhorred, and have wished or acted for the success of an enterprise, that might have ended in the extirpation of the Protestant religion in this kingdom, and in all Europe. In short, they are like the Syrians, who were first smitten with blindness, and unknowingly led out of their way into the capital of their enemy's country; insomuch that the text tells us, "When they opened their eyes, they found themselves in the midst of Samaria."

No. 29.] *Friday, March* 30.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosa. *Hor.*

THIS being a day in which the thoughts of our countrymen are, or ought to be, em-

ployed on serious subjects, I shall take the opportunity of that disposition of mind in my readers, to recommend to them the practice of those religious and moral virtues, without which all policy is vain, and the best cause deprived of its greatest ornament and support.

Common sense, as well as the experience of all ages, teaches us, that no government can flourish which doth not encourage and propagate religion and morality among all its particular members. It was an observation of the ancient Romans, that their empire had not more increased by the strength of their arms, than by the sanctity of their manners: and Cicero, who seems to have been better versed than any of them, both in the theory and the practice of politics, makes it a doubt whether it were possible for a community to exist that had not a prevailing mixture of piety in its constitution. Justice, temperance, humility, and almost every other moral virtue, do not only derive the blessings of Providence upon those who exercise them, but are the natural means for acquiring the public prosperity. Besides, religious motives and instincts are so busy in the heart of every reasonable creature, that a man, who would hope to govern a society without any regard to these principles, is as much to be contemned for his folly, as to be detested for his impiety.

To this we may add, that the world is never sunk into such a state of degeneracy, but they pay a natural veneration to men of virtue; and rejoice to see themselves conducted by those, who act under the awe of a Supreme Being, and who think themselves accountable, for all their proceedings, to the great Judge and Superintendent of human affairs.

Those of our fellow-subjects, who are sensible of the happiness they enjoy in his majesty's accession to the throne, are obliged, by all the duties of gratitude, to adore that Providence which has so signally interposed in our behalf, by clearing a way to the Protestant succession through such difficulties as seemed insuperable; by detecting the conspiracies which have been formed against it; and, by many wonderful events, weakening the hands, and baffling the attempts, of all his majesty's enemies, both foreign and domestic.

The party, who distinguish themselves by their zeal for the present establishment, should be careful, in a particular manner, to discover, in their whole conduct, such a reverence for religion, as may show how groundless that reproach is which is cast upon them by their enemies, of being averse to our national worship. While others engross to themselves the name of *the church*, and, in a manner, excommunicate the best part of their fellow-subjects; let us show ourselves the genuine sons of it, by practising the doctrines which it teaches. The advantage will be visibly on our side, if we stick to its essentials; while they triumph in that empty denomination which they bestow upon themselves. Too many of them are already dipped in the guilt of perjury and sedition; and as we remain unblemished in these particulars, let us endeavour to excel them in all the other parts of religion, and we shall quickly find, that a regular morality is, in its own nature, more popular, as well as more meritorious, than an intemperate zeal.

We have likewise, in the present times of confusion and disorder, an opportunity of showing our abhorrence of several principles which have been ascribed to us by the malice of our enemies. A disaffection to kings and kingly government, with a proneness to rebellion, have been often very unjustly charged on that party which goes by the name of Whigs. Our steady and continued adherence to his majesty and the present happy settlement, will the most effectually confute this calumny. Our adversaries, who know very well how odious commonwealth principles are to the English nation, have inverted the very sense of words and things, rather than not continue to brand us with this imaginary guilt: for with some of these men, at present, loyalty to our king is republicanism, and rebellion passive obedience.

It has been an old objection to the principles of the Whigs, that several of their leaders, who have been zealous for redressing the grievances of government, have not behaved themselves better than the Tories in domestic scenes of life; but, at the same time, have been public patriots and private oppressors. This objection, were it true, has no weight in it, since the misbehaviour of particular persons does not at all affect their cause, and since a man may act laudably, in some respects, who does not so in others. However, it were to be wished, that men would not give occasion even to such invectives; but, at the same time, they consult the happiness of the whole, that they would promote it to their utmost in all their private dealings among those who lie more immediately within their influence. In the mean while I must observe, that this reproach, which may be often met with both in print and conversation, tends, in reality, to the honour of the Whigs, as it supposes that a greater regard to justice and humanity is to be expected from them, than from those of the opposite party: and, it is certain, we cannot better recommend our principles, than by such actions as are their natural and genuine fruits.

Were we thus careful to guard ourselves, in a particular manner, against these groundless imputations of our enemies, and to rise above them as much in our morality as in our politics, our cause would be always as flourishing as it is just. It is certain, that our notions have a more natural tendency to such a practice, as we espouse the Protestant interest in opposition to that of popery, which is so far from advancing morality by its doctrines, that it has weakened, or entirely

subverted, many of the duties even of natural religion.

I shall conclude, with recommending one virtue more to the friends of the present establishment, wherein the Whigs have been remarkably deficient; which is a general unanimity and concurrence in the pursuit of such measures as are necessary for the well-being of their country. As it is a laudable freedom of thought which unshackles their minds from the poor and narrow prejudices of education, and opens their eyes to a more extensive view of the public good; the same freedom of thought disposes several of them to the embracing of particular schemes and maxims, and to a certain singularity of opinion, which proves highly prejudicial to their cause; especially when they are encouraged in them by a vain breath of popularity, or by the artificial praises which are bestowed on them by the opposite party. This temper of mind, though the effect of a noble principle, very often betrays their friends, and brings into power the most pernicious and implacable of their enemies. In cases of this nature, it is the duty of an honest and prudent man, to sacrifice a doubtful opinion to the concurring judgment of those whom he believes to be well intentioned to their country, and who have better opportunities of looking into all its most complicated interests. An honest party of men, acting with unanimity, are of infinitely greater consequence than the same party aiming at the same end by different views: as a large diamond is of a thousand times greater value whilst it remains entire, than when it is cut into a multitude of smaller stones, notwithstanding they may each of them be very curiously set, and are all of the same water.

No. 30.] *Monday, April 2*

——I, verbis virtutem illude superbis.—*Virg.*

As I was some years ago engaged in conversation with a fashionable French Abbe, upon a subject which the people of that kingdom love to start in discourse, the comparative greatness of the two nations; he asked me, "How many souls I thought there might be in London?" I replied, being willing to do my country all the honour I fairly could, that there were several who computed them at near a million: but not finding that surprise I expected in his countenance, I returned the question upon him, how many he thought there might be in Paris? To which he answered, with a certain grimace of coldness and indifference, "About ten or twelve millions."

It would, indeed, be incredible to a man who has never been in France, should one relate the extravagant notion they entertain of themselves, and the mean opinion they have of their neighbours. There are certainly (notwithstanding the visible decay of learning and taste, which has appeared among them of late years) many particular persons in that country, who are eminent in the highest degree for their good sense, as well as for their knowledge in all the arts and sciences. But I believe every one, who is acquainted with them, will allow, that the people, in general fall far short of those, who border upon them, in strength and solidity of understanding. One would, therefore, no more wonder to see the most shallow nation of Europe the most vain, than to find the most empty fellows, in every distinct nation, more conceited and censorious than the rest of their countrymen. Prejudice and self-sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind. As it requires but very small abilities to discover the imperfections of another, we find that none are more apt to turn their neighbours into ridicule, than those who are the most ridiculous in their own private conduct.

Those among the French, who have seen nothing but their own country, can scarce bring themselves to believe, that a nation, which lies never so little north of them, is not full of Goths and Vandals. Nay, those among them, who travel into foreign parts, are so prejudiced in favour of their own imaginary politeness, that they are apt to look upon every thing as barbarous in proportion as it deviates from what they find at home. No less a man than an ambassador of France, being in conversation with our king of glorious memory, and willing to encourage his majesty, told him, that he talked like a Frenchman. The king smiled at the encomium which was given him, and only replied, "Sir, I am sure you do." An eminent writer of the last age was so offended at this kind of insolence, which showed itself very plentifully in one of their travellers, who gave an account of England, that he vindicated the honour of his country, in a book full of just satire and ingenuity. I need not acquaint my reader, that I mean Bishop Sprat's answer to Sorbiere.

Since I am upon this head, I cannot forbear mentioning some profound remarks that I have been lately shown in a French book, the author of which lived, it seems, some time in England. "'The English,' says this curious traveller, "very much delight in pudding. This is the favourite dish, not only of the clergy, but of the people in general. Provided there be a pudding upon the table, no matter what are the other dishes; they are sure to make a feast. They think themselves so happy when they have a pudding before them, that if any one would tell a friend he is arrived in a lucky juncture, the ordinary salutation is, I am glad to see you; you are come in pudding-time."

One cannot have the heart to be angry at this judicious observer, notwithstanding he has treated us like a race of Hottentots, because he only taxes us with our inordinate love of pudding, which, it must be confessed, is not so elegant a dish as frog and sallad:

Every one who has been at Paris, knows that *un gross milord Anglois* is a frequent jest upon the French stage; as if corpulence was a proper subject for satire, or a man of honour could help his being fat, who eats suitable to his quality.

It would be endless to recount the invectives which are to be met with among the French historians, and even in Mezeray himself, against the manners of our countrymen. Their authors, in other kinds of writing are likewise very liberal in characters of the same nature. I cannot forbear mentioning the learned Monsieur Patin in particular; who tells us in so many words, "That the English are a people whom he naturally abhors:" and, in another place, "That he looks upon the English, among the several nations of men, as he does upon wolves among the several species of beasts." A British writer would be very justly charged with want of politeness, who, in return to his civility, should look upon the French as that part of mankind which answers to a species in the brute creation, whom we call in English by the name of monkey.

If the French load us with these indignities, we may observe, for our comfort, that they give the rest of their borderers no better quarter. If we are a dull, heavy, phlegmatic people, we are, it seems, no worse than our neighbours. As an instance, I shall set down at large a remarkable passage in a famous book, entitled Chevræana, written many years ago by the celebrated Monsieur Chevreau; after having advertised my reader, that the Duchess of Hanover, and the Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, who are mentioned in it, were the late excellent Princess Sophia and her sister.

"*Tilenus pour un Allemand, parle et ecrit bien François, dit Scaliger: Gretzer a bien de l'esprit pour un Allemand, dit le Cardinal du Perron: et le P. Bouhours met en question, si un Allemand peut-etre bel esprit? On ne doit juger ni bien ni mal d'une nation par un particulier, ni d'un particulier par sa nation. Il y a des Allemands, commes des François, qui n'ont point d'esprit: des Allemands, qui on sceu plus d'Hebreu, plus de Grec, que Scaliger et le Cardinal du Perron. J'honore fort le P. Bouhours, qui a du merite; mais j'ose dire, que la France n'a point de plus bel esprit que Madame la Duchesse de Hanovre d'aujourd'hui, ni de personne plus solidement savante en philosophie qui l'etoit Madame la Princesse Elizabeth de Boheme, sa sœur: et je ne crois pas que l'on refuse le meme titre a beau-coup d'academiciens d'Allemagne, dont les ouvrages meriteroient bien d'etre traduits. Il y a d'autres princesses en Allemagne, qui ont infiniment de l'esprit. Les François disent c'est un Allemand, pour exprimer un homme pesant, brutal: et les Allemands, comme les Italiens, c'est un François, pour dire un fou et un etourdi. C'est aller trop loin: comme le Prince de Sale dit de Ruyter, il est honnete homme, c'est bien dommage qu'il soit Chretien.*" Chevræana, tom. I.

"Tilenus, says Scaliger, speaks and writes well for a German. Gretzer has a great deal of wit for a German, says Cardinal Perron. And Father Bouhours makes it a question, whether a German can be a wit? One ought not to judge well or ill of a nation from a particular person, nor of a particular person from his nation. There are Germans, as there are French, who have no wit; and Germans who are better skilled in Greek and Hebrew than either Scaliger or the Cardinal du Perron. I have a great honour for Father Bouhours, who is a man of merit; but, will be bold to say, that there is not in all France, a person of more wit than the present Duchess of Hanover; nor more thoroughly knowing in philosophy, than was the late Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, her sister; and I believe none can refuse the same title to many academicians in Germany, whose works very well deserve to be translated into our tongue. There are other princesses in Germany, who have also an infinite deal of wit. The French say of a man, that he is a German, when they would signify that he is dull and heavy; and the Germans, as well as the Italians, when they would call a man a hair-brained coxcomb, say, he is a Frenchman. This is going too far, and is like the Governor of Sallee's saying of De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, "He is an honest man, 'tis a great pity he is a Christian."

Having already run my paper out to its usual length, I have not room for many reflections on that which is the subject of it. The last cited author has been beforehand with me in its proper moral. I shall only add to it, that there has been an unaccountable disposition among the English of late years, to fetch the fashion from the French, not only in their dress and behaviour, but even in their judgments and opinions of mankind. It would however be reasonable for us, if we concur with them in their contempt of other neighbouring nations, that we should likewise regard ourselves under the same view in which they are wont to place us. The representations they make of us, are as of a nation the least favoured by them; and, as these are agreeable to the natural aversion they have for us, are more disadvantageous than the pictures they have drawn of any other people in Europe.

No. 31.] *Friday, April* 6.

Omnes homines, P. C. qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitia, ira, atque misericordia vacuos esse decet. *Cæsar apud Sallust.*

I HAVE purposely avoided, during the whole course of this paper, to speak any thing concerning the treatment which is due to such persons as have been concerned in the late rebellion, because I would not seem to irritate justice against those who are un-

er the prosecution of the law, nor incense ny of my readers against unhappy though uilty men. But when we find the proceed-ngs of our government, in this particular, educed and misrepresented, it is the duty f every good subject to set them in their roper light.

I am the more prompted to this under-aking by a pamphlet, entitled, "An argu-ent to prove the affections of the people of ngland to be the best security of the gov-rnment; humbly offered to the considera-on of the patrons of severity, and applied the present juncture of affairs." Had the hole scope of the author been answerable his title, he would have only undertaken prove what every man in his wits is al-ady convinced of. But the drift of the amphlet is to stir up our compassion to-ards the rebels, and our indignation against e government. The author, who knew at such a design as this could not be car-ied on without a great deal of artifice and phistry, has puzzled and perplexed his ause, by throwing his thoughts together in uch a studied confusion, that upon this ac-ount, if any, his pamphlet is, as the party ave represented it, unanswerable.

The famous Monsieur Bayle compares the nswering of an immethodical author to the unting of a duck: when you have him full n your sight, and fancy yourself within reach f him, he gives you the slip, and becomes nvisible. His argument is lost in such a va-iety of matter, that you must catch it where ou can, as it rises and disappears in the se-veral parts of his discourse.

The writer of this pamphlet could, doubt-ess, have ranged his thoughts in much better order, if he had pleased: but he knew very well, that error is not to be advanced by perspicuity. In order, therefore, to answer this pamphlet, I must reduce the substance of it under proper heads; and disembroil the thoughts of the author, since he did not think fit to do it himself.

In the first place I shall observe, that the terms which the author makes use of are loose, general, and undefined, as will be shown in the sequel of this paper; and, what less becomes a fair reasoner, he puts wrong and invidious names on every thing, to colour a false way of arguing. He allows that "the rebels indisputably merit to be severely chas-tised; that they deserve it according to law; and that if they are punished, they have none to thank but themselves," (p. 7.) How can a man, after such a concession, make use sometimes of the word *cruelty*, but generally of *revenge*, when he pleads against the ex-ercise of what, according to his own notion, is at the most but rigid justice? Or, why are such executions, which, according to his own opinion, are legal, so often to be called *violences* and *slaughters?* Not to mention the appellations given to those who do not agree with him in his opinion for clemency, as the *blood-thirsty*, the *political butchers*, *state chirurgeons*, and the like.

But I shall now speak of that point, which is the great and reigning fallacy of the pamphlet, and runs more or less through every paragraph. His whole argument turns upon this single consideration; Whether the king should exert mercy or justice towards those who have openly appeared in the present rebellion? By mercy he means a general pardon, by justice a general pun-ishment: so that he supposes no other method practicable in this juncture, than either the forgiving all, or the executing all. Thus he puts the question, "Whether it be the interest of the prince to destroy the rebels by fire, sword, or gibbet?" (p. 4.) And, speaking of the zealots for the govern-ment, he tells us, "They think no remedy so good, as to make clear work; and that they declare for the utter extirpation of all who are its enemies in the most minute cir-cumstances: as if amputation were the sole remedy these political butchers could find out for the distempers of a state; or that they thought the only way to make the top flourish, were to lop off the under branches." (p. 5.) He then speaks of the coffee-house politicians, and the casuists in red coats; "who," he tells us, "are for the utmost rigour that their laws of war or laws of con-venience can inspire them with," (p. 5.) Again, "It is represented," says he, "that the rebels deserve the highest punishment the laws can inflict," (p. 7.) And after-wards tells us, "The question is, whether the government shall show mercy, or take a reverend divine's advice, to slay man and woman, infant and suckling?" (p. 8.) Thus again he tells us, "The friends to severe counsels allege, that the government ought not to be moved by compassion; and that the law should have its course," (p. 9.) And in another place puts these words in their mouths, "He may still retain their affection, and yet let the laws have their course in punishing the guilty," (p. 18.) He goes upon the same supposition in the following passages: "It is impracticable in so gene-ral a corruption, to destroy *all* who are in-fected; and unless you destroy *all*, you do nothing to the purpose," (p. 10.) "Shall our rightful king show himself less the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to *none* of those people, who, like King Lear to his daughters, had so great a confidence in his virtue as to give him all," (p. 25.) I shall only add, that the concluding para-graph, which is worked up with so much artificial horror, goes upon a supposition an-swerable to the whole tenor of the pam-phlet; and implies, that *the impeached lords* were to be executed without exception or discrimination.

Thus we see what is the author's idea of that justice against which all his arguments are levelled. If, in the next place, we con-sider the nature of that clemency which he recommends, we find it to be no less univer-sal and unrestrained.

He declares for a "general act of indem-

nity," (p. 20.) and tells us, "It is the sense of every dispassionate man of the kingdom, that the rebels may, and ought to be pardoned," (p. 19.) "One popular act," says he, "would even yet retrieve all," (p. 21.) He declares himself not "over-fond of the doctrines of making examples of traitors," (ibid.) And that "the way to prevent things from being brought to an extremity, is to deal mildly with those unfortunate gentlemen engaged in the rebellion."

The reader may now see in how fallacious a manner this writer has stated the controversy: he supposes there are but two methods of treating the rebels; that is, by cutting off every one of them to a man, or pardoning every one of them without distinction. Now, if there be a third method between these two extremes, which is on all accounts more eligible than either of them, it is certain that the whole course of his argumentation comes to nothing. Every man of the plainest understanding will easily conclude, that, in the case before us, as in most others, we ought to avoid both extremes; that to destroy every rebel would be an excessive severity, and to forgive every one of them an unreasonable weakness. The proper method of proceeding is, that which the author has purposely omitted, namely, to temper justice with mercy; and, according to the different circumstances that aggravate or alleviate the guilt of the offenders, to restrain the force of the laws, or to let them take their proper course. Punishments are necessary to show there is justice in a government, and pardons to show there is mercy; and both together convince the people, that our constitution, under a good administration, does not only make a difference between the guilty and the innocent, but even, among the guilty, between such as are more or less criminal.

This middle method, which has always been practised by wise and good governors, has hitherto been made use of by our sovereign. If, indeed, a stranger, and one who is altogether unacquainted with his majesty's conduct, should read this pamphlet, he would conclude that every person engaged in the rebellion was to die *by the sword, the halter, or the axe;* nay, that their friends and abettors were involved in the same fate. Would it be possible for him to imagine, that of the several thousands openly taken in arms, and liable to death by the laws of their country, not above forty have yet suffered? how would he be surprised to hear, that, notwithstanding his majesty's troops have been victorious in every engagement, more of his friends have lost their lives in this rebellion, than of his traitorous subjects; though we add to those who have died by the hand of justice, those of them who fell in battle? and yet we find a more popular compassion endeavoured to be raised for the deaths of the guilty, who have brought such calamities on their country, than for the innocent who perished in the defence of it.

This middle method of proceeding, which has been pursued by his majesty, and is wilfully overlooked by the author, best answers the ends of government; which is to maintain the safety of the public by rewards and punishments. It is also incumbent on a governor, according to the received dictates of religion: which instructs us, "that he beareth not the sword in vain; but ought to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well." It is likewise in a particular manner the duty of a British king, who obliges himself by his coronation oath to execute *justice in mercy*, that is, to mix them in his administration, and not to exercise either of them to the total exclusion of the other.

But if we consider the arguments which this author gives for clemency, from the good effects it would produce, we shall find, that they hold true only when applied to such a mercy as serves rather to mitigate than exclude justice. The excellence of that unlimited clemency, which the author contends for, is recommended by the following arguments.

First, That it endears a prince to his people. This he descants on in several parts of his book. "Clemency will endear his person to the nation; and then they will neither have the power nor will to disturb him," (p. 8.) "Was there ever a cruel prince, that was not hated by his subjects?" (p. 24.) "A merciful, good-natured disposition is of all others the most amiable quality, and in princes always attended with a popular love," (p. 18.)

It is certain, that such a popular love will always rise towards a good prince, who exercises such a mercy as I have before described, which is consistent with the safety of the constitution, and the good of his kingdom. But if it be thrown away at random, it loses its virtue, lessens the esteem and authority of a prince, and cannot long recommend him, even to the weakest of his subjects, who will find all the effects of cruelty in such an ill-grounded compassion. It was a famous saying of William Rufus, and is quoted to his honour by historians: "Whosoever spares perjured men, robbers, plunderers, and traitors, deprives all good men of their peace and quietness, and lays a foundation of innumerable mischiefs to the virtuous and innocent."

Another argument for unlimited clemency, is, that it shows a courageous temper: "Clemency is likewise an argument of fearlessness; whereas cruelty not only betrays a weak, abject, depraved spirit, but also is for the most part a certain sign of cowardice," (p. 19.)—"He had a truly great soul, and such will always disdain the coward's virtue, which is fear; and the consequence of it, which is revenge," (p. 27.) This panegyric on clemency, when it is governed by reason, is likewise very right; but it may so happen, that the putting of laws in execution against traitors to their country, may be

he argument of fearlessness, when our governors are told that they dare not do it; nd such methods may be made use of to xtort pardons as would make it look like owardice to grant them. In this last case he author should have remembered his own rords, that "then only mercy is meritorious hen it is voluntary, and not extorted by the ecessity of affairs," (p. 13.) Besides, the uthor should have considered, that another rgument which he makes use of for his lemency, are the resentments that may rise from the execution of a rebel: an argument adapted to a cowardly, not a fearless emper. This he infers from the disposition f "the friends, well-wishers, or associates of he sufferers," (p. 4.) "Resentment will iname some; in others compassion will, by egrees, rise into resentment. This will aturally beget a disposition to overturn what hey dislike, and then there will want only fair opportunity," (p. 11.) This argument, ike most of the others, pleads equally for nalefactors of all kinds, whom the government can never bring to justice, without disbliging their friends, well-wishers, or associates. But, I believe, if the author would onverse with any friend, well-wisher, or ssociate of these sufferers, he would find hem rather deterred from their practices y their sufferings, than disposed to rise in a ew rebellion to revenge them. A government must be in a very weak and melancholy ondition, that is not armed with a sufficient ower for its own defence against the resentment of its enemies, and is afraid of being verturned, if it does justice on those who ttempt it. But I am afraid the main reason why these friends, well-wishers, and associates are against punishing any of the rebels, s that which must be an argument with very wise governor for doing justice upon ome of them; namely, that it is a likely neans to come at the bottom of this conspiracy, and to detect those who have been he private abettors of it, and who are still it work in the same design; if we give credit o the suggestions of our malecontents themselves, who labour to make us believe that here is still life in this wicked project.

I am wonderfully surprised to see another rgument made use of for a general pardon, which might have been urged more properly for a general execution. The words are these; "The generality will never be brought to believe, but that those who suffer only for treason have very hard measure, nor can you, with all your severity, undeceive them of their error." If the generality of the English have such a favourable opinion of treason, nothing can so well cure them of an error so fatal to their country, as the punishment of those who are guilty of it. It is evident, that a general impunity would confirm them in such an opinion: for the vulgar will never be brought to believe, that there is a crime where they see no penalty. As it is certain no error can be more destructive to the very being of government than this, a proper remedy ought to be applied to it: and I would ask this author, whether upon this occasion, "the doctrine of making examples of traitors" be not very seasonable; though he declares himself "not over fond of it." The way to awaken men's minds to the sense of this guilt, is to let them see, by the sufferings of some who have incurred it, how heinous a crime it is in the eye of the law.

The foregoing answer may be applied likewise to another argument of the same nature. "If the faction be as numerous as is pretended; if the spirit has spread itself over the whole kingdom; if it has mixed with the mass of the people; then certainly all bloody measures will but whet men the more for revenge." If justice inflicted on a few of the most flagrant criminals, with mercy extended to the multitude, may be called *bloody measures*, they are without doubt absolutely necessary, in case the spirit of faction be thus spread among the mass of the people; who will readily conclude, that if open rebellion goes unpunished, every degree of faction which leads to it must be altogether innocent.

I am come now to another argument for pardoning all the rebels, which is, that it would inspire them all with gratitude, and reduce them to their allegiance. "It is truly heroic to overcome the hearts of one's enemies; and when it is compassed, the undertaking is truly politic," (p. 8.) "He has now a fair opportunity of conquering more enemies by one act of clemency, than the most successful general will be able to do in many campaigns," (p. 9.) "Are there not infinite numbers who would become most dutiful upon any fair invitation, upon the least appearance of grace?" (p. 13.) "Which of the rebels could be ungrateful enough to resist or abuse goodness exemplified in practice, as well as extolled in theory?" (p. 20.) Has not his majesty then shown the least appearance of grace in that generous forgiveness which he has already extended to such great numbers of his rebellious subjects, who must have died by the laws of their country, had not his mercy interposed in their behalf? But if the author means (as he doth through this whole pamphlet by the like expressions) a universal forgiveness, no unprejudiced man can be of his opinion, that it would have had this good effect. We may see how little the conversion of rebels is to be depended on, when we observe that several of the leaders in this rebellion were men who had been pardoned for practices of the same nature: and that most of those who have suffered, have avowed their perseverance in their rebellious principles, when they spoke their minds at the place of execution, notwithstanding their professions to the contrary while they solicited forgiveness. Besides, were pardon extended indifferently to all, which of them would think himself under any particular obligation? Whereas, by that prudent discrimination

which his majesty has made between the offenders of different degrees, he naturally obliges those whom he has considered with so much tenderness, and distinguished as the most proper objects of mercy. In short, those who are pardoned would not have known the value of grace, if none had felt the effects of justice.

I must not omit another reason which the author makes use of against punishments; "Because," he says, "those very means, or the apprehensions of them, have brought things to the pass in which they are, and consequently will reduce them from bad to worse," (p. 10.) And afterwards, "The growth of disaffection is in a great measure owing to the groundless jealousies men entertained of the present administration, as if they were to expect nothing but cruelty under it." If our author would have spoken out, and have applied these effects to the real cause, he could ascribe this change of affections among the people to nothing else but the change of the ministry: for we find that a great many persons lost their loyalty with their places; and that their friends have ever since made use of the most base methods to infuse those groundless discontents into the minds of the common people, which have brought so many of them to the brink of destruction, and proved so detrimental to their fellow-subjects. However, this proceeding has shown how dangerous it would have been for his majesty to have continued in their places of trust, a set of men, some of whom have since actually joined with the pretender to his crown: while others may be justly suspected never to have been faithful to him in their hearts, or, at least, whose principles are precarious, and visibly conducted by their interest. In a word, if the removal of these persons from their posts has produced such popular commotions, the continuance of them might have produced something, much more fatal to their king and country, and have brought about that revolution, which has now been in vain attempted. The condition of a British king would be very poor indeed, should a party of his subjects threaten him with a rebellion upon his bringing malefactors to justice, or upon his refusing to employ those whom he dares not trust.

I shall only mention another argument against the punishment of any of the rebels, whose executions he represents as very shocking to the people; because they are their "countrymen," (p. 12.) And again, "The quality of the sufferers, their alliances, their characters, their being Englishmen, with a thousand other circumstances, will contribute to breed more ill blood than all the state chirurgeons can possibly let out," (p. 12.) The impeached lords likewise, in the last paragraph of the pamphlet, are recommended to our pity, because they are our *countrymen*. By this way of reasoning, no man, that is a gentleman, or born within the three seas, should be subject to capital punishment. Besides, who can be guilty of rebellion that are not our *countrymen*? As for the endearing name of Englishmen, which he bestows upon every one of the criminals, he should consider, that a man deservedly cuts himself off from the affections as well as the privileges of that community which he endeavours to subvert.

These are the several arguments which appear in different forms and expressions through this whole pamphlet, and under which every one that is urged in it may be reduced. There is indeed another set of them, derived from the example and authority of great persons, which the author produces in favour of his own scheme. These are William the Conqueror, Henry the Fourth of France, our late King William, King Solomon, and the Pretender. If a man were disposed to draw arguments for severity out of history, how many instances might one find of it among the greatest princes of every nation? but as different princes may act very laudably by different methods in different conjunctures, I cannot think this a conclusive way of reasoning. However, let us examine this set of arguments, and we shall find them no less defective than those abovementioned.

"One of the greatest of our English monarchs," says our author, "was William the Conqueror; and he was the greater, because he put to death only one person of quality that we read of, and him after repeated treacheries; yet he was a foreigner, had power sufficient, and did not want provocations to have been more bloody," (p. 27.) This person of quality was the Earl Waltheof, who, being overtaken with wine, engaged in a conspiracy against this monarch, but repenting of it the next morning, repaired to the king, who was then in Normandy, and discovered the whole matter. Notwithstanding which, he was beheaded upon the defeat of the conspiracy, for having but thus far tampered in it. And as for the rest of the conspirators, who rose in an actual rebellion, the king used them with the utmost rigour; he cut off the hands of some, put out the eyes of others, some were hanged upon gibbets, and those who fared the best, were sent into banishment. There are indeed the most dreadful examples of severity in this reign: though it must be confessed, that, after the manner of those times, the nobility generally escaped with their lives, though multitudes of them were punished with banishment, perpetual imprisonment, forfeitures, and other great severities: while the poor people, who had been deluded by these their ringleaders, were executed with the utmost rigour. A partiality which I believe no commoner of England will ever think to be either just or reasonable.

The next instance is Henry the Fourth of France, "who," says our author, "so handsomely expressed his tenderness for his people, when, at signing the treaty of Vervins, he said, that, by one dash of his pen, he

had overcome more enemies, than he could ever be able to do with his sword." Would not an ordinary reader think that this treaty of Vervins was a treaty between Henry the Fourth and a party of his subjects? for, otherwise, how can it have a place in the present argument? But, instead of that, it was a treaty between France and Spain; so that the speech expressed an equal tenderness to the Spaniards and French; as multitudes of either nation must have fallen in that war, had it continued longer. As for this king's treatment of conspirators, (though he is quoted thrice in the pamphlet as an example of clemency,) you have an eminent instance of it in his behaviour to the Mareschal de Biron, who had been his old faithful servant, and had contributed more than any one to his advancement to the throne. This mareschal, upon some discontent, was entered into a conspiracy against his master, and refusing to open the whole secret to the king, he was sent to the Bastile, and there beheaded, notwithstanding he sought for mercy with great importunities, and in the most moving manner. There are other instances in this king's reign, who, notwithstanding, was remarkable for his clemency, of rebels and conspirators, who were hanged, beheaded, or broken alive on the wheel.

The late King William was not disturbed by any rebellion from those who had once submitted to him. But we know he treated the persons concerned in the assassination-plot as so horrid a conspiracy deserved. As for the saying which this author imputes to that monarch, it being a piece of secret history, one doth not know when it was spoken, or what it alluded to, unless the author had been more particular in the account of it.

The author proceeds in the next place to no less an authority, than that of Solomon: "Among all the general observations of the wisest princes we know of, I think there is none holds more universally than, mercy and truth preserve a king, and his throne is established in mercy," (p. 18.) If we compare the different sayings of this wise king, which relate to the conduct of princes, we cannot question but that he means by this mercy, that kind of it, which is consistent with reason and government, and by which we hope to see his majesty's throne established. But our author should consider that the same wise man has said in another place, that, "An evil man seeketh rebellion, therefore a cruel messenger should be sent against him." Accordingly his practice was agreeable to his proverb: no prince having ever given a greater testimony of his abhorrence to undertakings of this treasonable nature. For he dispatched such a cruel messenger as is here mentioned to those who had been engaged in a rebellion many years before he himself was on the throne, and even to his elder brother, upon the bare suspicion that he was projecting so wicked an enterprise.

How the example of the Pretender came into this argument, I am at a loss to find out. "The Pretender declared a general pardon to all: and shall our rightful king show himself less the true father of his people, and afford his pardon to none, &c." (p. 25.) The Pretender's general pardon was to a people who were not in his power; and had he ever reduced them under it, it was only promised to such as immediately joined with him for the recovery of what he called his right. It was such a general pardon as would have been consistent with the execution of more than nine parts in ten of the kingdom.

There is but one more historical argument, which is drawn from King Philip's treatment of the Catalans. "I think it would not be unseasonable for some men to recollect what their own notions were of the treatment of the Catalans; how many declamations were made on the barbarity used towards them by King Philip, &c." (p. 29.) If the author remembers, these declamations, as he calls them, were not made so much on the barbarity used towards them by King Philip as on the barbarity used towards them by the English government. King Philip might have some colour for treating them as rebels, but we ought to have regarded them as allies; and were obliged, by all the ties of honour, conscience, and public faith, to have sheltered them from those sufferings which were brought upon them by a firm and inviolable adherence to our interest. However, none can draw into a parallel the cruelties which have been afflicted on that unhappy people, with those few instances of severity which our government has been obliged to exert towards the British rebels. I say, no man would make such a parallel, unless his mind be so blinded with passion and prejudice, as to assert, in the language of this pamphlet, "that no instances can be produced of the least lenity under the present administration, from the hour it commenced to this day," (p. 20.) with other astonishing reflections of the same nature, which are contradicted by such innumerable matters of fact, that it would be an affront to a reader's understanding to endeavour to confute them. But to return to the Catalans: "During the whole course of the war," says the author, "which ever of them submitted to discretion, were received to mercy," (p. 22.) This is so far from being truly related, that, in the beginning of the war, they were executed without mercy. But when, in conjunction with their allies, they became superior to King Philip's party in strength, and extended their conquests up to the very gates of Madrid, it cannot be supposed the Spanish court would be so infatuated as to persist in their first severities, against an enemy that could make such terrible reprisals. However, when this reason of state ceased, how dreadful was the havoc made among this brave, but unhappy people! The whole kingdom, without any distinction to the many thousands of its innocent inhabitants, was stripped of its immunities, and reduced to a state of slavery.

Barcelona was filled with executions; and all the patriots of their ancient liberties either beheaded, stowed in dungeons, or condemned to work in the mines of America.

God be thanked, we have a king who punishes with reluctancy, and is averse to such cruelties as were used among the Catalans, as much as those practised on the persons concerned in Monmouth's rebellion. Our author indeed condemns these western assizes in King James's reign, (p. 26.) And it would be well if all those who still adhere to the cause of that unfortunate king, and are clamorous at the proceedings of his present majesty, would remember, that notwithstanding that rebellion fell very much short of this both in the number and strength of the rebels, and had no tendency either to destroy the national religion, or introduce an arbitrary government, or to subject us to a foreign power; not only the chief of the rebels was beheaded, but even a lady, who had only harboured one of the offenders in her house, was in her extreme old age put to the same kind of death: that about two hundred and thirty were hanged, drawn, and quartered, and their limbs dispersed through several parts of the country, and set up as spectacles of terror to their fellow-subjects. It would be too tedious a work to run through the numberless fines, imprisonments, corporal punishments, and transportations, which were then likewise practised as wholesome severities.

We have now seen how fallaciously the author has stated the cause he has undertaken, by supposing that nothing but unlimited mercy, or unlimited punishment, are the methods that can be made use of in our present treatment of the rebels: that he has omitted the middle way of proceeding between these two extremes: that this middle way is the method in which his majesty, like all other wise and good kings, has chosen to proceed: that it is agreeable to the nature of government, religion, and our British constitution; and that every argument which the author has produced from reason and example, would have been a true one, had it been urged for that restrained clemency which his majesty has exercised; but is a false one, when applied to such a general, undistinguishing mercy as the author would recommend.

Having thus answered that which is the main drift and design of this pamphlet, I shall touch upon those other parts of it, which are interwoven with the arguments, to put men out of humour with the present government.

And here we may observe, that it is our author's method to suppose matters of fact which are not in being, and afterwards to descant upon them. As he is very sensible that the cause will not bear the test of reason, he has, indeed, every where chosen rather topics for declamation than argument. Thus he entertains us with a laboured invective against a standing army. But what has this to do in the present case? I suppose he would not advise his majesty to disband his forces while there is an army of rebels in his dominions. I cannot imagine he would think the affections of the people of England a security of the government in such a juncture, were it not, at the same time, defended with a sufficient body of troops. No prince has ever given a greater instance of his inclinations to rule without a standing army, if we consider, that, upon the very first news of the defeat of the rebels, he declared to both Houses of Parliament, that he had put an immediate stop to the levies which he had begun to raise at their request, and that he would not make use of the power which they had intrusted him with, unless any new preparations of the enemy should make it necessary for our defence. This speech was received with the greatest gratitude by both houses; and it is said, that in the House of Commons a very candid and honourable gentleman (who generally votes with the minority) declared, that he had not heard so gracious a speech from the throne for many years last past.

In another place, he supposes that the government has not endeavoured to gain the applause of the vulgar, by doing something for the church; and very gravely makes excuses for this their pretended neglect. What greater instances could his majesty have given of his love to the church of England, than those he has exhibited by his most solemn declarations; by his daily example, and by his promotions of the most eminent among the clergy, to such vacancies as have happened in his reign? To which we must add, for the honour of his government in this particular, that it has done more for the advantage of the clergy, than those, who are the most zealous for their interest, could have expected, in so short a time; which will farther appear, if we reflect upon the valuable and royal donative to one of our universities, and the provision made for those who are to officiate in the fifty new churches. His majesty is, indeed, a prince of too much magnanimity and truth, to make use of the name of the church for drawing his people into any thing that may be prejudicial to them; for what our author says, to this purpose, redounds as much to the honour of the present administration, as to the disgrace of others. "Nay, I wish, with all my soul, they had stopped a little *ad captum vulgi*, to take in those shallow fluttering hearts, which are to be caught by any thing baited with the name of *church*." p. 11.

Again; the author asks, "Whether terror is to become the only national principle?" with other questions of the same nature: and, in several parts of his book, harangues very plentifully against such a notion. Where he talks in general upon this topic, there is no question but every Whig and Tory in the kingdom perfectly agrees with him in what he says. But if he would insinuate, as he

ems to do in several places, that there ould be no impressions of awe upon the ind of a subject, and that a government ould not create terror in those who are sposed to do ill, as well as encourage those at do their duty: in short, if he is for an itire exclusion of that principle of fear hich is supposed to have some influence in very law, he opposes himself to the form of very government in the world, and to the ommon sense of mankind.

The artifice of this author in starting obctions to the friends of the government, d the foolish answers which he supposes ey return to them, is so very visible, that very one sees they are designed rather to ivert his reader, than to instruct him.

I have now examined this whole pamhlet, which, indeed, is written with a great eal of art, and as much argument as the ause would bear; and, after having stated e true notion of clemency, mercy, compasn, good-nature, humanity, or whatever se it may be called, so far as it is consisent with wisdom, and the good of mankind, r, in other words, so far as it is a moral irtue, I shall readily concur with the auhor in the highest panegyrics that he has estowed upon it. As likewise, I heartily in with him in every thing he has said gainst justice, if it includes, as his pamphlet upposes, the extirpation of every criminal, nd is not exercised with as much greater ixture of clemency than rigour. Mercy, n the true sense of the word, is that virtue y which a prince approachest nearest to im whom he represents: and whilst he is either remiss nor extreme to animadvert pon those who offend him, that logic will old true of him which is applied to the reat Judge of all the earth; "With thee here is mercy, therefore shalt thou be eared."

No. 32.] *Monday, April* 9.

Heu miseræ cives! non hostem, inimicaque castra
Argivum; vestras spes uritis ———— *Virg.*

I QUESTION not but the British ladies are very well pleased with the compliment I have paid them in the course of my papers, by regarding them, not only as the most amiable, but as the most important part of our community. They ought, indeed, to resent the treatment they have met with from other authors, who have never troubled their heads about them, but addressed all their arguments to the male half of their fellow-subjects; and take it for granted, that if they could bring these into their measures, the females would of course follow their political mates. The arguments they have made use of, are like Hudibras's spur, which he applied to one side of his horse, as not doubting but the other would keep pace with it. These writers seem to have regarded the fair sex but as the garniture of a nation; and when they consider them as parts of the commonwealth, it is only as they are of use to the consumption of our manufacture. "Could we persuade our British women," says one of our eminent merchants in a letter to his friend in the country upon the subject of commerce, "to clothe themselves in the comely apparel which might be made out of the wool of their own country; and, instead of coffee, tea, and chocolate, to delight in those wholesome and palatable liquors which may be extracted from the British simples; they would be of great advantage to trade, and therein to the public weal."

It is now, however, become necessary to treat our women as members of the body politic; since it is visible that great numbers of them have of late eloped from their allegiance, and that they do not believe themselves obliged to draw with us, as yoke-fellows, in the constitution. They will judge for themselves; look into the state of the nation with their own eyes; and be no longer led blindfolded by a male legislature. A friend of mine was lately complaining to me, that his wife had turned off one of the best cook-maids in England, because the wench had said something to her fellow-servants, which seemed to favour the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act.

When errors and prejudices are thus spread among the sex, it is the hardest thing in the world to root them out. Arguments, which are the only proper means for it, are of little use: they have a very short answer to all reasonings that turn against them, "Make us believe that, if you can;" which is in Latin, if I may, upon this occasion, be allowed the pedantry of a quotation, *non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris.* I could not but smile at a young university disputant, who was complaining the other day of the unreasonableness of a lady with whom he was engaged in a point of controversy. Being left alone with her, he took the opportunity of pursuing an argument which had been before started in discourse, and put it to her in a syllogism: upon which, as he informed us, with some heat, she granted him both the major and the minor, but denied him the conclusion.

The best method, therefore, that can be made use of with these polemical ladies, who are much more easy to be refuted than silenced, is to show them the ridiculous side of their cause, and to make them laugh at their own politics. It is a kind of ill manners to offer objections to a fine woman; and a man would be out of countenance that should gain the superiority in such a contest. A coquette logician may be rallied, but not contradicted. Those who would make use of solid arguments and strong reasonings to a reader or hearer of so delicate a turn, would be like that foolish people, whom Ælian speaks of, that worshipped a fly, and sacrificed an ox to it.

The truth of it is, a man must be of a very disputatious temper, that enters into state controversies with any of the fair sex. If the malignant be not beautiful, she cannot do much mischief; and if she is, her arguments will be so enforced by the charms of her person, that her antagonist may be in danger of betraying his own cause. Milton puts this confession into the mouth of our father Adam; who, though he asserts his superiority of reason in his debates with the mother of mankind, adds,

> ————Yet when I approach
> Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
> And in herself complete; so well to know
> Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
> Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
> All higher knowledge in her presence falls
> Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
> Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shows;
> Authority and reason on her wait———

If there is such a native loveliness in the sex, as to make them victorious even when they are in the wrong, how resistless is their power when they are on the side of truth! And, indeed, it is a peculiar good fortune to the government, that our fair malecontents are so much overmatched in beauty, as well as number, by those who are loyal to their king, and friends to their country.

Every paper, which I have hitherto addressed to our beautiful incendiaries, hath been filled with considerations of a different kind; by which means I have taken care that those who are enemies to the sex, or to myself, may not accuse me of tautology, or pretend that I attack them with their own weapon. For this reason I shall here lay together a new set of remarks, and observe the several artifices by which the enemies to our establishment do raise such unaccountable passions and prejudices in the minds of our discontented females.

In the first place, it is usual, among the most cunning of our adversaries, to represent all the rebels as very handsome men. If the name of a traitor be mentioned, they are very particular in describing his person; and when they are not able to extenuate his treason, commend his shape. This has so good an effect in one of our female audiences, that they represent to themselves a thousand poor, tall, innocent, fresh-coloured young gentlemen; who are dispersed among the several prisons of Great Britain; and extend their generous compassion towards a multitude of agreeable fellows that never were in being.

Another artifice is, to instil jealousies into their minds, of designs upon the anvil to retrench the privileges of the sex. Some represent the Whigs as enemies to Flanders lace; others had spread a report, that in the late act of parliament, for four shillings in the pound upon land, there would be inserted a clause for raising a tax upon pin-money. That the ladies may be the better upon their guard against suggestions of this nature, I shall beg leave to put them in mind of the story of Papirius, the son of a Roman senator. This young gentleman, after having been present in public debates, was usually teazed by his mother to inform her of what had passed. In order to deliver himself from this importunity, he told her one day, upon his return from the senate-house, that there had been a motion made for a decree to allow every man two wives. The good lady said nothing; but managed matters so well among the Roman matrons, that the next day they met together in a body before the senate-house, and presented a petition to the fathers against so unreasonable a law. This groundless credulity raised so much raillery upon the petitioners, that we do not find the ladies offered to direct the lawgivers of their country ever after.

There has been another method lately made use of, which has been practised with extraordinary success; I mean the spreading abroad reports of prodigies, which has wonderfully gratified the curiosity, as well as the hopes of our fair malignants. Their managers turn water into blood for them; frighten them with sea-monsters; make them see armies in the air; and give them their word, the more to ingratiate themselves with them, that they signify nothing less than future slaughter and desolation. The disloyal part of the sex immediately hug themselves at the news of the bloody fountain; look upon these fish as their friends; have great expectations from the clouds; and are very angry with you, if you think they do not all portend ruin to their country.

Secret history and scandal have always had their allurements; and I have, in other discourses, shown the great advantage that is made of them in the present ferment among the fair ones.

But the master engine, to overturn the minds of the female world, is the "danger of the church." I am not so uncharitable as to think there is any thing in an observation made by several of the Whigs, that there is scarce a woman in England who is troubled with the vapours, but is, more or less, affected with this cry: or, to remark with others, that it is not uttered in any part of the nation with so much bitterness of tongue and heart, as in the districts of Drury-lane. On the contrary, I believe there are many devout and honourable women who are deluded in this point by the artifice of designing men. To these, therefore, I would apply myself, in a more serious manner, and desire them to consider how that laudable piety, which is natural to the sex, is apt to degenerate into a groundless and furious zeal, when it is not kept within the bounds of charity and reason. Female zeal, though proceeding from so good a principle, has been infinitely detrimental to society, and to religion itself. If we may believe the French historians, it often put a stop to the proceedings of their kings, which might have ended in a reformation. For, upon their breaking with the pope, the queens frequently interposed, and, by their importu-

ities, reconciled them to the usurpations of he church of Rome. Nay, it was this vicious eal which gave a remarkable check to the rst progress of Christianity, as we find it ecorded by a sacred historian in the follow-g passage, which I shall leave to the con-ideration of my female readers. "But the ews stirred up the devout and honourable omen, and the chief men of the city, and aised a persecution against Paul and Bar-abas, and expelled them out of their coasts."

No. 33.] *Friday, April* 13.

Nulli adversus magistratus ac reges gratiores sunt: ec immerito; nullis enim plus præstant quam quibus ui tranquillo otio licet. Itaque hi, quibus ad proposi-im bene vivendi confert securitas publica, necesse est uctorem hujus boni et parentes colant.—*Senec. Ep.* 73.

We find, by our public papers, the uni-ersity of Dublin have lately presented to he Prince of Wales, in a most humble and utiful manner, their diploma, for consti-uting his royal highness chancellor of that earned body; and that the prince received his their offer with the goodness and con-escension which is natural to his illustrious ouse. As the college of Dublin have been ong famous for their great learning, they ave now given us an instance of their good ense; and it is with pleasure that we find uch a disposition, in this famous nursery of etters, to propagate sound principles, and to ct in its proper sphere, for the honour and ignity of the royal family. We hope that uch an example will have its influence on ther societies of the same nature; and can-ot but rejoice to see the heir of Great Britain vouchsafing to patronize, in so pecu-iar a manner, that noble seminary, which is erhaps at this time training up such per-ons as may hereafter be ornaments to his eign.

When men of learning are actuated thus by knowledge of the world as well as of books, nd show that their studies naturally inspire hem with a love to their king and country; hey give a reputation to literature, and con-ince the world of its usefulness. But when rts and sciences are so perverted as to dis-ose men to act in contradiction to the rest f the community, and to set up for a kind of eparate republic among themselves, they raw upon them the indignation of the wise, nd the contempt of the ignorant.

It has, indeed, been observed, that per-ons, who are very much esteemed for their nowledge and ingenuity in their private haracters, have acted like strangers to nankind, and to the dictates of right reason, hen joined together in a body. Like se-veral chemical waters, that are each of them lear and transparent when separate, but ferment into a thick troubled liquor when hey are mixed in the same vial.

There is a piece of mythology which bears very hard upon learned men, and which I shall here relate, rather for the delicacy of the satire, than for the justness of the moral. "When the city of Athens was finished, we are told that Neptune and Minerva presented themselves as candidates for the guardianship of the place. The Athenians, after a full debate upon the matter, came to an election, and made choice of Minerva. Upon which, Neptune, who very much resented the indignity, upbraided them with their stupidity and ignorance; that a maritime town should reject the patronage of him who was the god of the seas, and could defend them against all the attacks of their enemies. He concluded with a curse upon the inhabitants, which was to stick to them and their posterity; namely, 'that they should all be fools.' When Minerva, their tutelary goddess, who presides over arts and sciences, came among them to receive the honour they had conferred upon her, they made heavy complaints of the curse which Neptune had laid upon the city; and begged her, if possible, to take it off. But she told them it was not in her power; for that one deity could not reverse the act of another. 'However,' said she, 'I may alleviate the curse which I cannot remove: it is not possible for me to hinder you from being fools, but I will take care that you shall be learned.'"

There is nothing which bodies of learned men should be more careful of, than, by all due methods, to cultivate the favour of the great and powerful. The indulgence of a prince is absolutely necessary to the propagation, the defence, the honour and support of learning. It naturally creates in men's minds an ambition to distinguish themselves by letters; and multiplies the number of those who are dedicated to the pursuits of knowledge. It protects them against the violence of brutal men; and gives them opportunities to pursue their studies in a state of peace and tranquillity. It puts the learned in countenance, and gives them a place among the fashionable part of mankind. It distributes rewards; and encourages speculative persons, who have neither opportunity nor a turn of mind to increase their own fortunes, with all the incentives of place, profit, and preferment. On the contrary, nothing is in itself so pernicious to communities of learned men, nor more apprehended by those that wish them well, than the displeasure of their prince, which those may justly expect to feel, who would make use of his favour to his own prejudice, and put in practice all the methods that lie within their power to vilify his person, and distress his government. In both these cases, a learned body is, in a more particular manner, exposed to the influence of their king, as described by the wisest of men, "The wrath of a king is as the roaring of a lion; but his favour is as the dew upon the grass."

We find in our English histories, that the empress Matilda, (who was the great ancestor of his present majesty, and whose grand-daughter of the same name has a place

upon several of the Hanover medals) was particularly favoured by the university of Oxford, and defended in that place, when most parts of the kingdom had revolted against her. Nor is it to be questioned, but an university so famous for learning and sound knowledge, will show the same zeal for her illustrious descendant, as they will every day discern his majesty's royal virtues, through those prejudices which have been raised in their minds by artful and designing men. It is with much pleasure we see this great fountain of learning already beginning to run clear, and recovering its natural purity and brightness. None can imagine that a community which is taxed by the worst of its enemies, only for overstraining the notions of loyalty even to bad princes, will fall short of a due allegiance to the best.

When this happy temper of mind is fully established among them, we may justly hope to see the largest share of his majesty's favours fall upon that university, which is the greatest, and upon all accounts the most considerable, not only in his dominions, but in all Europe.

I shall conclude this paper with a quotation out of Camden's history of Queen Elizabeth, who, after having described that queen's reception at Oxford, gives an account of the speech which she made to them at her departure; concluding with a piece of advice to that university. Her counsel was, "That they would first serve God, not after the curiosity of some, but according to the laws of God and the land; that they would not go before the laws, but follow them; nor dispute whether better might be prescribed, but keep those prescribed already; obey their superiors; and, lastly, embrace one another in brotherly piety and concord."

No. 34.] *Monday, April* 16.

——————Sævus apertam
In rabiem cæpit verti jocus——————
Hor.

It is very justly, as well as frequently observed, that if our nation be ever ruined, it must be by itself. The parties and divisions which reign among us may several ways bring destruction upon our country, at the same time that our united force would be sufficient to secure us against all the attempts of a foreign enemy. Whatever expedients therefore can be found to allay those heats and animosities, which break us into different factions and interests, cannot but be useful to the public, and highly tend to its safety, strength, and reputation.

This dangerous dissension among us discovers itself in all the most indifferent circumstances of life. We keep it up, and cherish it with as much pains, as if it were a kind of national blessing. It insinuates itself into all our discourses, mixes in our parties of pleasure, has a share in our diversions, and is an ingredient in most of our public entertainments.

I was not long ago at the play called Sir Courtly Nice, where, to the eternal reproach of good sense, I found the whole audience had very gravely ranged themselves into two parties, under Hot-head and Testimony. Hot-head was the applauded hero of the Tories, and Testimony no less the favourite of the Whigs. Each party followed their champion. It was wonderful to see so polite an assembly distinguishing themselves by such extraordinary representatives, and avowing their principles as conformable either to the zeal of Hot-head, or the moderation of Testimony. Thus the two parts which were designed to expose the faults of both sides, and were accordingly received by our ancestors in King Charles the Second's reign, meet with a kind of sanction from the applauses which are respectively bestowed on them by their wise posterity. We seem to imagine that they were written as patterns for imitation not as objects of ridicule.

This humour runs so far, that most of our late comedies owe their success to it. The audience listens after nothing else. I have seen little Dicky place himself with great approbation at the head of the Tories for five acts together, and Pinky espouse the interest of the Whigs with no less success. I do not find that either party has yet thrown themselves under the patronage of Scaramouch, or that Harlequin has violated that neutrality, which, upon his late arrival in Great Britain, he possessed to both parties, and which it is thought he will punctually observe, being allowed on all sides to be a man of honour. It is true, that, upon his first appearance, a violent Whig tradesman in the pit begun to compliment him with a clap, as overjoyed to see him mount a ladder, and fancying him to be dressed in a Highland plaid.

I question not but my readers will be surprised to find me animadverting on a practice that has been always favourable to the cause which now prevails. The British theatre was Whig even in the worst of times; and, in the last reign did not scruple to testify its zeal for the good of our country, by many magnanimous claps in its lower regions, answered with loud huzzas from the upper gallery. This good disposition is so much heightened of late, that the whole neighbourhood of the Drury-lane theatre very often shakes with the loyalty of the audience. It is said, that a young author, who very much relies on this prevailing humour, is now writing a farce, to be called A Match out of Newgate, in allusion to the title of a comedy called A Match in Newgate; and that his chief person is *a round-shouldered man with a pretty large nose and a wide mouth*, making his addresses to a lovely black woman that passes for a peeress of Great Britain. In short, the whole play is built upon the late escape of General

orster, who is supposed upon the road to ll in love with my Lord Nithisdale, whom e ingenious author imagines to be still in is riding-hood.

But notwithstanding the good principles of British audience in this one particular, it ere to be wished that every thing should e banished the stage which has a tendency exasperate men's minds, and inflame that arty rage which makes us such a miserale and divided people. And that in the rst place, because such a proceeding as is disappoints the very design of all public iversions and entertainments. The institution of sports and shows was intended by all overnments, to turn off the thoughts of the eople from busying themselves in matters f state, which did not belong to them; to econcile them to one another by the comon participations of mirth and pleasure; nd to wear out of their minds that rancour hich they might have contracted by the inerfering views of interest and ambition. It ould therefore be for the benefit of every ociety, that is disturbed by contending facions, to encourage such innocent amusements as may thus disembitter the minds of nen, and make them mutually rejoice in the ame agreeable satisfaction. When people re accustomed to sit together with pleasure, t is a step towards reconciliation: but as ve manage matters, our politest assemblies re like boisterous clubs, that meet over a lass of wine, and before they have done, hrow bottles at one another's heads. Intead of multiplying those desirable opporunities where we may agree in points that re different, we let the spirit of contention nto those very methods that are not only oreign to it, but should in their nature dispose us to be friends. This our anger in our nirth is like poison in a perfume, which aints the spirits instead of cheering and refreshing them.

Another manifest inconvenience which arises from this abuse of public entertainments, is, that it naturally destroys the taste of an audience. I do not deny, but that several performances have been justly applauded for their wit, which have been written with an eye to this predominant humour of the town; but it is visible even in these, that it is not the excellence but the application of the sentiment that has raised applause. An author is very much disappointed to find the best parts of his production received with indifference, and to see the audience discovering beauties which he never intended. The actors, in the midst of an innocent old play, are often startled with unexpected claps or hisses; and do not know whether they have been talking like good subjects, or have spoken treason. In short, we seem to have such a relish for faction, as to have lost that of wit; and are so used to the bitterness of party rage, that we cannot be gratified with the highest entertainment that has not this kind of seasoning in it. But as no work must expect to live long which draws all its beauty from the colour of the times; so neither can that pleasure be of greater continuance, which arises from the prejudice or malice of its hearers.

To conclude; since the present hatred and violence of parties is so unspeakably pernicious to the community, and none can do a better service to their country than those who use their utmost endeavours to extinguish it, we may reasonably hope, that the more elegant part of the nation will give a good example to the rest; and put an end to so absurd and foolish a practice, which makes our most refined diversions detrimental to the public, and, in a particular manner, destructive of all politeness.

No. 35.] *Friday, April* 20.

Atheniensium res gestæ, sicut ego existumo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere, verum aliquanto minores tamen, quam fama feruntur: sed, quia provenere ibi magna scriptorum ingenia, per terrarum orbem Atheniensium facta pro maxumis celebrantur. Ita eorum, qui ea fecere, virtus tanta habetur, quantum verbis ea potuere extollere præclara ingenia. *Sallust.*

GRATIAN, among his maxims for raising a man to the most consummate character of greatness, advises first to perform extraordinary actions, and in the next place to secure a good historian. Without the last, he considers the first as thrown away; as indeed they are in a great measure by such illustrious persons, as make fame and reputation the end of their undertakings. The most shining merit goes down to posterity with disadvantage, when it is not placed by writers in its proper light.

The misfortune is, that there are more instances of men who deserve this kind of immortality, than of authors who are able to bestow it. Our country, which has produced writers of the first figure in every other kind of work, has been very barren in good historians. We have had several who have been able to compile matters of fact, but very few have been able to digest them with that purity and elegance of style, that nicety and strength of reflection, and that subtilty and discernment in the unravelling of a character, and that choice of circumstances for enlivening the whole narration, which we so justly admire in the ancient historians of Greece and Rome, and in some authors of our neighbouring nations.

Those who have succeeded best in works of this kind, are such, who, besides their natural good sense and learning, have themselves been versed in public business, and thereby acquired a thorough knowledge of men and things. It was the advice of the great Duke of Schomberg to an eminent historian of his acquaintance, who was an ecclesiastic, that he should avoid being too particular in the drawing up of an army, and other circumstances of the day of battle; for that he had always observed most notorious blunders and absurdities committed on that occasion, by such writers as were not con-

vernant in the art of war. We may reasonably expect the like mistakes in every other kind of public matters, recorded by those who have only a distant theory of such affairs. Besides, it is not very probable, that men, who have passed all their time in low and vulgar life, should have a suitable idea of the several beauties and blemishes in the actions or characters of great men. For this reason I find an old law quoted by the famous Monsieur Bayle, that no person below the dignity of a Roman knight should presume to write a history.

In England there is scarce any one, who has had a tincture of reading or study, that is not apt to fancy himself equal to so great a task; though it is plain, that many of our countrymen, who have tampered in history, frequently show that they do not understand the very nature of those transactions which they recount. Nay, nothing is more usual than to see every man, who is versed in any particular way of business, finding fault with several of these authors, so far as they treat of matters within his sphere.

There is a race of men lately sprung up among this sort of writers, whom one cannot reflect upon without indignation as well as contempt. These are our Grub-street biographers, who watch for the death of a great man, like so many undertakers, on purpose to make a penny of him. He is no sooner laid in his grave, but he falls into the hands of a historian, who, to swell a volume, ascribes to him works which he never wrote, and actions which he never performed; celebrates virtues which he never was famous for, and excuses faults which he was never guilty of. They fetch their only authentic records out of Doctors' Commons; and, when they have got a copy of his last will and testament, they fancy themselves furnished with sufficient materials for his history. This might indeed enable them in some measure to write the history of his death; but what can we expect from an author that undertakes to write the life of a great man, who is furnished with no other matters of fact, besides legacies; and instead of being able to tell us what he did, can only tell us what he bequeathed? This manner of exposing the private concerns of families, and sacrificing the secrets of the dead to the curiosity of the living, is one of those licentious practices which might well deserve the animadversion of our government, when it has time to contrive expedients for remedying the many crying abuses of the press. In the mean while, what a poor idea must strangers conceive of those persons, who have been famous among us in their generation, should they form their notions of them from the writings of these our historiographers! What would our posterity think of their illustrious forefathers, should they only see them in such weak and disadvantageous lights! But, to our comfort, works of this nature are so short lived, that they cannot possibly diminish the memory of those patriots which they are not able to preserve.

The truth of it is, as the lives of great men cannot be written with any tolerable degree of elegance or exactness, within a short space after their decease; so neither is it fit that the history of a person, who has acted among us in a public character, should appear, till envy and friendship are laid asleep, and the prejudice both of his antagonists and adherents be, in some degree, softened and subdued. There is no question but there are several eminent persons in each party, however they may represent one another at present, who will have the same admirers among posterity, and be equally celebrated by those, whose minds will not be distempered by interest, passion, or partiality. It were happy for us, could we prevail upon ourselves to imagine, that one, who differs from us in opinion, may possibly be an honest man; and that we might do the same justice to one another, which will be done us hereafter by those who shall make their appearance in the world, when this generation is no more. But in our present miserable and divided condition, how just soever a man's pretensions may be to a great or blameless reputation, he must expect his share of obloquy and reproach; and, even with regard to his posthumous character, content himself with such a kind of consideration, as induced the famous Sir Francis Bacon, after having bequeathed his soul to God, and his body to the earth, to leave his fame to foreign nations; and after some years, to his own country.

No. 36.] *Monday, April* 23.

——Illa se jactet in aula *Virg.*

Among all the paradoxes in politics which have been advanced by some among us, there is none so absurd and shocking to the most ordinary understanding, as that it is possible for Great Britain to be quietly governed by a popish sovereign. King Henry the Fourth found it impracticable for a Protestant to reign even in France, notwithstanding the reformed religion does not engage a prince to the persecution of any other; and, notwithstanding the authority of the sovereign in that country is more able to support itself, and command the obedience of the people, than in any other European monarchy. We are convinced, by the experience of our own times, that our constitution is not able to bear a Popish prince at the head of it. King James the Second was endowed with many royal virtues, and might have had a nation of Roman Catholics happy under his administration. The grievances we suffered in his reign proceeded purely from his religion: but they were such as made the whole body of the nobility, clergy, and commonalty rise up as one man against him, and oblige him to quit the throne of his ancestors. The

truth of it is, we have only the vices of a protestant prince to fear, and may be made happy by his virtues: but in a popish prince we have no chance for our prosperity; his very piety obliges him to our destruction; and, in proportion as he is more religious, he becomes more insupportable. One would wonder, therefore, to find many who call themselves protestants, favouring the pretensions of a person who has been bred up in the utmost bitterness and bigotry of the church of Rome; and who, in all probability, within less than a twelvemonth, would be opposed by those very men that are industrious to set him upon the throne, were it possible for so wicked and unnatural an attempt to succeed.

I was some months ago in a company, that diverted themselves with the declaration which he had then published, and particularly with the date of it, "In the fourteenth year of our reign." The company was surprised to find there was a king in Europe who had reigned so long and made such a secret of it. This gave occasion to one of them, who is now in France, to inquire into the history of this remarkable reign, which he has digested into annals, and lately transmitted hither for the perusal of his friends. I have suppressed such personal reflections as are mixed in this short chronicle, as not being to the purpose; and find that the whole history of his regal conduct and exploits may be comprised in the remaining part of this half sheet.

The History of the Pretender's fourteen years reign, digested into Annals.

Anno Regni 1°. He made choice of his ministry, the first of whom was his confessor. This was a person recommended by the society of Jesuits, who represented him as one very proper to guide the conscience of a king, that hoped to rule over an island which is not within the pale of the church. He then proceeded to name the president of his council, his secretaries of state, and gave away a very honourable sinecure to his principal favourite, by constituting him his lord high-treasurer. He likewise signed a dormant commission for another to be his high-admiral, with orders to produce it whenever he had sea-room for his employment.

Anno Regni 2°. He perfected himself in the minuet step.

Anno Regni 3°. He grew half a foot.

Anno Regni 4°. He wrote a letter to the pope, desiring him to be as kind to him as his predecessor had been, who was his godfather. In the same year he ordered the lord high-treasurer to pay off the debts of the crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne; particularly a milk-score of three years' standing.

Anno Regni 5°. He very much improved himself in all princely learning, having read over the legends of the saints, with the history of those several martyrs in England, who had attempted to blow up a whole parliament of heretics.

Anno Regni 6°. He applied himself to the arts of government with more than ordinary diligence; took a plan of the Bastile with his own hand; visited the galleys; and studied the edicts of his great patron Louis XIV.

Anno Regni 7°. Being now grown up to years of maturity, he resolved to seek adventures; but was very much divided in his mind, whether he should make an expedition to Scotland, or a pilgrimage to Loretto; being taught to look upon the latter in a religious sense, as the place of his nativity. At length he resolved upon his Scotch expedition; and, as the first exertion of that royal authority, which he was going to assume, he knighted himself. After a short piece of errantry upon the seas, he got safe back to Dunkirk, where he paid his devotions to St. Anthony, for having delivered him from the dangers of the sea, and Sir George Byng.

Anno Regni 8°. He made a campaign in Flanders, where, by the help of a telescope, he saw the battle of Oudenarde, and the prince of Hanover's horse shot under him; being posted on a high tower with two French princes of the blood.

Anno Regni 9°. He made a second campaign in Flanders; and, upon his return to the French court, gained a great reputation, by his performance in a rigadoon.

Anno Regni 10°. The pope having heard the fame of these his military achievements, made him the offer of a cardinal's cap; which he was advised not to accept, by some of his friends in England.

Anno Regni 11°. He retired to Lorrain, where every morning he made great havoc among the wild fowl, by the advice and with the assistance of his privy council. He is said, this summer, to have shot with his own hands fifty brace of pheasants, and one wild pig; to have set thirty coveys of patridges; and to have hunted down forty brace of hares; to which he might have added as many foxes, had not most of them made their escape, by running out of his friend's dominions, before his dogs could finish the chase. He was particularly animated to these diversions by his ministers, who thought they would not a little recommend him to the good opinion and kind offices of several British fox-hunters.

Anno Regni 12°. He made a visit to the Duke d'Aumont, and passed for a French marquis in a masquerade.

Anno Regni 13°. He visited several convents, and gathered subscriptions from all the well-disposed monks and nuns, to whom he communicated his design of an attempt upon Great Britain.

Anno Regni 14°. He now made great preparations for the invasion of England, and got together vast stores of ammunition, consisting of relics, gunpowder and cannon-ball. He received from the pope a very

large contribution, one moiety in money, and the other in indulgences. An Irish priest brought him an authentic tooth of St. Thomas a Becket, and, it is thought, was to have for his reward the archbishopric of Canterbury. Every monastery contributed something; one gave him a thousand pounds; and another as many masses.

This year containing farther the battles which he fought in Scotland, and the towns which he took, is so fresh in every one's memory, that we shall say no more of it.

No. 37.] *Friday, April 27.*

——————Quod si
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses;
Quo te cœlestis sapientia duceret, ires,
Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus, et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.—*Hor.*

It is a melancholy reflection, that our country, which in times of popery was called the Nation of Saints, should have less appearance of religion in it than any other neighbouring state or kingdom; whether they be such as continue still immersed in the errors of the church of Rome, or such as are recovered out of them. This is a truth that is obvious to every one, who has been conversant in foreign parts. It was formerly thought dangerous for a young man to travel, lest he should return an atheist to his native country: but at present it is certain, that an Englishman, who has any tolerable degree of reflection, cannot be better awakened to a sense of religion in general, than by observing how the minds of all mankind are set upon this important point; how every nation is serious and attentive to the great business of their being; and that in other countries a man is not out of the fashion, who is bold and open in the profession and practice of all Christian duties.

This decay of piety is by no means to be imputed to the Reformation, which, in its first establishment, produced its proper fruits, and distinguished the whole age with shining instances of virtue and morality. If we would trace out the original of that flagrant and avowed impiety which has prevailed among us for some years, we should find that it owes its rise to that opposite extreme of cant and hypocrisy, which had taken possession of the people's minds in the times of the great rebellion, and of the usurpation that succeeded it. The practices of these men, under the covert of a feigned zeal, made even the appearance of sincere devotion ridiculous and unpopular. The raillery of the wits and courtiers, in King Charles the Second's reign, upon every thing which they then called precise, was carried to so great an extravagance, that it almost put Christianity out of countenance. The ridicule grew so strong and licentious, that from this time we may date that remarkable turn in the behaviour of our fashionable Englishmen, that makes them shame-faced in the exercise of those duties which they were sent into the world to perform.

The late cry of the church has been an artifice of the same kind with that made use of by the hypocrites of the last age, and has had as fatal an influence upon religion. If a man would but seriously consider how much greater comfort he would receive in the last moment of his life, from a reflection that he has made one virtuous man, than that he has made a thousand Tories, we should not see the zeal of so many good men turned off from its proper end, and employed in making such a kind of converts. What satisfaction will it be to an immoral man, at such a time, to think he is a good Whig! or, to one that is conscious of sedition, perjury, or rebellion, that he dies with the reputation of a high-churchman!

But to consider how this cry of the church has corrupted the morals of both parties. Those, who are the loudest in it, regard themselves rather as a political, than a religious community; and are held together rather by state notions than by articles of faith. This fills the minds of weak men, who fall into the snare, with groundless fears and apprehensions, unspeakable rage towards their fellow-subjects, wrong ideas of persons whom they are not acquainted with, and uncharitable interpretations of those actions of which they are not competent judges. It instils into their minds the utmost virulence and bitterness, instead of that charity, which is the perfection and ornament of religion, and the most indispensable and necessary means for attaining the end of it. In a word, among these mistaken zealots, it sanctifies cruelty and injustice, riots and treason.

The effects which this cry of the church has had on the other party, are no less manifest and deplorable. They see themselves unjustly aspersed by it, and vindicate themselves in terms no less opprobrious, than those by which they are attacked. Their indignation and resentment rises in proportion to the malice of their adversaries. The unthinking part of them are apt to contract an unreasonable aversion even to that ecclesiastical constitution to which they are represented as enemies; and not only to particular persons, but to that order of men in general, which will be always held sacred and honourable, so long as there is reason and religion in the world.

I might mention many other corruptions, common to both parties, which naturally flow from this source; and might easily show, upon a full display of them, that this clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it; and rendered us not only the most divided, but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.

When our nation is overflowed with such a deluge of impiety, it must be a great pleasure to find any expedient take place, that

has a tendency to recover it out of so dismal a condition. This is one great reason why an honest man may rejoice to see an act so near taking effect, for making elections of members to serve in parliament less frequent. I find myself prevented by other writings (which have considered the act now depending, in this particular light) from expatiating upon this subject. I shall only mention two short pieces which I have been just now reading, under the following titles: "Arguments about the Alteration of the Triennial Elections of Parliament:" and, "The Alteration in the Triennial Act considered."

The reasons for this law, as it is necessary for settling his majesty in his throne; for extinguishing the spirit of rebellion; for procuring foreign alliances; and other advantages of the like nature; carry a great weight with them. But I am particularly pleased with it, as it may compose our unnatural feuds and animosities, revive an honest spirit of industry in the nation, and cut off frequent occasions of brutal rage and intemperance. In short, as it will make us not only a more safe, a more flourishing, and a more happy, but also a more virtuous people.

No. 38.] *Monday, April* 30.

——Longum, formosa, vale—— *Virg.*

It is the ambition of the male part of the world to make themselves esteemed, and of the female to make themselves beloved. As this is the last paper which I shall address to my fair readers; I cannot, perhaps, oblige them more, than by leaving them, as a kind of legacy, a certain secret, which seldom fails of procuring this affection, which they are naturally formed both to desire and to obtain. This nostrum is comprised in the following sentence of Seneca, which I shall translate for the service of my countrywomen. *Ego tibi monstrabo amatorium sine medicamento, sine herba, sine ullius veneficæ carmine: si vis amari, ama.* "I will discover to you a philter that has neither drug, nor simple, nor enchantment in it. Love, if you would raise love." If there be any truth in this discovery, and this be such a specific as the author pretends, there is nothing which makes the sex more unamiable than party rage. The finest woman, in a transport of fury, loses the use of her face. Instead of charming her beholders, she frights both friend and foe. The latter can never be smitten by so bitter an enemy, nor the former captivated by a nymph, who, upon occasion, can be so very angry. The most endearing of our beautiful fellow-subjects, are those whose minds are the least imbittered with the passions and prejudices of either side; and who discover the native sweetness of the sex in every part of their conversation and behaviour. A lovely woman, who thus flourishes in her innocence and good humour, amidst that mutual spite and rancour which prevails among her exasperated sisterhood, appears more amiable by the singularity of her character; and may be compared, with Solomon's bride, to "a lily among the thorns."

A stateswoman is as ridiculous a creature as a cot-quean. Each of the sexes should keep within its particular bounds, and content themselves to excel within their respective districts. When Venus complained to Jupiter of the wound which she had received in battle, the father of the gods smiled upon her, and put her in mind, that instead of mixing in war, which was not her business, she should have been officiating in her proper ministry, and carrying on the delights of marriage. The delicacy of several modern critics has been offended with Homer's Billingsgate Warriors; but a scolding hero is, at the worst, a more tolerable character than a bully in petticoats. To which we may add, that the keenest satirist, among the ancients, looked upon nothing as a more proper subject of raillery and invective, than a female gladiator.

I am the more disposed to take into consideration these ladies of fire and politics, because it would be very monstrous to see feuds and animosities kept up among the soft sex, when they are in so hopeful a way of being composed among the men, by the septennial bill, which is now ready for the royal assent. As this is likely to produce a cessation of arms, till the expiration of the present parliament, among one half of our island, it is very reasonable that the more beautiful moiety of his majesty's subjects should establish a truce among themselves for the same term of years. Or rather, it were to be wished, that they would summon together a kind of senate, or parliament, of the fairest and wisest of our sister subjects, in order to enact a perpetual neutrality among the sex. They might at least appoint something like a committee, chosen from among the ladies residing in London and Westminster, in order to prepare a bill to be laid before the assembly upon the first opportunity of their meeting. The regulation might be as follows:

"That a committee of toasts be forthwith appointed, to consider the present state of the sex in the British nation.

"That this committee do meet at the house of every respective member of it on her visiting day; and that every one who comes to it shall have a vote, and a dish of tea.

"That the committee be empowered to send for billet-doux, libels, lampoons, lists of toasts, or any other the like papers and records.

"That it be an instruction to the said committee, to consider of proper ways and methods to reclaim the obstinately opprobrious and virulent; and how to make the ducking-stool more useful."

Being always willing to contribute my assistances to my countrywomen, I would propose a preamble, setting forth, "That the

late civil war among the sex has tended very much to the lessening that ancient and undoubted authority, which they have claimed over the male part of the island, to the ruin of good housewifery, and to the betraying of many important secrets: that it has produced much bitterness of speech, many sharp and violent contests, and a great effusion of citron-water: that it has raised animosities in their hearts, and heats in their faces: that it has broke out in their ribands, and caused unspeakable confusions in their dress: and, above all, that it has introduced a certain frown into the features, and a sourness into the air of our British ladies, to the great damage of their charms, and visible decay of the national beauty."

As for the enacting part of the bill, it may consist of many particulars, which will naturally arise from the debates of the tea-table; and must, therefore, be left to the discretion and experience of the committee. Perhaps, it might not be amiss to enact, among other things,

"That the discoursing on politics shall be looked upon as dull as talking on the weather.

"That if any man troubles a female assembly with parliament news, he shall be marked out as a blockhead, or an incendiary.

"That no woman shall henceforth presume to stick a patch upon her forehead, unless it be in the very middle, that is in the neutral part of it.

"That all fans and snuff-boxes, of what principles soever, shall be called in: and that orders be given to Motteux and Mathers, to deliver out, in exchange for them, such as have no tincture of party in them.

"That when any lady bespeaks a play, she shall take effectual care, that the audience be pretty equally checkered with Whigs and Tories.

"That no woman of any party presume to influence the legislature.

"That there be a general amnesty and oblivion of all former hostilities and distinctions, all public and private failings on either side: and that every one who comes into this neutrality within the space of weeks, shall be allowed an ell extraordinary, above the present standard, in the circumference of her petticoat.

"Provided always nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to any person or persons, inhabiting and practising within the hundreds of Drury, or to any other of that society in what part soever of the nation in like manner practising and residing; who are still at liberty to rail, calumniate, scold, frown and pout, as in aforetimes, any thing in this act to the contrary notwithstanding."

No. 39.] *Friday, May 4.*

Prodesse quam conspici. *Lord Somers's Motto.*

It often happens, that extirpating the love of glory, which is observed to take the deepest root in noble minds, tears up several virtues with it; and that suppressing the desire of fame is apt to reduce men to a state of indolence and supineness. But when, without any incentive of vanity, a person of great abilities is zealous for the good of mankind; and as solicitous for the concealment as the performance of illustrious actions; we may be sure that he has something more than ordinary in his composition, and has a heart filled with goodness and magnanimity.

There is not, perhaps, in all history, a greater instance of this temper of mind, than what appeared in that excellent person, whose motto I have placed at the head of this paper. He had worn himself out in his application to such studies as made himself useful or ornamental to the world, in concerting schemes for the welfare of his country, and in prosecuting such measures as were necessary for making those schemes effectual: but all this was done with a view to the public good that should rise out of these generous endeavours, and not to the fame which should accrue to himself. Let the reputation of the action fall where it would, so his country reaped the benefit of it, he was satisfied. As this turn of mind threw off, in a great measure, the oppositions of envy and competition, it enabled him to gain the most vain and impracticable into his designs, and to bring about several great events for the safety and advantage of the public, which must have died in their birth, had he been as desirous of appearing beneficial to mankind, as of being so.

As he was admitted into the secret and most retired thoughts and counsels of his royal master, King William, a great share in the plan of the Protestant succession is universally ascribed to him. And if he did not entirely project the union of the two kingdoms, and the bill of regency, which seem to have been the only methods, in human policy, for securing to us so inestimable a blessing, there is none who will deny him to have been the chief conductor in both these glorious works. For posterity are obliged to allow him that praise after his death, which he industriously declined while he was living. His life, indeed, seems to have been prolonged beyond its natural term, under those indispositions which hung upon the latter part of it, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing the happy settlement take place, which he had proposed to himself as the principal end of all his public labours. Nor was it a small addition to his happiness, that by this means he saw those who had been always his most intimate friends, and who had concerted with him such measures for the guarantee of the Protestant succession, as drew upon them the displeasure of men who were averse to it, advanced to the highest posts of trust and honour under his present majesty. I believe there are none of these patriots, who will think it a derogation from their merit to have it said, that they received many lights and advantages from

heir intimacy with my Lord Somers; who had such a general knowledge of affairs, and o tender a concern for his friends, that whatever station they were in, they usually applied to him for his advice in every perplexity of business, and in affairs of the greatest difficulty.

His life was, in every part of it, set off with that graceful modesty and reserve, which made his virtues more beautiful, the more they were cast in such agreeable shades.

His religion was sincere, not ostentatious; and such as inspired him with a universal benevolence towards all his fellow-subjects, not with bitterness against any part of them. He showed his firm adherence to it as modelled by our national constitution, and was constant to its offices of devotion, both in public, and in his family. He appeared a champion for it, with great reputation, in the cause of the seven bishops, at a time when the church was really in danger. To which we may add, that he held a strict friendship and correspondence with the great archbishop Tillotson, being actuated by the same spirit of candour and moderation; and moved rather with pity than indignation towards the persons of those who differed from him in the unessential parts of Christianity.

His greatest humanity appeared in the minutest circumstances of his conversation. You found it in the benevolence of his aspect, the complacency of his behaviour, and the tone of his voice. His great application to the severer studies of the law, had not infected his temper with any thing positive or litigious. He did not know what it was to wrangle on indifferent points, to triumph in the superiorty of his understanding, or to be supercilious on the side of truth. He joined the greatest delicacy of good breeding to the greatest strength of reason. By approving the sentiments of a person, with whom he conversed, in such particulars as were just, he won him over from those points in which he was mistaken; and had so agreeable a way of conveying knowledge, that whoever conferred with him grew the wiser, without perceiving that he had been instructed. We may probably ascribe to this masterly and engaging manner of conversation, the great esteem which he had gained with the late queen, while she pursued those measures which had carried the British nation to the highest pitch of glory; notwithstanding she had entertained many unreasonable prejudices against him, before she was acquainted with his personal worth and behaviour.

As in his political capacity we have before seen how much he contributed to the establishment of the Protestant interest, and the good of his native country, he was always true to these great ends. His character was uniform and consistent with itself, and his whole conduct of a piece. His principles were founded in reason, and supported by virtue; and, therefore, did not lie at the mercy of ambition, avarice, or resentment. His notions were no less steady and unshaken, than just and upright. In a word, he concluded his course among the same well-chosen friendships and alliances, with which he began it.

This great man was not more conspicuous as a patriot and a statesman, than as a person of universal knowledge and learning. As, by dividing his time between the public scenes of business, and the private retirements of life, he took care to keep up both the great and good men; so, by the same means, he accomplished himself, not only in the knowledge of men and things, but in the skill of the most refined arts and sciences. That unwearied diligence, which followed him through all the stages of his life, gave him such a thorough insight into the laws of the land, that he passed for one of the greatest masters of his profession, at his first appearance in it. Though he made a regular progress through the several honours of the long robe, he was always looked upon as one who deserved a superior station to that he was possessed of; till he arrived at the highest dignity to which those studies could advance him.

He enjoyed in the highest perfection two talents, which we not often meet in the same person, the greatest strength of good sense, and the most exquisite taste of politeness. Without the first, learning is but an incumbrance; and, without the last, is ungraceful. My Lord Somers was master of these two qualifications in so eminent a degree, that all the parts of knowledge appeared in him with such an additional strength and beauty, as they want in the possession of others. If he delivered his opinion of a piece of poetry, a statue, or a picture, there was something so just and delicate in his observations, as naturally produced pleasure and assent in those who heard him.

His solidity and elegance, improved by the reading of the finest authors, both of the learned and modern languages, discovered itself in all his productions. His oratory was masculine and persuasive, free from every thing trivial and affected. His style in writing was chaste and pure, but, at the same time, full of spirit and politeness; and fit to convey the most intricate business to the understanding of the reader, with the utmost clearness and perspicuity. And here it is to be lamented, that this extraordinary person, out of his natural aversion to vain-glory, wrote several pieces, as well as performed several actions, which he did not assume the honour of: though, at the same time, so many works of this nature have appeared, which every one has ascribed to him, that, I believe, no author of the greatest eminence would deny my Lord Somers to have been the best writer of the age in which he lived.

This noble lord, for the great extent of his knowledge and capacity, has been often compared with the Lord Verulam, who had also been chancellor of England. But the conduct of these two extraordinary persons,

under the same circumstances, was vastly different. They were both impeached by a House of Commons. One of them, as he had given just occasion for it, sunk under it; and was reduced to such an abject submission, as very much diminished the lustre of so exalted a character: but my Lord Somers was too well fortified in his integrity to fear the impotence of an attempt upon his reputation; and though his accusers would gladly have dropped their impeachment, he was instant with them for the prosecution of it, and would not let that matter rest till it was brought to an issue. For the same virtue and greatness of mind which gave him a disregard of fame, made him impatient of an undeserved reproach.

There is no question, but this wonderful man will make one of the most distinguished figures in the history of the present age; but we cannot expect that his merit will shine out in its proper light, since he wrote many things which are not published in his name; was at the bottom of many excellent counsels, in which he did not appear; did offices of friendship to many persons, who knew not from whom they were derived; and performed great services to his country, the glory of which was transferred to others: in short, since he made it his endeavour, rather to do worthy actions than to gain an illustrious character.

No. 40.] *Monday, May 7.*

> Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
> Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
>
> *Hor.*

It requires no small degree of resolution, to be an author in a country so facetious and satirical as this of Great Britain. Such a one raises a kind of alarm among his fellow-subjects, and, by pretending to distinguish himself from the herd, becomes a mark of public censure, and sometimes a standing object of raillery and ridicule. Writing is, indeed, a provocation to the envious, and an affront to the ignorant. How often do we see a person, whose intentions are visibly to do good by the works which he publishes, treated in as scurrilous a manner as if he were an enemy to mankind? All the little scramblers after fame fall upon him, publish every blot in his life, depend upon hear-say to defame him, and have recourse to their own invention, rather than suffer him to erect himself into an author with impunity. Even those who write on the most indifferent subjects, and are conversant only in works of taste, are looked upon as men that make a kind of insult upon society, and ought to be humbled as disturbers of the public tranquillity. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our island, but the whole fraternity of writers, rise up in arms against every new intruder into the world of fame; and a thousand to one, before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool, but a knave. Successful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor, while the unsuccessful, with as much eagerness, lay in their claim to him as a brother. This natural antipathy to a man who breaks his ranks, and endeavours to signalize his parts in the world, has very probably hindered many persons from making their appearance in print, who might have enriched our country with better productions, in all kinds, than any that are now extant. The truth of it is, the active part of mankind, as they do most for the good of their contemporaries, very deservedly gain the greatest share in their applauses; whilst men of speculative endowments, who employ their talents in writing, as they may equally benefit or amuse succeeding ages, have generally the greatest share in the admiration of posterity. Both good and bad writers may receive great satisfaction from the prospects of futurity; as in after ages the former will be remembered, and the latter forgotten.

Among all sets of authors, there are none who draw upon themselves more displeasure, than those who deal in political matters, which, indeed, is very often too justly incurred; considering that spirit of rancour and virulence, with which works of this nature generally abound. These are not only regarded as authors, but as partisans, and are sure to exasperate at least one half of their readers. Other writers offend only the stupid or jealous among their countrymen; but these, let their cause be ever so just, must expect to irritate a supernumerary party of the self-interested, prejudiced, and ambitious. They may, however, comfort themselves with considering, that if they gain any unjust reproach from one side, they generally acquire more praise than they deserve from the other; and that writings of this kind, if conducted with candour and impartiality, have a more particular tendency to the good of their country, and of the present age, than any other compositions whatsoever.

To consider an author farther, as the subject of obloquy and detraction. We may observe with what pleasure a work is received by the invidious part of mankind, in which a writer falls short of himself, and does not answer the character which he has acquired by his former productions. It is a fine simile in one of Mr. Congreve's prologues, which compares a writer to a buttering gamester, that stakes all his winnings upon every cast; so that if he loses the last throw, he is sure to be undone. It would be well for all authors, if, like that gentleman, they knew when to give over, and to desist from any farther pursuits after fame, whilst they are in the full possession of it. On the other hand, there is not a more melancholy object in the learned world, than a man who has written himself down. As the public is more disposed to censure than to praise, his readers will ridicule him for his last works,

hen they have forgot to applaud those hich preceded them. In this case, where man has lost his spirit by old age and inrmity, one could wish that his friends and elations would keep him from the use of en, ink, and paper, if he is not to be reaimed by any other methods.

The author, indeed, often grows old before e man, especially if he treats on subjects f invention, or such as arise from reflections pon human nature: for, in this case, neither is own strength of mind, nor those parts of fe which are commonly unobserved, will rnish him with sufficient materials, to be, t the same time, both pleasing and volumious. We find even in the outward dress f poetry, that men, who write much witht taking breath, very often return to the ame phrases and forms of expression, as ell as to the same manner of thinking. uthors, who have thus drawn off the spirit f their thoughts, should lie still for some ime, till their minds have gathered fresh trength, and, by reading, reflection, and conersation, laid in a new stock of elegancies, entiments, and images of nature. The soil hat is worn with too frequent culture, must ie fallow for a while, till it has recruited its xhausted salts, and again enriched itself by he ventilations of air, the dews of heaven, nd kindly influences of the sun.

For my own part, notwithstanding this eneral malevolence towards those who communicate their thoughts in print, I cannot but ook with a friendly regard on such as do it, roviding there is no tendency in their wriings to vice and profaneness. If the thoughts f such authors have nothing in them, they t least do no harm, and show an honest inlustry and a good intention in the composer. If they teach me any thing I did not know efore, I cannot but look upon myself as bliged to the writer, and consider him as my particular benefactor, if he conveys to me one of the greatest gifts that is in the power of man to bestow, an improvement of my understanding, an innocent amusement, or an incentive to some moral virtue. Were not men of abilities thus communicative, their wisdom would be, in a great measure, useless, and their experience uninstructive. There would be no business in solitude, nor proper relaxations in business. By these assistances the retired man lives in the world, if not above it; passion is composed; thought hindered from being barren, and the mind from preying upon itself. That esteem, indeed, which is paid to good writers by their posterity, sufficiently shows the merit of persons who are thus employed. Who does not now more admire Cicero as an author, than as a consul of Rome? and does not oftener talk of the celebrated writers of our own country, who lived in former ages, than of any other particular persons among their contemporaries and fellow-subjects!

When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translation of old Latin and Greek authors; and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous governments of Greece and Rome. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue; and, what is still more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen, may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance: and those parts of Homer, which have already been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.

There is another author, whom I have long wished to see well translated into English, as his work is filled with a spirit of liberty, and more directly tends to raise the sentiments of honour and virtue in his reader, than any of the poetical writers of antiquity. I mean the Pharsalia of Lucan. This is the only author of consideration among the Latin poets, who was not explained for the use of the Dauphin, for a very obvious reason; because the whole Pharsalia would have been no less than a satire upon the French form of government. The translation of this author is now in the hands of Mr. Rowe, who has already given the world some admirable specimens of it; and not only kept up the fire of the original, but delivered the sentiments with greater perspicuity, and in a finer turn of phrase and verse.

As undertakings of so difficult a nature require the greatest encouragements, one cannot but rejoice to see those general subscriptions which have been made to them; especially since, if the two works last mentioned are not finished by those masterly hands, which are now employed in them, we may despair of seeing them attempted by others.

No. 41.] *Friday, May* 11.

> Dissentientis conditionibus
> Fœdis, et exemplo trahenti
> Perniciem veniens in ævum.—*Hor.*

As the care of our national commerce redounds more to the riches and prosperity of the public, than any other act of government, it is pity that we do not see the state of it marked out in every particular reign with greater distinction and accuracy, than what is usual among our English historians. We may, however, observe in general, that the best and wisest of our monarchs have not been less industrious to extend their trade, than their dominions; as it manifestly turns in a much higher degree to the welfare of the people, if not to the glory of the sovereign.

The first of our kings who carried our commerce, and consequently our navigation, to a very great height, was Edward the Third. This victorious prince, by his many

excellent laws for the encouragement of trade, enabled his subjects to support him in his many glorious wars upon the continent, and turned the scale so much in favour of our English merchandise, that, by a balance of trade taken in his time, the exported commodities amounted to two hundred and ninety-four thousand pounds, and the imported but to thirty-eight thousand.

Those of his successors, under whose regulations our trade flourished most, were Henry the Seventh and Queen Elizabeth. As the first of these was, for his great wisdom, very often styled the English Solomon, he followed the example of that wise king in nothing more, than by advancing the traffic of his people. By this means he reconciled to him the minds of his subjects, strengthened himself in their affections, improved very much the navigation of the kingdom, and repelled the frequent attempts of his enemies.

As for Queen Elizabeth, she had always the trade of her kingdom very much at heart, and we may observe the effects of it through the whole course of her reign, in the love and obedience of her people, as well as in the defeats and disappointments of her enemies.

It is with great pleasure that we see our present sovereign applying his thoughts so successfully to the advancement of our traffic, and considering himself as the king of a trading island. His majesty has already gained very considerable advantages for his people, and is still employed in concerting schemes, and forming treaties, for retrieving and enlarging our privileges in the world of commerce.

I shall only in this paper take notice of the treaty concluded at Madrid, on the fourteenth of December last, 1715; and, by comparing it with that concluded at Utrecht, on the ninth of December, 1713, show several particulars in which the treaty made with his present majesty is more advantageous to Great Britain than that which was made in the last reign; after this general observation, that it is equally surprising how so bad a treaty came to be made at the end of a glorious and successful war; and how so good a one has been obtained in the beginning of a reign disturbed by such intestine commotions. But we may learn from hence, that the wisdom of a sovereign, and the integrity of his ministers, are more necessary for bringing about works of such consequence for the public good, than any juncture of time, or any other the most favourable circumstance.

We must here premise that, by the treaty concluded at Madrid in 1667, the duties of importation, payable upon the manufactures and products of Great Britain, amounted upon the established valuation in the Spanish book of rates, (after the deduction of the gratias,) in Andalusia to 11 one third per cent. in Valentia to 5 per cent. and in Catalonia to about 7 per cent. or less; and consequently upon the whole aforesaid trade, those duties could not exceed 10 per cent. in a medium.

After this short account of the state of our trade with Spain, before the treaty of Utrecht under the late queen, we must observe, that by the explanatory articles of this last mentioned treaty, the duties of importation upon the products and manufactures of Great Britain were augmented in Andalusia to 27 one fifth per cent. at a medium.

But by the late treaty made with his present majesty at Madrid, the said duties are again reduced according to the aforesaid treaty of 1667; and the deduction of the gratias is established as an inviolable law; whereas, before, the gratias of the farmers particularly were altogether precarious, and depended entirely upon courtesy.

That the common reader may understand the nature of these gratias, he must know, that when the king of Spain had laid higher duties upon our English goods than what the merchants were able or willing to comply with, he used to abate a certain part: which indulgence or abatement went under the name of a gratia. But when he had farmed out these his customs to several of his subjects, the farmers, in order to draw more merchandise to their respective ports, and thereby to increase their own particular profits, used to make new abatements, or gratias, to the British merchants, endeavouring sometimes to outvie one another in such indulgences, and by that means to get a greater proportion of custom into their own hands.

But to proceed: the duties on exportation may be computed, to be raised by the Utrecht treaty, near as much as the aforesaid duties of importation: whereas, by the treaty made with his present majesty, they are reduced to their ancient standard.

Complaint having been made, that the Spaniards, after the suspension of arms, had taken several New England and other British ships gathering salt at the island of Tertuga, a very full and just report concerning that affair was laid before her late majesty, of which I shall give the reader the following extract:

"Your majesty's subjects have, from the first settlement of the continent of America, had a free access to this island; and have, without interruptions, unless in time of war, used to take what salt they pleased there: and we have proofs of that usage for above fifty years, as appears by certificates of persons who have been employed in that trade.

"It doth not appear, upon the strictest inquiry, that the Spaniards ever inhabited or settled on the said island; nor is it probable they ever did, it being all either barren rock, or dry sand, and having no fresh water or provisions in it.

"We take leave to lay before your majesty, the consequence of your majesty's subjects being prohibited to fetch salt at Tertuga;

hich will in part appear from the number ships using that trade, being, as we are formed, one year with another, about a ndred sail.

"The salt carried from thence to New ngland is used chiefly for curing of fish, hich is either cod, scale-fish, or mackarel: e former of which is the principal branch the returns made from the continent to reat Britain by way of Spain, Portugal, d the Straits, for the woollen and other ods sent from this kingdom thither. Beles which, the scale-fish and mackarel are such consequence, that the sugar-islands nnot subsist without them, their negroes ing chiefly supported by this fish: so that they were not supplied therewith from ew England, (which they cannot be, if ur majesty's subjects are prohibited from tting salt at Tertuga,) they would not be le to carry on their sugar-works. This th been confirmed to us by several conderable planters concerned in those parts.

"Upon the whole, your majesty's subjects ving enjoyed an uninterrupted usage of thering salt at Tertuga, ever since the first ttlement of the continent as aforesaid, we umbly submit to your majesty the conseuence of preserving that usage and right pon which the trade of your majesty's plantions so much depends."

Notwithstanding it appears from what is bove written, that our sugar-islands were ke to suffer considerably for want of fish rom New England, no care was taken to ave this matter remedied by the explanary articles, which were posterior to the bovementioned report.

However, in the third article of the treaty, ade with his present majesty, this business fully settled to our advantage.

The British merchants having had several ardships put upon them at Bilboa, which ccasioned the decay of our trade at that lace, the said merchants did make and excute, in the year 1700, a treaty of privileges ith the magistrates and inhabitants of St. nder, very much to the advantage of this ingdom, in order to their removing and ttling there: the effect of which was preented by the death of King Charles the econd of Spain, and the war which soon fter ensued. This matter, it seems, was ighted or neglected by the managers of the trecht treaty: for, by the fourteenth artile of that treaty, there is only "a liberty iven to the British subjects to settle and well at St. Ander, upon the terms of the inth and thirtieth articles of the treaty of 567," which are general. But no regard as had to the forementioned treaty of privieges in 1700; whereas, by the second article f the treaty now made with his present ajesty, the forementioned treaty of privieges with St. Ander is confirmed and ratified.

Another considerable advantage is, that he French, by the treaty made with his resent majesty, are to pay the same duties at the Dry Ports, through which they pass by land carriage, as we pay upon importatation or exportation by sea; which was not provided for by the Utrecht treaty.

By the schedulas annexed to the treaty of 1667, the valuable privilege of having judge-conservators (appointed to make a more speedy and less expensive determination of all controversies arising in trade) was fully established. But, by the fifteenth article of Utrecht, that privilege was in effect given up. For it is therein only stipulated, "That in case any other nation have that privilege, we shall in like manner enjoy it." But, by the fifth article of the treaty now made with his present majesty, it is stipulated, that "We shall enjoy all the rights, privileges, franchises, exemptions, and immunities whatsosoever, which we enjoyed by virtue of the royal schedulas or ordinances by the treaty of 1667. So that hereby the privilege of judge-conservators is again confirmed to us.

As nothing but the reputation of his majesty in foreign countries, and of his fixed purposes to pursue the real good of his kingdoms, could bring about treaties of this nature: so it is impossible to reflect with patience on the folly and ingratitude of those men, who labour to disturb him in the midst of these his royal cares, and to misrepresent his generous endeavours for the good of his people.

No. 42.] *Monday, May* 14.

O fortunatos mercatores!——— *Hor.*

SEVERAL authors have written on the advantage of trade in general; which is indeed so copious a subject, that as it is impossible to exhaust it in a short discourse, so it is very difficult to observe any thing new upon it. I shall therefore only consider trade in this paper, as it is absolutely necessary and essential to the safety, strength, and prosperity of our own nation.

In the first place, as we are an island accommodated on all sides with convenient ports, and encompassed with navigable seas, we should be inexcusable, if we did not make these blessings of Providence and advantages of nature turn to their proper account. The most celebrated merchants in the world, and those who make the greatest figure in antiquity, were situated in the little island of Tyre; which, by the prodigious increase of its wealth and strength at sea, did very much influence the most considerable kingdoms and empires on the neighbouring continent, and gave birth to the Carthagenians, who afterwards exceeded all other nations in naval power. The old Tyre was indeed seated on the continent, from whence the inhabitants, after having been besieged by the great king of Assyria for the space of thirteen years, withdrew themselves and their effects into the island of Tyre; where, by the benefit of such a situation, a trading people were ena-

bled to hold out for many ages against attempts of their enemies, and became the merchants of the world.

Farther; as an island, we are accessible on every side, and exposed to perpetual invasions; against which it is impossible to fortify ourselves sufficiently, without such a power at sea, as is not to be kept up, but by a people who flourish in commerce. To which we must add, that our inland towns being destitute of fortifications, it is our indispensable concern to preserve this our naval strength, which is as a general bulwark to the British nation.

Besides; as an island, it has not been thought agreeable to the true British policy to make acquisitions upon the continent. In lieu, therefore, of such an increase of dominion, it is our business to extend to the utmost our trade and navigation. By this means, we reap the advantages of conquest, without violence or injustice; we not only strengthen ourselves, but gain the wealth of our neighbours in an honest way; and, without any act of hostility, lay the several nations of the world under a kind of contribution.

Secondly, Trade is fitted to the nature of our country, as it abounds with a great profusion of commodities of its own growth very convenient for other countries, and is naturally destitute of many things suited to the exigencies, ornaments, and pleasures of life, which may be fetched from foreign parts. But, that which is more particularly to be remarked, our British products are of such kinds and quantities, as can turn the balance of trade to our advantage, and enable us to sell more to foreigners, than we have occasion to buy from them.

To this we must add, that, by extending a well-regulated trade, we are as great gainers by the commodities of many other countries, as by those of our own nation; and by supplying foreign markets with the growth and manufactures of the most distant regions, we receive the same profit from them, as if they were the produce of our own island.

Thirdly, We are not a little obliged to trade, as it has been a great means of civilizing our nation, and banishing out of it all the remains of its ancient barbarity. There are many bitter sayings against islanders in general, representing them as fierce, treacherous, and inhospitable. Those who live on the continent have such opportunities of a frequent intercourse with men of different religions and languages, and who live under different laws and governments, that they become more kind, benevolent, and openhearted to their fellow-creatures, than those who are the inhabitants of an island, that hath not such conversations with the rest of the species. Cæsar's observation upon our forefathers is very much to our present purpose; who remarks, that those of them that lived upon the coast, or in sea-port towns, were much more civilized than those who had their dwellings in the inland country, by reason of frequent communications with their neighbours on the continent.

In the last place, trade is absolutely necessary for us, as our country is very populous. It employs multitudes of hands both by sea and land, and furnishes the poorest of our fellow-subjects with the opportunities of gaining an honest livelihood. The skilful or industrious find their account in it: and many, who have no fixed property in the soil of our country, can make themselves masters of as considerable estates, as those who have the greatest portions of the land descending to them by inheritance.

If what has been often charged upon us by our neighbours has any truth in it, that we are prone to sedition and delight in change, there is no cure more proper for this evil than trade, which thus supplies business to the active, and wealth to the indigent. When men are easy in their circumstances, they are naturally enemies to innovations: and indeed we see, in the course of our English histories, many of our popular commotions have taken their rise from the decay of some branch of commerce, which created discontents among persons concerned in the manufactures of the kingdom. When men are soured with poverty, and unemployed, they easily give into any prospect of change, which may better their condition, and cannot make it much worse.

Since, therefore, it is manifest, that the promoting of our trade and commerce is necessary and essential to our security and strength, our peace and prosperity, it is our particular happiness to see a monarch on the throne who is sensible of the true interest of his kingdoms, and applies himself with so mnch success to the advancement of our national commerce.

The reader may see, in my last paper, the advantages which his majesty has gained for us in our Spanish trade. In this, I shall give a short account of those procured for us from the Austrian low-countries, by virtue of the twenty-sixth article of the barrier treaty, made at Antwerp the fifteenth of November last.

This branch of our trade was regulated by a tariff, or declaration of the duties of import and export, in the year 1670, which was superseded by another made in 1680, that continued till this last tariff, settled in 1715 with his present majesty. As for the two former, those who are at the pains of perusing them will find, the tariff of 1670 laid higher duties on several considerable branches of our trade, than that of 1680, but in many particulars was more favourable to us than the latter. Now by the present tariff of 1715, these duties are fixed and regulated for the future by those which were most favourable in either of the former tariffs, and all our products and manufactures (one only excepted, which I shall name by and by) settled upon rather an easier foot than ever.

Our woollen cloths, being the most profita-

le branch of our trade into these countries, ave by this means gained a very considera- le advantage. For the tariff of 1680, aving laid higher duties upon the finer rts, and lower duties on ordinary cloth, an what were settled in the tariff of 1670, is majesty has, by the present treaty, re- aced the duties on the finer sorts to the riff of 1670, and confirmed the duties on rdinary cloth according to the tariff of 1680. nomuch that this present tariff of 1715, nsidered with relation to this valuable art of our trade, reduces the duties at least e sixth part, supposing the exportation of l sorts to be equal. But as there is always much greater exportation of the ordinary oth than of the finer sorts, the reduction these duties becomes still much more con- derable.

We must farther observe, that there had een several innovations made to the detri- ent of the English merchant since the riff of 1680; all which innovations are now tirely set aside upon every species of ods, except butter, which is here particu- rly mentioned, because we cannot be too inute and circumstantial in accounts of this ature. This article, however, is modera- d, and is rated in proportion to what has een, and is still to be, paid by the Dutch.

As our commerce with the Netherlands is hus settled to the advantage of our British erchants, so it is much to their satisfaction: nd if his majesty, in the several succeeding arts of his reign (which we hope may be any years prolonged) should advance our ommerce in the same proportion as he has lready done, we may expect to see it in a ore flourishing condition, than under any of is royal ancestors. He seems to place his reatness in the riches and prosperity of his eople; and what may we not hope from im in a time of quiet and tranquillity? since, luring the late distractions, he has done so nuch for the advantage of our trade, when re could not reasonably expect he should ave been able to do any thing.

No. 43.] *Friday, May* 18.

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit. *Hor.*

One would wonder how any person, en- lowed with the ordinary principles of pru- lence and humanity, should desire to be ting of a country, in which the established eligion is directly opposite to that which e himself professes. Were it possible for uch a one to accomplish his designs, his wn reason must tell him, there could not e a more uneasy prince, nor a more un- appy people. But how it can enter into he wishes of any private persons to be the ubjects of a man, whose faith obliges him to se the most effectual means for extirpating heir religion, is altogether incomprehensi- le, but upon the supposition, that whatever principles they seem to adhere to, their in- terest, ambition, or revenge, is much more active and predominant in their minds, than the love of their country, or of its national worship.

I have never heard of any one particular benefit, which either the Pretender himself, or the favourers of his cause, could promise to the British nation from the success of his pretensions; though the evils which would arise from it are numberless and evident. These men content themselves with one general assertion, which often appears in their writings, and in their discourse; that the kingdom will never be quiet till he is upon the throne. If by this position is meant, that those will never be quiet who would endeavour to place him there, it may possibly have some truth in it; though we hope even these will be reduced to their obe- dience by the care of their safety, if not by the sense of their duty. But, on the other side, how ineffectual would this strange ex- pedient be, for establishing the public quiet and tranquillity, should it ever take place! for, by way of argument, we may suppose impossibilities. Would that party of men, which comprehends the most wealthy, and the most valiant of the kingdom, and which, were the cause put to a trial, would undoubt- edly appear the most numerous, (for I am far from thinking all those who are distin- guished by the name of Tories, to be favour- ers of the Pretender,) can we, I say, suppose these men would live quiet under a reign which they have hitherto opposed, and from which they apprehend such a manifest de- struction to their country? Can we suppose our present royal family, who are so power- ful in foreign dominions, so strong in their relations and alliances, and so universally supported by the Protestant interest of Eu- rope, would continue quiet, and not make vigorous and repeated attempts for the re- covery of their right, should it ever be wrested out of their hands? Can we imagine that our British clergy would be quiet under a prince, who is zealous for his religion, and obliged by it to subvert those doctrines, which it is their duty to defend and propa- gate? Nay, would any of these men them- selves, who are the champions of this des- perate cause, unless such of them as are professed Roman Catholics, or disposed to be so, live quiet under a government, which at the best would make use of all indirect methods in favour of a religion that is incon- sistent with our laws and liberties, and would impose on us such a yoke, as neither we nor our fathers were able to bear? All the quiet that could be expected from such a reign, must be the result of absolute power on the one hand, and a despicable slavery on the other: and I believe every reasonable man will be of the Roman historian's opinion, that a disturbed liberty is better than a quiet servitude.

There is not indeed a greater absurdity than to imagine the quiet of a nation can

arise from an establishment, in which the king would be of one communion and the people of another; especially when the religion of the sovereign carries in it the utmost malignity to that of the subject. If any of our English monarchs might have hoped to reign quietly under such circumstances, it would have been King Charles the Second, who was received with all the joy and good will that are natural to a people, newly rescued from a tyranny which had long oppressed them in several shapes. But this monarch was too wise to own himself a Roman Catholic, even in that juncture of time; or to imagine it practicable for an avowed Popish prince to govern a Protestant people. His brother tried the experiment, and every one knows the success of it.

As speculations are best supported by facts, I shall add to these domestic examples one or two parallel instances out of the Swedish history, which may be sufficient to show us, that a scheme of government is impracticable in which the head does not agree with the body, in that point which is of the greatest concern to reasonable creatures. Sweden is the only Protestant kingdom in Europe besides this of Great Britain, which has had the misfortune to see Popish princes upon the throne; and we find that they behaved themselves as we did, and as it is natural for men to do, upon the same occasion. Their king, Sigismond, having, contrary to the inclinations of his people, endeavoured, by several clandestine methods, to promote the Roman Catholic religion among his subjects, and shown several marks of favour to their priests and Jesuits, was, after a very short reign, deposed by the states of that kingdom, being represented as one who could neither be held by oaths nor promises, and overruled by the influence of his religion, which dispenses with the violation of the most sacred engagements that are opposite to its interests. The states, to show farther their apprehensions of popery, and how incompatible they thought the principles of the church of Rome in a sovereign were with those of the reformed religion in his subjects, agreed that his son should succeed to the throne, provided he were brought up a Protestant. This the father seemingly complied with; but afterwards, refusing to give him such an education, the son was likewise set aside, and for ever excluded from that succession. The famous Queen Christina, daughter to the great Gustavus, was so sensible of those troubles which would accrue both to herself and her people, should she avow the Roman Catholic religion while she was upon the throne of Sweden; that she did not make an open profession of that faith, till she had resigned her crown, and was actually upon her journey to Rome.

In short, if there be any political maxim, which may be depended upon as sure and infallible, this is one; that it is impossible for a nation to be happy, where a people of the reformed religion are governed by a king that is a papist. Were he indeed only a nominal Roman Catholic, there might be a possibility of peace and quiet under such a reign; but if he is sincere in the principles of his church, he must treat heretical subjects as that church directs him, and knows very well, that he ceases to be religious when he ceases to be a persecutor.

No. 44.] *Monday, May* 21.

Multaque præterea variarum monstra ferarum
Centauri in foribus stabulant, scyllæque biformes,
Et centum-geminus Briareus, ac bellua Lernæ
Horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimera,
Gorgones, Harpyæque, et forma tricorporis umbra.
Corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum
Æneas, strictamque aciem venientibus offert.
Et, ni docta comes tenues sine corpore vitas
Admoneat volitare cava sub imagine formæ,
Irruat, et frustra ferro diverberet umbras. *Virg.*

As I was last Friday taking a walk in the Park, I saw a country gentleman at the side of Rosamond's pond, pulling a handful of oats out of his pocket, and, with a great deal of pleasure, gathering the ducks about him. Upon my coming up to him, who should it be but my friend the fox-hunter, whom I gave some account of in my twenty-second paper! I immediately joined him, and partook of his diversion, till he had not an oat left in his pocket. We then made the tour of the Park together, when, after having entertained me with the description of a decoy-pond that lay near his seat in the country, and of a meeting-house that was going to be rebuilt in a neighbouring market-town, he gave me an account of some very odd adventures which he had met with that morning; and which I shall lay together in a short and faithful history, as well as my memory will give me leave.

My friend, who has a natural aversion to London, would never have come up, had not he been subpœnaed to it, as he told me, in order to give his testimony for one of the rebels, whom he knew to be a very fair sportsman. Having travelled all night, to avoid the inconveniences of dust and heat, he arrived with his guide, a little after break of day, at Charing-Cross; where, to his great surprise, he saw a running footman carried in a chair, followed by a waterman in the same kind of vehicle. He was wondering at the extravagance of their masters that furnished them with such dresses and accommodations, when, on a sudden, he beheld a chimney-sweeper, conveyed after the same manner, with three footmen running before him. During his progress through the Strand, he met with several other figures, no less wonderful and surprising. Seeing a great many in rich morning gowns, he was amazed to find that persons of quality were up so early: and was no less astonished to see many lawyers in their bar-gowns, when he knew by his almanac the term was ended. As he was extremely puzzled and confounded in himself what all this should mean, a hackney-coach chancing to pass by him,

four Batts popped out their heads all at once, which very much frighted both him and his horse. My friend, who always takes care to cure his horse of such starting fits, spurred him up to the very side of the coach, to the no small diversion of the Batts; who, seeing him with his long whip, horse-hair periwig, jockey belt, and coat without sleeves, fancied him to be one of the masqueraders on horseback, and received him with a loud peal of laughter. His mind being full of idle stories, which are spread up and down the nation by the disaffected, he immediately concluded that all the persons he saw in these strange habits were foreigners, and conceived a great indignation against them, for pretending to laugh at an English country-gentleman. But he soon recovered out of his error, by hearing the voices of several of them, and particularly of a shepherdess quarrelling with her coachman, and threatening to break his bones in very intelligible English, though with a masculine tone. His astonishment still increased upon him, to see a continued procession of harlequins, scaramouches, punchinellos, and a thousand other merry dresses, by which people of quality distinguish their wit from that of the vulgar.

Being now advanced as far as Somerset-house, and observing it to be the great hive whence this swarm of chimeras issued forth from time to time, my friend took his station among a cluster of mob, who were making themselves merry with their betters. The first that came out was a very venerable matron, with a nose and chin that were within a very little of touching one another. My friend, at the first view, fancying her to be an old woman of quality, out of his good breeding, put off his hat to her, when the person pulling off her mask, to his great surprise, appeared a smock-faced young fellow. His attention was soon taken off from this object, and turned to another that had very hollow eyes and a wrinkled face, which flourished in all the bloom of fifteen. The whiteness of the lily was blended in it with the blush of the rose. He mistook it for a very whimsical kind of mask; but, upon a nearer view, he found that she held her vizard in her hand, and that what he saw was only her natural countenance, touched up with the usual improvements of an aged coquette.

The next who showed herself was a female Quaker, so very pretty, that he could not forbear licking his lips, and saying to the mob about him, "It is ten thousand pities she is not a church woman." The Quaker was followed by half a dozen nuns, who filed off one ofter another up Catharine-street, to their respective convents in Drury-lane.

The 'squire, observing the preciseness of their dress, began now to imagine, after all, that this was a nest of secretaries; for he had often heard that the town was full of them. He was confirmed in this opinion upon seeing a conjurer, whom he guessed to be the holderforth. However, to satisfy himself, he asked a porter, who stood next him, what religion these people were of? The porter replied, "They are of no religion; it is a masquerade." Upon that, says my friend, I began to smoke that they were a parcel of mummers; and, being himself one of the quorum in his own county, could not but wonder that none of the Middlesex justices took care to lay some of them by the heels. He was the more provoked in the spirit of magistracy, upon discovering two very unseemly objects: the first was a judge, who rapped out a great oath at his footman; and the other a big-bellied woman, who, upon taking a leap into the coach, miscarried of a cushion. What still gave him greater offence, was a drunken bishop, who reeled from one side of the court to the other, and was very sweet upon an Indian queen. But his worship, in the midst of his austerity, was mollified at the sight of a very lovely milk-maid, whom he began to regard with an eye of mercy, and conceived a particular affection for her, until he found, to his great amazement, that the standers-by suspected her to be a duchess.

I must not conclude this narrative without mentioning one disaster which happened to my friend on this occasion. Having, for his better convenience, dismounted, and mixed among the crowd, he found, upon his arrival at the inn, that he had lost his purse and his almanac. And though it is no wonder such a trick should be played him by some of the curious spectators, he cannot beat it out of his head, but that it was a cardinal who picked his pocket, and that this cardinal was a Presbyterian in disguise.

No. 45.] *Friday, May 25.*

Nimium risus pretium est si probitatis impendio constat.
Quintil.

I HAVE lately read, with much pleasure, the Essays upon several subjects published by Sir Richard Blackmore; and, though I agree with him in many of his excellent observations, I cannot but take that reasonable freedom, which he himself makes use of with regard to other writers, to dissent from him in some few particulars. In his reflections upon works of wit and humour, he observes how unequal they are to combat vice and folly; and seems to think, that the finest raillery and satire, though directed by these generous views, never reclaimed one vicious man, or made one fool depart from his folly.

This is a position very hard to be contradicted, because no author knows the number or names of his converts. As for the Tatlers and Spectators in particular, which are obliged to this ingenious and useful author for the character he has given of them, they were so generally dispersed in single sheets, and have since been printed in so great

numbers, that it is to be hoped they have made some proselytes to the interests, if not to the practice, of wisdom and virtue, among such a multitude of readers.

I need not remind this learned gentleman, that Socrates, who was the greatest propagator of morality in the heathen world, and a martyr for the unity of the Godhead, was so famous for the exercise of this talent among the politest people of antiquity, that he gained the name of ὁ Ἐιρων, *the Droll.*

There are very good effects which visibly arose from the abovementioned performances, and others of the like nature; as, in the first place, they diverted raillery from improper objects, and gave a new turn to ridicule, which, for many years, had been exerted on persons and things of a sacred and serious nature. They endeavoured to make mirth instructive, and, if they failed in this great end, they must be allowed at least to have made it innocent. If wit and humour begin again to relapse into their former licentiousness, they can never hope for approbation from those who know that raillery is useless when it has no moral under it, and pernicious when it attacks any thing that is either unblameable or praise-worthy. To this we may add, what has been commonly observed, that it is not difficult to be merry on the side of vice, as serious objects are the most capable of ridicule; as the party, which naturally favours such a mirth, is the most numerous; and as there are the most standing jests and patterns for imitation in this kind of writing.

In the next place; such productions of wit and humour, as have a tendency to expose vice and folly, furnish useful diversions to all kinds of readers. The good or prudent man may, by these means, be diverted, without prejudice to his discretion, or morality. Raillery, under such regulations, unbends the mind from serious studies, and severer contemplations, without throwing it off from its proper bias. It carries on the same design that is promoted by authors of a graver turn, and only does it in another manner. It also awakens reflection in those who are the most indifferent in the cause of virtue or knowledge, by setting before them the absurdity of such practices as are generally unobserved, by reason of their being common or fashionable: nay, it sometimes catches the dissolute and abandoned before they are aware of it; who are often betrayed to laugh at themselves, and, upon reflection find, that they are merry at their own expense. I might farther take notice, that, by entertainments of this kind, a man may be cheerful in solitude, and not be forced to seek for company every time he has a mind to be merry.

The last advantage I shall mention, from compositions of this nature, when thus restrained, is, that they show wisdom and virtue are far from being inconsistent with a politeness and good humour. They make morality appear amiable to people of gay dispositions, and refute the common objection against religion, which represents it as only fit for gloomy and melancholy tempers. It was the motto of a bishop, very eminent for his piety and good works, in King Charles the Second's reign, *Inservi Deo et lætare*, "Serve God and be cheerful." Those, therefore, who supply the world with such entertainments of mirth as are instructive, or at least harmless, may be thought to deserve well of mankind; to which I shall only add, that they retrieve the honour of polite learning, and answer those sour enthusiasts, who affect to stigmatize the finest and most elegant authors, both ancient and modern (which they have never read) as dangerous to religion, and destructive of all sound and saving knowledge.

Our nation are such lovers of mirth and humour, that it is impossible for detached papers, which come out on stated days, either to have a general run, or long continuance, if they are not diversified, and enlivened, from time to time, with subjects and thoughts, accommodated to this taste, which so prevails among our countrymen. No periodical author, who always maintains his gravity, and does not sometimes sacrifice to the Graces, must expect to keep in vogue for any considerable time. Political speculations, in particular, however just and important, are of so dry and austere a nature, that they will not go down with the public without frequent seasonings of this kind. The work may be well performed, but will never take, if it is not set off with proper scenes and decorations. A mere politician is but a dull companion, and, if he is always wise, is in great danger of being tiresome or ridiculous.

Besides, papers of entertainment are necessary to increase the number of readers, especially among those of different notions and principles; who, by this means, may be betrayed to give you a fair hearing, and to know what you have to say for yourself. I might likewise observe, that, in all political writings, there is something that grates upon the mind of the most candid reader, in opinions which are not conformable to his own way of thinking; and that the harshness of reasoning is not a little softened and smoothed by the infusions of mirth and pleasantry.

Political speculations do likewise furnish us with several objects that may very innocently be ridiculed, and which are regarded as such by men of sense in all parties; of this kind are the passions of our stateswomen, and the reasonings of our fox-hunters.

A writer, who makes fame the chief end of his endeavours, and would be more desirous of pleasing than of improving his readers, might find an inexhaustible fund of mirth in politics. Scandal and satire are never failing gratifications to the public. Detraction and obloquy are received with as much eagerness as wit and humour. Should a writer single out particular persons, or point his raillery at any order of men, who,

y their profession, ought to be exempt from t; should he slander the innocent, or satirise the miserable; or should he, even on the proper subjects of derision, give the full play o his mirth, without regard to decency and good manners; he might be sure of pleasing a great part of his readers, but must be a very ill man, if, by such a proceeding, he could please himself.

No. 46.] *Monday, May* 28.

——Malè ominatis
Parcite verbis:
Hic dies, verè mihi festus, atras
Eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
Nec mori per vim metuam tenente
Cæsarè terras.—*Hor.*

The usual salutation to a man upon his birth-day among the ancient Romans, was *multos et felices;* in which they wished him many happy returns of it. When Augustus celebrated the secular year, which was kept but once in a century, and received the congratulations of his people on that account, an eminent court-wit saluted him in the birth-day form, *multos et felices* which is recorded as a beautiful turn of compliment, expressing a desire that he might enjoy a happy life of many hundreds of years. This salutation cannot be taxed with flattery, since it was directed to a prince, of whom it is said, by a great historian, "It had been happy for Rome, if he had never been born, or if he had never died." Had he never been born, Rome would, in all probability, have recovered its former liberty: had he never died, it would have been more happy under his government, than it could have been in the possession of its ancient freedom.

It is our good fortune that our sovereign, whose nativity is celebrated on this day, gives us a prospect, which the Romans wanted under the reign of their Augustus, of his being succeeded by an heir, both to his virtues and his dominions. In the mean time it happens very luckily, for the establishment of a new race of kings upon the British throne, that the first of this royal line has all those high qualifications which are necessary to fix the crown upon his own head, and to transmit it to his posterity. We may, indeed, observe, that every series of kings who have kept up the succession in their respective families, in spite of all pretensions and oppositions formed against them, has been headed by princes famous for valour and wisdom. I need only mention the names of William the Conqueror, Henry the Second, Henry the Fourth, Edward the Fourth, and Henry the Seventh. As for king James the First, the founder of the Stuart race, had he been as well turned for the camp as the cabinet, and not confined all his views to the peace and tranquillity of his own reign, his son had not been involved in such fatal troubles and confusions.

Were an honest Briton to wish for a sovereign, who, in the present situation of affairs, would be most capable of advancing our national happiness, what could he desire more than a prince mature in wisdom and experience; renowed for his valour and resolution; successful and fortunate in his undertakings; zealous for the reformed religion; related or allied to all the most considerable Protestant powers of Europe; and blessed with a numerous issue? A failure, in any one of these particulars, has been the cause of infinite calamities to the British nation; but when they all thus happily concur in the same person, they are as much as can be suggested, even by our wishes, for making us a happy people, so far as the qualifications of a monarch can contribute to it.

I shall not attempt a character of his present majesty, having already given an imperfect sketch of it in my second paper; but shall choose rather to observe that cruel treatment which this excellent prince has met with from the tongues and pens of some of his disaffected subjects. The baseness, ingratitude, and injustice of which practice will appear to us, if we consider,

First, that it reflects highly upon the good sense of the British nation, who do not know how to set a just value upon a prince, whose virtues have gained him the universal esteem of foreign countries. Those potentates, who, as some may suppose, do not wish well to his affairs, have shown the greatest respect to his personal character, and testified their readiness to enter into such friendships and alliances as may be advantageous to his people. The northern kings solicit him with impatience to come among them, as the only person capable of settling the several claims and pretensions, which have produced such unspeakable calamities in that part of the world. Two of the most remote and formidable powers of Europe have entertained thoughts of submitting their disputes to his arbitration. Every one knows his ancient subjects had such a long experience of his sovereign virtues, that at his departure from them his whole people were in tears; which were answered with all those sentiments of humanity, that arise in the heart of a good prince on so moving an occasion. What a figure, therefore, must we make among mankind, if we are the only people of Europe who derogate from his merit, that may be made happy by it! and if, in a kingdom which is grown glorious by the reputation of such a sovereign, there are multitudes who would endeavour to lessen and undervalue it.

In the next place; such a resentment from any part of our fellow-subjects, is by no means answerable to what we receive from his majesty. His love and regard for our constitution is so remarkable, that as we are told by those, whose office it is to lay the business of the nation before him, it is his first question, upon any matter of the least doubt or difficulty, whether it be in every point according to the laws of the land? He

is easy of access to those who desire it, and is so gracious in his behaviour and condescension, on such occasions, that none of his subjects retire from his presence without the greatest idea of his wisdom and goodness. His continued application to such public affairs as may conduce to the benefit of his kingdoms, diverts him from those pleasures and entertainments, which may be indulged by persons in a lower station, and are pursued with eagerness by princes who have not the care of the public so much at heart. The least return, which we can make to such a sovereign, is that tribute which is always paid by honest men, and is always acceptable to great minds, the praise and approbation that are due to a virtuous and noble character. Common decency forbids opprobrious language, even to a bad prince; and common justice will exact from us towards a good prince, the same benevolence and humanity with which he treats his subjects. Those who are influenced by duty and gratitude, will rise much higher in all the expressions of affection and respect, and think they can never do too much to advance the glory of a sovereign, who takes so much pains to advance their happiness.

When we have a king, who has gained the reputation of the most unblemished probity and honour, and has been famed through the whole course of his life, for an inviolable adherence to his promises, we may acquiesce (after his many solemn declarations, in all those measures, which it is impossible for us to judge rightly of, unless we were let into such schemes of council and intelligence as produce them; and, therefore, we should rather turn our thoughts upon the reasonableness of his proceedings, than busy ourselves to form objections against them. The consideration of his majesty's character should, at all times, suppress our censure of his conduct: and since we have never yet seen, or heard of any false steps in his behaviour, we ought in justice to think, that he governs himself by his usual rules of wisdom and honour, until we discover something to the contrary.

These considerations ought to reconcile to his majesty the hearts and tongues of all his people: but as for those who are the obstinate, irreclaimable, professed enemies to our present establishment, we must expect their calumnies will not only continue, but rise against him in proportion as he pursues such measures as are likely to prove successful, and ought to recommend him to his people.

No. 47.] *Friday, June* 1.

——Cessit furor, et rabida ora quierunt.—*Virg.*

I QUESTION not but most of my readers will be very well pleased to hear, that my friend the fox-hunter, of whose arrival in town I gave notice in my forty-fourth paper, is become a convert to the present establishment, and a good subject to King George. The motives to his conversion shall be the subject of this paper, as they may be of use to other persons who labour under those prejudices and prepossessions, which hung so long upon the mind of my worthy friend. These I had an opportunity of learning the other day, when, at his request, we took a ramble together to see the curiosities of this great town.

The first circumstance, as he ingeniously confessed to me (while we were in the coach together) which helped to disabuse him, was seeing King Charles the First on horseback, at Charing-Cross; for he was sure that prince could never have kept his seat there, had the stories been true he had heard in the country, that forty-one was come about again.

He owned to me that he looked with horror on the new Church that is half built in the Strand, as taking it, at first sight, to be half demolished: but, upon inquiring of the workmen, was agreeably surprised to find, that, instead of pulling it down, they were building it up; and that fifty more were raising in other parts of the town.

To these I must add a third circumstance, which I find had no small share in my friend's conversion. Since his coming to town, he chanced to look into the church of St. Paul, about the middle of sermon time, where, having first examined the dome, to see if it stood safe (for the screw-plot ran still in his head) he observed that the lord mayor, aldermen, and city sword were a part of the congregation. This sight had the more weight with him, as, by good luck, not above two of that venerable body were fallen asleep.

This discourse held us till we came to the Tower; for our first visit was to the lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, inquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of Perth, and the flight of the Pretender; and, hearing they were never better in their lives, I found he was extremely startled; for he had learned from his cradle, that the lions in the Tower were the best judges of the title of our British kings, and always sympathised with our sovereigns.

After having here satiated our curiosity, we repaired to the Monument, where my fellow-traveller, being a well-breathed man, mounted the ascent with much speed and activity. I was forced to halt so often in this perpendicular march, that, upon my joining him on the top of the pillar, I found he had counted all the steeples and towers that were discernible from this advantageous situation, and was endeavouring to compute the number of acres they stood upon. We were both of us very well pleased with this part of the prospect; but I found he cast an evil eye upon several warehouses, and other buildings that looked like barns, and seemed capable of receiving great multitudes of people. His

heart misgave him that these were so many meeting-houses, but, upon communicating his suspicions to me, I soon made him easy in this particular.

We then turned our eyes upon the river, which gave me an occasion to inspire him with some favourable thoughts of trade and merchandise, that had filled the Thames with such crowds of ships, and covered the shore with such swarms of people.

We descended very leisurely, my friend being careful to count the steps, which he registered in a blank leaf of his new almanac. Upon our coming to the bottom, observing an English inscription upon the basis, he read it over several times, and told me he could scarce believe his own eyes, for that he had often heard from an old attorney, who lived near him in the country, that it was the Presbyterians who burned down the city; whereas, says he, this pillar positively affirms, in so many words, that "the burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popish faction, in order to their carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and old English liberty, and introducing popery and slavery." This account, which he looked upon to be more authentic than if it had been in print, I found, made a very great impression upon him.

We now took coach again, and made the best of our way for the Royal Exchange, though I found he did not much care to venture himself into the throng of that place; for he told me he had heard they were, generally speaking, republicans, and was afraid of having his pocket picked amongst them. But he soon conceived a better opinion of them, when he spied the statue of King Charles the Second standing up in the middle of the crowd, and most of the kings in Baker's Chronicle ranged in order over their heads; from whence he very justly concluded, that an anti-monarchical assembly could never choose such a place to meet in once a day.

To continue this good disposition in my friend, after a short stay at Stock's market, we drove away directly for the Mews, where he was not a little edified with the sight of those fine sets of horses which have been brought over from Hanover, and with the care that is taken of them. He made many good remarks upon this occasion, and was so pleased with his company, that I had much ado to get him out of the stable.

In our progress to St. James's Park, (for that was the end of our journey,) he took notice, with great satisfaction, that, contrary to his intelligence in the country, the shops were all open and full of business; that the soldiers walked civilly in the streets; that clergymen, instead of being affronted, had generally the wall given them; and that he had heard the bells ring to prayers from morning to night, in some part of the town or another.

As he was full of these honest reflections, it happened very luckily for us, that one of the king's coaches passed by with the three young princesses in it, whom, by an accidental stop, we had an opportunity of surveying for some time: my friend was ravished with the beauty, innocence, and sweetness, that appeared in all their faces. He declared several times, that they were the finest children he had ever seen in all his life; and assured me that, before this sight, if any one had told him it had been possible for three such pretty children to have been born out of England, he should never have believed them.

We were now walking together in the Park, and, as it is usual for men who are naturally warm and heady, to be transported with the greatest flush of good-nature, when they are once sweetened; he owned to me very frankly, he had been much imposed upon by those false accounts of things he had heard in the country; and that he would make it his business, upon his return thither, to set his neighbours right, and give them a more just notion of the present state of affairs.

What confirmed my friend in this excellent temper of mind, and gave him an inexpressible satisfaction, was a message he received, as we were walking together, from the prisoner, for whom he had given his testimony in his late trial. This person having been condemned for his part in the late rebellion, sent him word that his majesty had been graciously pleased to reprieve him, with several of his friends, in order, as it was thought, to give them their lives; and that he hoped, before he went out of town they should have a cheerful meeting, and drink health and prosperity to King George.

No. 48.] *Monday, June 4.*

Tu tamen, si habes aliquam spem de republica, sive desperas; ea para, meditare, cogita, quæ esse in eo cive ac viro debent, qui sit rempublicam afflictam et oppressam miseris temporibus ac perditis moribus in veterem dignitatem ac libertatem vindicaturus.—*Cicero.*

THE condition of a minister of state is only suited to persons, who, out of a love to their king and country, desire rather to be useful to the public than easy to themselves. When a man is posted in such a station, whatever his behaviour may be, he is sure, beside the natural fatigue and trouble of it, to incur the envy of some and the displeasure of others; as he will have many rivals, whose ambition he cannot satisfy, and many dependants whose wants he cannot provide for. These are misfortunes inseparable from such public employments in all countries; but there are several others which hang upon this condition of life in our British government, more than any other sovereignty in Europe: as, in the first place, there is no other nation which is so equally divided into two opposite parties, whom it is impossible to please at the same time. Our notions of the public

good, with relation both to ourselves and foreigners, are of so different a nature, that those measures, which are extolled by one half of the kingdom, are naturally decried by the other. Besides, that in a British administration, many acts of government are absolutely necessary, in which one of the parties must be favoured and obliged, in opposition to their antagonists. So that the most perfect administration, conducted by the most consummate wisdom and probity, must unavoidably produce opposition, enmity, and defamation, from multitudes who are made happy by it.

Farther, it is peculiarly observed of our nation, that almost every man in it is a politician, and hath a scheme of his own, which he thinks preferable to that of any other person. Whether this may proceed from that spirit of liberty which reigns among us, or from those great numbers of all ranks and conditions, who, from time to time, are concerned in the British legislature, and, by that means, are let into the business of this nation, I shall not take upon me to determine. But for this reason it is certain, that a British ministry must expect to meet with many censurers, even in their own party, and ought to be satisfied, if, allowing to every particular man that his private scheme is wisest, they can persuade him that next to his own plan that of the government is the most eligible.

Besides, we have a set of very honest and well-meaning gentlemen in England, not to be met with in other countries, who take it for granted they can never be in the wrong, so long as they oppose ministers of state. Those, whom they have admired through the whole course of their lives for their honour and integrity, though they still persist to act in their former character, and change nothing but their stations, appear to them in a disadvantageous light, as soon as they are placed upon state eminences. Many of these gentlemen have been used to think there is a kind of slavery in concurring with the measures of great men, and that the good of the country is inconsistent with the inclinations of the court: by the strength of these prejudices, they are apt to fancy a man loses his honesty, from the very moment that it is made the most capable of being useful to the public; and will not consider that it is every whit as honourable to assist a good minister, as to oppose a bad one.

In the last place, we may observe, that there are greater numbers of persons who solicit for places, and, perhaps, are fit for them, in our own country, than in any other. To which we must add, that, by the nature of our constitution, it is in the power of more particular persons in this kingdom, than in any other, to distress the government when they are disobliged. A British minister must, therefore, expect to see many of those friends and dependants fall off from him, whom he cannot gratify in their demands upon him; since, to use the phrase of a late statesman, who knew very well how to form a party, "The pasture is not large enough."

Upon the whole; the condition of a British minister labours under so many difficulties, that we find in almost every reign since the conquest, the chief ministers have been new men, or such as have raised themselves to the greatest posts in the government, from the state of private gentlemen. Several of them neither rose from any conspicuous family, nor left any behind them, being of that class of eminent persons, whom Sir Francis Bacon speaks of, who, like comets or blazing-stars, draw upon them the whole attention of the age in which they appear, though nobody knows whence they came, nor where they are lost. Persons of hereditary wealth and title have not been over forward to engage in so great a scene of cares and perplexities, nor to run all the risks of so dangerous a situation. Nay, many whose greatness and fortune were not made to their hands, and had sufficient qualifications and opportunities of rising to these high posts of trust and honour, have been deterred from such pursuits, by the difficulties that attend them, and chose rather to be easy than powerful; or, if I may use the expression, to be carried in the chariot, than to drive it.

As the condition of a minister of state in general is subject to many burdens and vexations; and as that of a British minister, in particular, is involved in several hazards and difficulties peculiar to our own country: so is this high station exposed more than ordinary to such inconveniences in the present juncture of affairs; first, as it is the beginning of a new establishment among us; and, secondly, as this establishment hath been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion.

If we look back into our English history, we shall always find the first monarch of a new line received with the greatest opposition, and reconciling to himself, by degrees, the duty and affection of his people. The government, on such occasions, is always shaken before it settles. The inveteracy of the people's prejudices, and the artifices of domestic enemies, compelled their rulers to make use of all means for reducing them to their allegiance, which, perhaps, after all, was brought about rather by time than by policy. When commotions and disturbances are of an extraordinary and unusual nature, the proceedings of the government must be so too. The remedy must be suited to the evil, and I know no juncture more difficult to a minister of state than such as requires uncommon methods to be made use of; when, at the same time, no others can be made use of, than what are prescribed by the known laws of our constitution. Several measures may be absolutely necessary in such a juncture, which may be represented as hard and severe, and would not be proper in a time of public peace and tranquillity. In this case Virgil's excuse, which he put in the mouth of a fictitious sovereign

upon a complaint of this nature, hath the utmost force of reason and justice on its side:

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt.

The difficulties I meet with in the beginning of my reign make such a proceeding necessary.

In the next place; as this establisnment has been disturbed by a dangerous rebellion, the ministry has been involved in many additional and supernumerary difficulties. It is a common remark, that English ministers never fare so well as in a time of war with a foreign power, which diverts the private feuds and animosites of the nation, and turns their efforts upon the common enemy. As a foreign war is favourable to a ministry, a rebellion is no less dangerous; if it succeeds, they are the first persons who must fall a sacrifice to it; if it is defeated, they naturally become odious to all the secret favourers and abettors of it. Every method they make use of for preventing or suppressing it, and for deterring others from the like practices for the future, must be unacceptable and displeasing to the friends, relations, and accomplices of the guilty. In cases where it is thought necessary to make examples, it is the humour of the multitude to forget the crime and remember the punishment. However, we have already seen, and still hope to see, so many instances of mercy in his majesty's government, that our chief ministers have more to fear from the murmurs of their too violent friends, than from the reproaches of their enemies.

No. 49.] *Friday, June 8.*

——Jam nunc solennes ducere pompas
Ad delubra juvat—— *Virg.*

YESTERDAY was set apart as a day of public thanksgiving for the late extraordinary successes, which have secured to us every thing that can be esteemed, and delivered us from every thing that can be apprehended, by a Protestant and free people. I cannot but observe, upon this occasion, the natural tendency in such a national devotion, to inspire men with sentiments of religious gratitude, and to swell their hearts with inward transports of joy and exultation.

When instances of divine favour are great in themselves, when they are fresh upon the memory, when they are peculiar to a certain country, and commemorated by them in large and solemn assemblies; a man must be of a very cold or degenerate temper, whose heart doth not burn within him, in the midst of that praise and adoration, which arises at the same hour in all the different parts of the nation, and from the many thousands of the people.

It is impossible to read of extraordinary and national acts of worship, without being warmed with the description, and feeling some degree of that divine enthusiasm, which spreads itself among a joyful and religious multitude. A part of that exuberant devotion, with which the whole assembly raised and animated one another, catches a reader at the greatest distance of time, and makes him a kind of sharer in it.

Among all the public solemnities of this nature, there is none in history so glorious as that under the reign of King Solomon, at the dedication of the Temple. Besides the great officers of state, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, all the elders and heads of tribes, with the whole body of the people ranged under them, from one end of the kingdom to the other, were summoned to assist in it. We may guess at the prodigious number of this assembly, from the sacrifice on which they feasted, consisting of a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and two hundred and twenty hecatombs of oxen. When this vast congregation was formed into a regular procession to attend the ark of the covenant, the king marched at the head of his people, with hymns and dances, to the new temple, which he had erected for its reception. Josephus tells us, that the Levites sprinkled the way as they passed with the blood of sacrifices, and burned the holy incense in such quantities, as refreshed the whole multitude with its odours, and filled all the region about them with perfume. When the ark was deposited under the wings of the cherubims in the holy place, the great concert of praise began. It was enlivened with a hundred and twenty trumpets, assisted with a proportionable number of other kinds of musical instruments, and accompanied with innumerable voices of all the singers of Israel, who were instructed and set apart to religious performances of this kind. As this mighty chorus was extolling their Maker, and exciting the whole nation, thus assembled to the praise of his never-ceasing goodness and mercy, the Shekinah descended; or, to tell it in the more emphatical words of holy writ, "It came to pass, as the trumpets and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lift up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, 'For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever;' that then the house was filled with a cloud." The priests themselves, not able to bear the awfulness of the appearance, retired into the court of the Temple, where the king, being placed upon a brazen scaffold, so as to be seen by the whole multitude, blessed the congregation of Israel, and, afterwards, spreading forth his hands to heaven, offered up that divine prayer which is twice recorded in scripture, and has always been looked upon as a composition fit to have proceeded from the wisest of men. He had no sooner finished his prayer, when a flash of fire fell from heaven and burned up the sacrifice which lay ready upon the altar. The people, whose hearts were gradually moved by

the solemnity of the whole proceeding, having been exalted by the religious strains of music, and awed by the appearance of that glory which filled the temple, seeing now the miraculous consumption of the sacrifice, and observing the piety of their king, who lay prostrate before his maker, "bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, 'For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever.'"

What happiness might not such a kingdom promise to itself, where the same elevated spirit of religion ran through the prince, the priests, and the people! But I shall quit this head, to observe that such an uncommon fervour of devotion showed itself among our own countrymen, and in the persons of three princes, who were the greatest conquerors in our English history. These are Edward the Third, his son the Black Prince, and Henry the Fifth. As for the first, we are told that, before the famous battle of Cressy, he spent the greatest part of the night in prayer, and in the morning received the sacrament with his son, the chief of his officers and nobility. The night of that glorious day was no less piously distinguished by the orders, which he gave out to his army, that they should forbear all insulting of their enemies, or boasting of their own valour, and employ their time in returning thanks to the Great Giver of the victory. The Black Prince, before the battle of Poictiers, declared, that his whole confidence was in the Divine assistance; and, after that great victory, behaved himself in all particulars like a truly Christian conqueror. Eight days successively were appointed, by his father in England, for a solemn and public thanksgiving; and, when the young prince returned in triumph with a king of France as his prisoner, the pomp of the day consisted chiefly in extraordinary processions, and acts of devotion. The behaviour of the Black Prince, after a battle in Spain, whereby he restored the king of Castile to his dominions, was no less remarkable. When that king, transported with his success, flung himself upon his knees to thank him, the generous prince ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, told him it was not he who could lay any claim to his gratitude, but desired they might go to the altar together, and jointly return their thanks to whom only it was due.

Henry the Fifth (who, at the beginning of his reign, made a public prayer, in the presence of his lords and commons, that he might be cut off by an immediate death, if Providence foresaw he would not prove a just and good governor, and promote the welfare of his people) manifestly derived his courage from his piety, and was scrupulously careful not to ascribe the success of it to himself. When he came within sight of that prodigious army, which offered him battle at Agincourt, he ordered all his cavalry to dismount, and with the rest of his forces to implore, upon their knees, a blessing on their undertaking. In a noble speech, which he made to his soldiers, immediately before the first onset, he took notice of a very remarkable circumstance, namely, that this very day of battle was the day appointed, in his own kingdom, to offer up public devotions for the prosperity of his arms, and therefore bid them not doubt of victory, since, at the same time that they were fighting in the field, all the people of England were lifting up their hands to heaven for their success. Upon the close of that memorable day, in which the king had performed wonders with his own hand, he ordered the hundred and fifteenth psalm to be repeated in the midst of his victorious army, and at the words, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise," he himself, with his whole host, fell to the earth upon their faces, ascribing to Omnipotence the whole glory of so great an action.

I shall conclude this paper with a reflection, which naturally rises out of it. As there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God and man, than a king and his people concurring in such extraordinary acts of devotion, one cannot suppose a greater contradiction and absurdity in a government, than where the king is of one religion and the people of another. What harmony or correspondence can be expected between a sovereign and his subjects, when they cannot join together in the most joyful, the most solemn, and most laudable action of reasonable creatures; in a word, where the prince considers his people as heretics, and the people look upon their prince as an idolater.

No. 50.] *Monday, June* 11.

O quisvuis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis; indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam
Clarus post genitis——— *Hor.*

When Mahomet had for many years endeavoured to propagate his imposture among his fellow-citizens, and, instead of gaining any number of proselytes, found his ambition frustrated, and his notions ridiculed; he forbade his followers the use of argument and disputation in the advancing of his doctrines, and to rely only upon the cimeter for their success. Christianity, he observed, had made its way by reason and miracles, but he professed it was his design to save men by the sword. From that time he began to knock down his fellow-citizens with a great deal of zeal, to plunder caravans with a most exemplary sanctity, and to fill all Arabia with an unnatural medley of religion and bloodshed.

The enemies of our happy establishment seem at present to copy out the piety of this seditious prophet, and to have recourse to his laudable method of club-law, when they

find all other means of enforcing the absurdity of their opinions to be ineffectual. It was usual among the ancient Romans, for those, who had saved the life of a citizen, to be dressed in an oaken garland; but, among us, this has been a mark of such well-intentioned persons, as would betray their country, if they were able, and beat out the brains of their fellow-subjects. Nay, the leaders of this poor, unthinking rabble, to show their wit, have lately decked them out of their kitchen-gardens in a most insipid pun, very well suited to the capacity of such followers.

This manner of proceeding has had an effect quite contrary to the intention of these ingenious demagogues; for, by setting such an unfortunate mark on their followers, they have exposed them to innumerable drubs and contusions. They have been cudgelled most unmercifully in every part of London and Westminster; and over all the nation have avowed their principles to the unspeakable damage of their bones. In short, if we may believe our accounts both from town and country, the noses and ears of the party are very much diminished, since they have appeared under this unhappy distinction.

The truth of it is, there is such an unaccountable phrensy and licentiousness spread through the basest of the people, of all parties and denominations, that if their skirmishes did not proceed to too great an extremity, one would not be sorry to see them bestowing so liberally, upon one another, a chastisement which they so richly deserve. Their thumps and bruises might turn to account, and save the government a great deal of trouble, if they could beat each other into good manners.

Were not advice thrown away on such a thoughtless rabble, one would recommend to their serious consideration what is suspected, and indeed known to be the cause of these popular tumults and commotions in this great city. They are the Popish missionaries, that lie concealed under many disguises in all quarters of the town, who mix themselves in these dark scuffles, and animate the mob to such mutual outrages and insults. This profligate species of modern apostles divert themselves at the expense of a government, which is opposite to their interests, and are pleased to see the broken heads of heretics, in what party soever they have listed themselves. Their treatment of our silly countrymen, puts me in mind of an account in Tavernier's Travels through the East Indies. This author tells us, there is a great wood in those parts, very plentifully stocked with monkeys; that a large highway runs through the middle of this wood; and that the monkeys, who live on the one side of this highway, are declared enemies to those who live on the other. When the inhabitants of that country have a mind to give themselves a diversion, it is usual for them to set these poor animals together by the ears; which they do after this manner. They place several pots of rice in the middle of the road, with great heaps of cudgels in the neighbourhood of every plot. The monkeys, on the first discovery of these provisions, descend from the trees, on either side, in prodigious numbers, take up the arms, with which their good friends have furnished them, and belabour one another with a storm of thwacks, to the no small mirth and entertainment of the beholders. This mob of monkeys act, however, so far reasonably in this point, as the victorious side of the wood find, upon the repulse of their enemies, a considerable booty on the field of battle; whereas our party-mobs are betrayed into the fray without any prospect of the feast.

If our common people have not virtue enough left among them, to lay aside this wicked and unnatural hatred which is crept into their hearts against one another, nor sense enough to resist the artifice of those incendiaries, who would animate them to the destruction of their country; it is high time for the government to exert itself in the repressing of such seditious tumults and commotions. If that extraordinary lenity and forbearance, which has been hitherto shown on those occasions, proves ineffectual to that purpose, these miscreants of the community ought to be made sensible, that our constitution is armed with a sufficient force for the reformation of such disorders, and the settlement of the public peace.

There cannot be a greater affront to religion, than such a tumultuous rising of the people, who distinguish the times set apart for the national devotions by the most brutal scenes of violence, clamour, and intemperance. The day begins with a thanksgiving, and ends in a riot. Instead of the voice of mutual joy and gladness, there is nothing heard in our streets but opprobrious language, ribaldry, and contention.

As such a practice is scandalous to our religion, so it is no less a reproach to our government. We are become a by-word among the nations for our ridiculous feuds and animosities, and fill all the public prints of Europe with the accounts of our midnight brawls and confusions.

The mischiefs arising to private persons, from these vile disturbers of the commonwealth, are too many to be enumerated. The great and innocent are consulted by the scum and refuse of the people. Several poor wretches, who have engaged in these commotions, have been disabled, for their lives, from doing any good to their families and dependants; nay, several of them have fallen a sacrifice to their own inexcusable folly and madness. Should the government be wearied out of its present patience and forbearance, and forced to execute all those powers with which it is invested for the preservation of the public peace; what is to be expected by such heaps of turbulent and seditious men!

These and the like considerations, though

they may have no influence on the headstrong, unruly multitude, ought to sink into the minds of those who are their abettors, and who, if they escape the punishment here due to them, must very well know that these several mischiefs will be one day laid to their charge.

No. 51.] *Friday, June* 15.

Quod si in hoc erro, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo.
Cicero.

As there is nothing which more improves the mind of man, than the reading of ancient authors, when it is done with judgment and discretion; so there is nothing which gives a more unlucky turn to the thoughts of a reader, when he wants discernment, and loves and admires the characters and actions of men in a wrong place. Alexander the Great was so inflamed with false notions of glory, by reading the story of Achilles in the Iliad, that, after having taken a town, he ordered the governor, who had made a gallant defence, to be bound by the feet to his chariot, and afterwards dragged the brave man round the city, because Hector had been treated in the same barbarous manner by his admired hero.

Many Englishmen have proved very pernicious to their own country, by following blindly the examples of persons to be met with in Greek and Roman history, who acted in conformity with their own governments, after a quite different manner, than they would have acted in a constitution like that of ours. Such a method of proceeding is as unreasonable in a politician, as it would be in a husbandman to make use of Virgil's precepts of agriculture, in managing the soil of our country, that lies in a quite different climate, and under the influence of almost another sun.

Our regicides, in the commission of the most execrable murder, used to justify themselves from the conduct of Brutus, not considering that Cæsar, from the condition of a fellow-citizen, had risen by the most indirect methods, and broken through all the laws of the community, to place himself at the head of the government, and enslave his country. On the other side, several of our English readers, having observed that a passive and unlimited obedience was paid to Roman emperors, who were possessed of the whole legislative, as well as executive power, have formerly endeavoured to inculcate the same kind of obedience, where there is not the same kind of authority.

Instructions therefore to be learned from histories of this nature, are only such as arise from particulars agreeable to all communities, or from such as are common to our own constitution, and to that of which we read. A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit and a love of one's country, submission to established laws, impartial administrations of justice, a strict regard to national faith, with several other duties, which are the supports and ornaments of government in general, cannot be too much admired among the states of Greece and Rome, nor too much imitated by our own community.

But there is nothing more absurd, than for men, who are conversant in these ancient authors, to contract such a prejudice in favor of Greeks and Romans, as to fancy we are in the wrong in every circumstance whereby we deviate from their moral or political conduct. Yet nothing hath been more usual, than for men of warm heads to refine themselves up into this kind of state pedantry: like the country schoolmaster, who, being used for many years to admire Jupiter, Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo, that appear with so much advantage in classic authors, made an attempt to revive the worship of the heathen gods. In short, we find many worthy gentlemen, whose brains have been as much turned by this kind of reading, as the grave knights of Mancha were by his unwearied application to books of knight-errantry.

To prevent such mischiefs from arising out of studies, which, when rightly conducted, may turn very much to our advantage, I shall venture to assert, that, in our perusal of Greek or Roman authors, it is impossible to find a religious or civil constitution, any way comparable to that which we enjoy in our own country. Had not our religion been infinitely preferable to that of the ancient heathens, it would never have made its way through Paganism, with that amazing progress and activity. Its victories were the victories of reason, unassisted by the force of human power, and as gentle as the triumphs of light over darkness. The sudden reformation which it made among mankind, and which was so justly and frequently boasted of by the first apologists for Christianity, shows how infinitely preferable it is to any system of religion, that prevailed in the world before its appearance. This preeminence of Christianity to any other general religious scheme, which preceded it; appears likewise from this particular, that the most eminent and the most enlightened among the Pagan philosophers disclaimed many of those superstitious follies, which are condemned by revealed religion, and preached up several of those doctrines which are some of the most essential parts of it.

And here I cannot but take notice of that strange motive, which is made use of in the history of free-thinking, to incline us to depart from the revealed doctrines of Christianity, as adhered to by the people of Great Britain, because Socrates, with several other eminent Greeks, and Cicero, with many other learned Romans, did in the like manner, depart from the religious notions of their own countrymen. Now this author should have considered, that those very points, in which these wise men disagreed from the

alk of the people, are points in which they greed with the received doctrines of our ation. Their free-thinking consisted in asrting the unity and immateriality of the odhead, the immortality of the soul, a state f future rewards and punishments, and the ecessity of virtue, exclusive of all silly and perstitious practices, to procure the happiness of a separate state. They were therefore only free-thinkers, so far forth as they pproached to the doctrines of Christianity, at is, to those very doctrines which this ind of authors would persuade us, as freeinkers, to doubt the truth of. Now, I ould appeal to any reasonable person, whether these great men should not have been roposed to our imitation, rather as they mbraced these divine truths, than only upon he account of their breaking loose from the ommon notions of their fellow-citizens. But his would disappoint the general tendency f such writings.

I shall only add under this head, that as Christianity recovered the law of nature out f all those errors and corruptions, with which it was overgrown in the times of Paganism, our national religion has restored Christianity itself to that purity and simplicity in which it appeared, before it was gradually disguised and lost among the vanities and superstitions of the Romish church.

That our civil constitution is preferable to any among the Greeks or Romans, may appear from this single consideration; that the greatest theorists in matters of this nature, among those very people, have given the preference to such a form of government, as that which obtains in this kingdom, above any other form whatsoever. I shall mention Aristotle, Polybius, and Cicero, that is, the greatest philosopher, the most impartial historian, and the most consummate statesman of all antiquity. These famous authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. It would be very easy to prove, not only the reasonableness of this position, but to show, that there was never any constitution among the Greeks or Romans, in which these three branches were so well distinguished from each other, invested with such suitable proportions of power, and concurred together in the legislature, that is, in the most sovereign acts of government, with a necessary consent and harmony, as are to be met with in the constitution of this kingdom. But I have observed, in a foregoing paper, how defective the Roman commonwealth was in this particular, when compared with our own form of government; and it will not be difficult for the reader, upon singling out any other ancient state, to find how far it will suffer in the parallel.

No. 52.] *Monday, June* 18.

An tu populum Romanum esse illum putas qui constat ex iis, qui mercede conducuntur? qui impelluntur, ut vim afferant magistratibus? ut obsideant senatum? optent quotidie cædem, incendia, rapinas? quem tu tamen populum, nisi tabernis clausis, frequentare non poteras: cui populo duces Lentulos, Lollios, Sergios, præfeceras. O speciem, dignitatemque populi Romani, quam Reges, quam nationes exteræ, quam gentes ultimæ pertimescunt; multitudinem hominum ex servis conductis, ex facinorosis, ex egentibus congregatam!

Cicero.

There is in all governments a certain temper of mind, natural to the patriots and lovers of their constitution, which may be called State Jealousy. It is this which makes them apprehensive of every tendency in the people, or in any particular member of the community, to endanger or disturb that form of rule, which is established by the laws and customs of their country. This political jealousy is absolutely requisite in some degree for the preservation of a government, and very reasonable in persons who are persuaded of the excellency of their constitution, and believe that they derive from it the most valuable blessings of society.

This public-spirited passion is more strong and active under some governments than others. The commonwealth of Venice, which hath subsisted by it for near fourteen hundred years, is so jealous of all its members, that it keeps continual spies upon their actions; and if any one of them presume to censure the established plan of that republic, or touch upon any of its fundamentals, he is brought before a secret council of state, tried in a most rigorous manner, and put to death without mercy. The usual way of proceeding with persons who discover themselves unsatisfied with the title of their sovereign in despotic governments, is to confine the malecontent, if his crimes are not capital, to some castle or dungeon for life. There is indeed no constitution, so tame and careless of their own defence, where any person dares to give the least sign or intimation of being a traitor in his heart. Our English history furnishes us with many examples of great severities during the disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster, inflicted on such persons as showed their disaffection to the prince who was on the throne. Every one knows, that a factious inn-keeper, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for a saucy pun, which reflected, in a very dark and distant manner, upon the title of that prince to the crown. I do not mention the practice of other governments, as what should be imitated in ours, which, God be thanked, affords us all the reasonable liberty of speech and action, suited to a free people; nor do I take notice of this last instance of severity in our own country, to justify such a proceeding, but only to display the mildness and forbearance made use of under the reign of his present majesty. It may, however, turn to the advantage of those who have been instrumental in stirring up the late tumults and seditions among the people, to consider the treatment which such a lawless, ungoverned rabble would have met with

in any other country, and under any other sovereign.

These incendiaries have had the art to work up into the most unnatural ferments, the most heavy and stupid part of the community; and, if I may use a fine saying of Terence upon another occasion, "To convert fools into madmen." This phrensy hath been raised among them to such a degree, that it has lately discovered itself in a sedition which is without a parallel. They have had the fool-hardiness to set a mark upon themselves on the Pretender's birthday, as the declared friends to his cause, and professed enemies to their king and country. How fatal would such a distinction, of which every one knew the meaning, have proved in former reigns, when many a circumstance of less significancy has been construed into an overt-act of high treason! This unexampled piece of insolence will appear under its just aggravations, if we consider, in the first place, that it was aimed personally at the king.

I do not remember among any of our popular commotions, when marks of this nature have been in fashion, that either side were so void of common sense, as to intimate by them an aversion to their sovereign. His person was still held as sacred by both parties. The contention was not, who should be the monarch over them, but whose scheme of policy should take place in his administration. This was the conduct of Whigs and Tories under King Charles the Second's reign, when men hung out their principles in different-coloured ribands. Nay, in the times of the great rebellion, the avowed disaffection of the people always terminated in evil counsellors. Such an open outrage upon majesty, such an ostentation of disloyalty, was reserved for that infamous rabble of Englishmen, who may be justly looked upon as the scandal of the present age, and the most shameless and abandoned race of men that our nation has yet produced.

In the next place. It is very peculiar to this mob of malecontents, that they did not only distinguish themselves against their king, but against a king possessed of all the power of the nation, and one who had so very lately crushed all those of the same principles, that had bravery enough to avow them in the field of battle. Whenever was there an instance of a king who was not contemptible for his weakness, and want of power to resent, insulted by a few of his unarmed dastard subjects?

It is plain, from this single consideration, that such a base, ungenerous race of men could rely upon nothing for their own safety in this affront to his majesty, but the known gentleness and lenity of his government. Instead of being deterred by knowing that he had in his hands the power to punish them, they were encouraged by knowing that he had not the inclination. In a word, they presumed upon that mercy, which in all their conversations they endeavour to depreciate and misrepresent.

It is a very sensible concern to every one, who has a true and unfeigned respect for our national religion, to hear these vile miscreants calling themselves sons of the church of England, amidst such impious tumults and disorders; and joining in the cry of the high-church, at the same time that they wear a badge, which implies their inclination to destroy the reformed religion. Their concern for the church always rises highest, when they are acting in direct opposition to its doctrines. Our streets are filled at the same time with zeal and drunkenness, riots, and religion. We must confess, if noise and clamour, slander and calumny, treason and perjury, were articles of their communion, there would be none living more punctual in the performance of their duties; but if a peaceable behaviour, a love of truth, and a submission to superiors, are the genuine marks of our profession, we ought to be very heartily ashamed of such a profligate brotherhood. Or if we will still think and own these men to be true sons of the church of England, I dare say there is no church in Europe which will envy her the glory of such disciples. But it is to be hoped we are not so fond of party, as to look upon a man, because he is a bad Christian, to be a good church of England man.

No. 53.] *Friday, June 22.*

——————Bellua Centiceps.—*Hor.*

THERE is scarce any man in England, of what denomination soever, that is not a free-thinker in politics, and hath not some particular notions of his own, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of the community. Our island, which was formerly called a nation of saints, may now be called a nation of statesmen. Almost every age, profession, and sex among us, has its favourite set of ministers, and scheme of government.

Our children are initiated into factions before they know their right hand from their left. They no sooner begin to speak, but whig and tory are the first words they learn. They are taught, in their infancy, to hate one half of the nation; and contract all the virulence and passion of a party, before they come to the use of their reason.

As for our nobility, they are politicians by birth; and though the commons of the nation delegate their power in the community to certain representatives, every one reserves to himself a private jurisdiction, or privilege, of censuring their conduct, and rectifying the legislature. There is scarce a fresh-man in either university, who is not able to mend the constitution in several particulars. We see 'squires and yeomen coming up to town every day, so full of politics, that, to use the thought of an ingenious gentleman, we are

frequently put in mind of Roman dictators, who were called from the plough. I have often heard of a senior alderman in Buckinghamshire, who, at all public meetings, grows drunk in praise of aristocracy, and is as often encountered by an old justice of the peace, who lives in the neighbourhood, and will talk you from morning till night on the Gothic balance. Who hath not observed several parish clerks, that have ransacked Hopkins and Sternhold for staves in favour of the race of Jacob; after the example of their politic predecessors in Oliver's days, who, on every Sabbath, were for binding kings in chains, and nobles in links of iron! You can scarce see a bench of porters without two or three casuists in it, that will settle you the right of princes, and state the bounds of the civil and ecclesiastical power, in the drinking of a pot of ale. What is more usual than, on a rejoicing night, to meet with a drunken cobbler bawling out for the church, and perhaps knocked down a little after, by an enemy in his own profession, who is a lover of moderation?

We have taken notice, in former papers, of this political ferment being got into the female sex, and of the wild work it makes among them. We have had a late and most remarkable instance of it, in the contest between a sister of the White Rose and a beautiful and loyal young lady, who, to show her zeal for revolution principles, had adorned her pretty bosom with a Sweet William. The rabble of the sex have not been ashamed very lately to gather about bonfires, and to scream out their principles in the public streets. In short, there is hardly a female in this our metropolis, who is not a competent judge of our highest controversies in church and state. We have several oyster-women that hold the unlawfulness of episcopacy; and cinder-wenches that are great sticklers for indefeisible right.

Of all the ways and means by which this political humour hath been propagated among the people of Great Britain, I cannot single out any so prevalent and universal, as the late constant application of the press to the publishing of state matters. We hear of several that are newly erected in the country, and set apart for this particular use. For, it seems, the people of Exeter, Salisbury, and other large towns, are resolved to be as great politicians as the inhabitants of London and Westminster; and deal out such news of their own printing, as is best suited to the genius of the market-people, and the taste of the country.

One cannot but be sorry, for the sake of these places, that such a pernicious machine is erected among them; for it is very well known here, that the making of the politician is the breaking of the tradesman. When a citizen turns a Machiavel, he grows too cunning to mind his own business; and I have heard a curious observation, that the woollen manufacture has of late years decayed in proportion as the paper manufacture has increased. Whether the one may not properly be looked upon as the occasion of the other, I shall leave to the judgment of persons more profound in political inquiries.

As our news-writers record many facts which, to use their own phrase, "afford great matter of speculation," their readers speculate accordingly, and by their variety of conjectures, in a few years become consummate statesmen; besides, as their papers are filled with a different party spirit, they naturally divide the people into different sentiments, who generally consider rather the principles than the truth of the news-writer. This humour prevails to such a degree, that there are several well-meaning persons in the nation, who have been so misled by their favourite authors of this kind, that, in the present contention between the Turk and the emperor, they are gone over insensibly from the interests of Christianity, and become well-wishers to the Mahometan cause. In a word, almost every news-writer has his sect, which (considering the natural genius of our countrymen to mix, vary, or refine in notions of state) furnishes every man, by degrees, with a particular system of policy. For, however, any one may concur in the general scheme of his party, it is still with certain reserves and deviations, and with a salvo to his own private judgment.

Among this innumerable herd of politicians, I cannot but take notice of one set, who do not seem to play fair with the rest of the fraternity, and make a very considerable class of men. These are such as we may call the *afterwise*, who, when any project fails, or hath not had its desired effect, foresaw all the inconveniences, that would arise from it, though they kept their thoughts to themselves till they discovered the issue. Nay, there is nothing more usual than for some of these wise men, who applauded public measures before they were put in execution, to condemn them upon their proving unsuccessful. The dictators in coffee-houses are generally of this rank, who often give shrewd intimations that things would have taken another turn, had they been members of the cabinet.

How difficult must it be for any form of government to continue undisturbed, or any ruler to live uncensured, where every one of the community is thus qualified for modelling the constitution, and is so good a judge in matters of state! A famous French wit, to show how the monarch of that nation, who has no partners in his sovereignty, is better able to make his way through all the difficulties of government, than an emperor of Germany, who acts in concert with many inferior fellow sovereigns; compares the first to a serpent with many tails to one head; and the other to a serpent with one tail to many heads; and puts the question, which of them is like to glide with most ease and activity through a thicket? The same comparison will hold in the business of a nation

conducted by a ministry, or a whole kingdom of politicians.

No. 54.] *Monday, June 25.*

——Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium cave.
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curæque non levis.—*Hor.*

The general division of the British nation is into whigs and tories, there being very few, if any, who stand neuters in the dispute, without ranging themselves under one of these denominations. One would, therefore, be apt to think, that every member of the community, who embraces with vehemence the principles of either of these parties, had thoroughly sifted and examined them, and was secretly convinced of their preference to those of that party which he rejects. And yet is certain, that most of our fellow subjects are guided in this particular, either by the prejudice of education, private interest, personal friendships, or a deference to the judgment of those, who, perhaps, in their own hearts, disapprove the opinions which they industriously spread among the multitude. Nay, there is nothing more undoubtedly true, than that great numbers of one side concur in reality with the notions of those whom they oppose, were they able to explain their implicit sentiments, and to tell their own meaning.

However, as it becomes every reasonable man to examine those principles by which he acts, I shall in this paper select some considerations, out of many, that might be insisted on, to show the preference of what is generally called the Whig scheme, to that which is espoused by the Tories.

This will appear in the first place, if we reflect upon the tendency of their respective principles, supposing them carried to their utmost extremity. For, if in this case, the worst consequences of the one are more eligible than the worst consequences of the other, it is a plain argument, that those principles are the most eligible of the two, whose effects are the least pernicious. Now the tendency of these two different sets of principles, as they are charged upon each party by its antagonists, is as follows: The Tories tell us, that the Whig scheme would end in presbyterianism and a commonwealth. The Whigs tell us, on the other side, that the Tory scheme would terminate in popery and arbitrary government. Were these reproaches mutually true, which would be most preferable to any man of common sense, presbyterianism and a republican form of government, or popery and tyranny? Both extremes are, indeed, dreadful, but not equally so; both to be regarded with the utmost aversion by the friends of our constitution, and lovers of our country: but if one of them were inevitable, who would not rather choose to live under a state of excessive liberty, than of slavery, and not prefer a religion that differs from our own in the circumstantials, before one that differs from it in the essensials of Christianity!

Secondly, Let us look into the history of England, and see under which of these two schemes the nation hath enjoyed most honour and prosperity. If we observe the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First (which an impudent Frenchman calls the reigns of King Elizabeth and Queen James) we find the Whig-scheme took place under the first, and the Tory-scheme under the latter. The first, in whom the Whigs have always gloried, and opposed and humbled the most powerful among the Roman Catholic princes; raised and supported the Dutch; assisted the French Protestants; and made the reformed religion an overbalance for popery through all Europe. On the contrary, her successor aggrandised the Catholic king; alienated himself from the Dutch; suffered the French power to increase, till it was too late to remedy it; and abandoned the interests of the King of Bohemia, grandfather to his present majesty, which might have spread the reformed religion through all Germany. I need not describe to the reader the different state of the kingdom, as to its reputation, trade, and wealth, under these two reigns. We might, after this, compare the figure in which these kingdoms, and the whole Protestant interest of Europe, were placed by the conduct of King Charles the Second, and that of King William; and every one knows which of the schemes prevailed in each of those reigns. I shall not impute to any Tory-scheme the administration of King James the Second, on condition that they do not reproach the Whigs with the usurpation of Oliver; as being satisfied that the principles of those governments are respectively disclaimed and abhorred by all the men of sense and virtue in both parties, as they now stand. But we have a fresh instance, which will be remembered with grief by the present age and all our posterity, of the influence both of Whig and Tory principles in the late reign. Was England ever so glorious in the eyes of Europe, as in that part of it, when the first prevailed? or was it ever more contemptible than when the last took place?

I shall add, under this head, the preference of the Whig-scheme, with regard to foreigners. All the Protestant states of Europe, who may be considered as neutral judges between both parties, and are well-wishers to us in general, as to a Protestant people, rejoice upon the success of a Whig scheme; whilst all of the church of Rome, who contemn, hate, and detest us as the great bulwark of heresy, are as much pleased when the opposite party triumphs in its turn. And here let any impartial man put this question to his own heart, whether that party doth not act reasonably, who look upon the Dutch as their genuine friends and allies,

considering that they are of the reformed religion, that they have assisted us in the greatest times of necessity, and that they can never entertain a thought of reducing us under their power. Or, on the other hand, let him consider whether that party acts with more reason, who are the avowed friends of a nation, that are of the Roman Catholic religion, that have cruelly persecuted our brethren of the reformation, that have made attempts in all ages to conquer this island, and supported the interest of that prince, who abdicated the throne, and had endeavoured to subvert our civil and religious liberties.

Thirdly, Let us compare these two schemes from the effects they produce among ourselves within our own island; and these we may consider, first, with regard to the king, and, secondly, with regard to the people.

First, with regard to the king. The Whigs have always professed and practised an obedience which they conceive agreeable to the constitution; whereas the Tories have concurred with the Whigs in their practice, though they differ from them in their professions; and have avowed a principle of passive obedience, to the temptation, and afterwards to the destruction of those who have relied upon it. Nor must I here omit to take notice of that firm and zealous adherence which the Whig party have shown to the Protestant succession, and to the cause of his present majesty. I have never heard of any in this principle, who was either guilty or suspected of measures to defeat this establishment, or to overturn it, since it has taken effect. A consideration, which, it is hoped, may put to silence those who upbraid the Whig schemes of government, with an inclination to a commonwealth, or a disaffection to kings.

Secondly, with regard to the people. Every one must own that those laws which have most conduced to the ease and happiness of the subject, have always passed in those parliaments, which their enemies branded with the name of Whig, and during the time of a Whig ministry. And, what is very remarkable, the Tories are now forced to have recourse to those laws for shelter and protection: by which they tacitly do honour to the Whig scheme, and own it more accommodated to the happiness of the people, than that which they espouse.

I hope I need not qualify these remarks with a supposition, which I have gone upon through the whole course of my papers, that I am far from considering a great part of those who call themselves Tories, as enemies to the present establishment; and that by the Whigs I always mean those who are friends to our constitution both in church and state. As we may look upon these to be, in the main, true lovers of their religion and country, they seem rather to be divided by accidental friendships and circumstances, than by any essential distinction.

No. 55.] *Friday, June* 29.

——————Cæstus artemque repono. *Virg.*

A RISING of parliament being a kind of cessation from politics, the Freeholder cannot let his paper drop at a more proper juncture. I would not be accessary to the continuing of our political ferment, when occasions of dispute are not administered to us by matters depending before the legislature; and when debates without doors naturally fall with those in the two houses of parliament. At the same time a British Freeholder would very ill discharge his part, if he did not acknowledge, with becoming duty and gratitude, the excellency and seasonableness of those laws, by which the representatives of men in his rank have recovered their country, in a great measure, out of its confusions, and provided for its future peace and happiness under the present establishment. Their unanimous and regular proceeding, under the conduct of that honourable person who fills their chair with the most consummate abilities, and hath justly gained the esteem of all sides, by the impartiality of his behaviour; the absolute necessity of some acts which they have passed, and their disinclination to extend them any longer, than that necessity required; their manifest aversion to enter upon schemes, which the enemies of our peace had insinuated to have been their design; together with that temper so suitable to the dignity of such an assembly, at a juncture when it might have been expected that very unusual heats would have arisen in a House of Commons, so zealous for their king and country; will be sufficient to quiet those groundless jealousies and suspicions, which have been industriously propagated by the ill-wishers to our constitution.

The undertaking, which I am now laying down, was entered upon in the very crisis of the late rebellion, when it was the duty of every Briton to contribute his utmost assistance to the government, in a manner suitable to his station and abilities. All services, which had a tendency to this end, had a degree of merit in them in proportion as the event of that cause which they espoused was then doubtful. But at present they might be regarded, not as duties of private men to their endangered country, but as insults of the successful over their defeated enemies.

Our nation, indeed, continues to be agitated with confusions and tumults; but, God be thanked, these are only the impotent remains of an unnatural rebellion, and are no more than the after-tossings of a sea when the storm is laid. The enemies of his present majesty, instead of seeing him driven from his throne, as they vainly hope, find him in a condition to visit his dominions in Germany, without any danger to himself or to the public; whilst his dutiful subjects would be in no ordinary concern upon this occasion, had they not the consolation to find themselves left under the protection of a prince, who makes it his ambition to copy

out his royal father's example; and who, by his duty to his majesty, and affection to his people, is so well qualified to be the guardian of the realm.

It would not be difficult to continue a paper of this kind, if one were disposed to resume the same subjects, and weary out the reader with the same thoughts in a different phrase, or to ramble through the cause of Whig and Tory without any certain aim or method, in every particular discourse. Such a practice, in political writers, is like that of some preachers, taken notice of by Dr. South, who, being prepared only upon two or three points of doctrine, run the same round with their audience, from one end of the year to the other, and are always forced to tell them, by way of preface, "These are particulars of so great importance, that they cannot be sufficiently *inculcated*." To avoid this method of tautology, I have endeavoured to make every paper a distinct essay upon some particular subject, without deviating into points foreign to the tenor of each discourse. They are, indeed, most of them essays upon government, but with a view to the present situation of affairs in Great Britain; so that if they have the good fortune to live longer than works of this nature generally do, future readers may see in them, the complexion of the times in which they were written. However, as there is no employment so irksome, as that of transcribing out of one's self, next to that of transcribing out of others, I shall let drop the work, since there do not occur to me any material points arising from our present situation, which I have not already touched upon.

As to the reasonings in these several papers, I must leave them to the judgment of others. I have taken particular care that they should be conformable to our constitution, and free from that mixture of violence and passion, which so often creeps into the works of political writers. A good cause doth not want any bitterness to support it, as a bad one cannot subsist without it. It is, indeed, observable, that an author is scurrilous in proportion as he is dull; and seems rather to be in a passion, because he cannot find out what to say for his own opinion, than because he has discovered any pernicious absurdities in that of his antagonists. A man, satirised by writers of this class, is like one burnt in the hand with a cold iron: there may be ignominious terms and words of infamy in the stamp, but they leave no impression behind them.

It would, indeed, have been an unpardonable insolence for a fellow-subject to treat in a vindictive and cruel style, those persons whom his majesty has endeavoured to reduce to obedience by *gentle methods*, which he has declared from the throne to *be most agreeable to his inclinations*. May we not hope that all of this kind, who have the least sentiments of honour or gratitude, will be won over to their duty by so many instances of royal clemency, in the midst of so many repeated provocations! May we not expect that Cicero's words to Cæsar, in which he speaks of those who were Cæsar's enemies, and of his conduct towards them, may be applied to his majesty: "*Omnes enim qui fuerunt, aut sua pertinacia vitam amiserunt, aut tua misericordia retinuerunt; ut aut nulli supersint de inimicis, aut qui superfuerunt, amicissimi sint.—Quare gaude tuo isto tam excellenti bono, et fruere cum fortuna et gloria, tum etiam natura, et moribus tuis. Ex quo quidem maximus es fructus, jucunditasque sapienti—Nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis, nec natura tua melius, quam ut velis, quamplurimos conservare.*"

As for those papers of a gayer turn, which may be met with in this collection, my reader will of himself, consider how requisite they are to gain and keep up an audience to matters of this nature; and will, perhaps, be the more indulgent to them, if he observes, that they are none of them without a moral, nor contain any thing but what is consistent with decency and good manners.

It is obvious that the design of the whole work has been to free the people's minds from those prejudices conveyed into them, by the enemies to the present establishment, against the king and royal family, by opening and explaining their real characters; to set forth his majesty's proceedings, which have been very grossly misrepresented, in a fair and impartial light; to show the reasonableness and necessity of our opposing the Pretender to his dominions, if we have any regard to our religion and liberties; and, in a word, to incline the minds of the people to the desire and enjoyment of their own happiness. There is no question, humanly speaking, but these great ends will be brought about insensibly, as men will grow weary of a fruitless opposition; and be convinced, by experience, of a necessity to acquiesce under a government which daily gathers strength, and is able to disappoint the utmost efforts of its enemies. In the mean while, I would recommend to our malecontents, the advice given by a great moralist to his friend upon another occasion; that he would show it was in the power of wisdom to compose his passions; and let that be the work of reason which would certainly be the effect of time.

I shall only add, that if any writer shall do this paper so much honour, as to inscribe the title of it to others, which may be published upon the laying down of this work; the whole praise or dispraise of such a performance, will belong to some other author; this fifty-fifth being the last paper that will come from the hand of the Freeholder.

THE WHIG-EXAMINER.

o. 1.] *Thursday, September* 14, 1710.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit.

THE design of this work is to censure the ritings of others, and to give all persons a hearing, who have suffered under any unust sentence of the Examiner. As that uthor has hitherto proceeded, his paper ould have been more properly entitled the *Executioner;* at least his examination is ke that which is made by the rack and heel. I have always admired a critic that as discovered the beauties of an author, nd never knew one who made it his busiess to lash the faults of other writers, that as not guilty of greater himself; as the angman is generally a worse malefactor han the criminal that suffers by his hand. o prove what I say, there needs no more han to read the annotations which this uthor has made upon Dr. Garth's poem, ith the preface in the front, and a riddle at he end of them. To begin with the first: id ever an advocate for a party open with uch an unfortunate assertion? "The colective body of the Whigs have already ngrossed our riches." That is, in plain English, the Whigs are possessed of all the iches in the nation. Is not this giving up ll he has been contending for these six eeks? Is there any thing more reasonable, han that those who have all the riches of he nation in their possession, or if he likes is own phrase better, as, indeed, I think it s stronger, that those who have already *engrossed* our riches, should have the management of our public treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: "Their representative, the Kit-Cat, have pretended to make a monopoly of our sense." Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing, it s this; that, to prevent such a monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity both in his railleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follow:

THE RIDDLE.

"SPHINX was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get;
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.
Œdipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts could do:
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two:
In age, at length, grown weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.
Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four."

The first part of this little mystical poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the author given himself the trouble of explaining it; but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night? This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years; and not according to Rabelais, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: What creature, says he, is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs; then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and, at last, runs away upon four legs? Were I disposed to be splenetic, I should ask if there was any thing in the new garland of riddles *so wild, so childish, or so flat:* but though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the author has stolen his hint out of the garland, from a riddle that I was better acquainted with than the Nile, when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus: Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and snatched away

one leg; up started two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously with my reader than the above-mentioned enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle; which, upon application, he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it; one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant maid, three legs is a joint stool, which in the sphinx's country was called a tripod; as four legs is a dog, who, in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the author's words:

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three;
> Then loses one, then gets two more,
> And runs away at last on four?

This riddle, as the poet tells us, was proposed by Œdipus to the Sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the Sphinx had proposed to him. This Œdipus, you must understand, though the people did not believe it, was son to a king of Thebes, and bore a particular grudge to the Tre——r of that kingdom, which made him so bitter upon H. L. in this enigma.

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three?

By which he intimates, that this great man, at Thebes, being "weak by nature," as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that, in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen Jocasta's court, which the author calls his third leg. Now it so happened that the treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, "Then loses one——Thus far I think we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three?
> Then loses one————

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town, and which I must confess has kept me awake for these three nights;

> ————Then gets two more,
> And runs away at last on four.

I at last thought the treasurer of Thebes might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore upon mature consideration do find the words (Then gets two more) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse and to signify nothing; and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall therefore restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

Œdipus speaks:

> Now, in your turn, 'tis just methinks,
> You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
> What stranger creature yet is he,
> Who has four legs, then two, then three;
> Then loses one, "then gains two more,"
> And rides away at last on four?

I must now inform the reader, that Thebes was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a British statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it *in an open boat*; for to say of an Englishman, in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the Hague.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the author for the future to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel when he writes upon a known subject: where he tells us in plain, intelligible language, how Syrica's ladle was lost in one hole, and Hans Carvel's finger in another, he is very jocular and diverting; but, when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker satires than ever Persius did. After this cursory view of the Examiner's performance, let us consider his remarks upon the doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he passes upon the doctor's considering the treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any poem in Waller, or any other writer who has diversity of thoughts and allusions: and though it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent with the Examiner, upon the phrases of "passions being poised," and of the "retrieving merit from dependence," which are very beautiful and poetical. It is the same caviling spirit that finds fault with that expression of the "pomp of peace among the woes of war," as well as of "offering unasked." As for the Nile, how Icarus and Phaeton came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash, ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the author should deprive us of those particular similes for the future. The next criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason but to mention Mr. Bickerstaffe, whom the author every where endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the Examiner to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an ox:

> ————Non si te ruperis, inquit,
> Par eris————

The allusion to the victim may be a Gal-

himatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true English spirit. And as for the Examiner's remarks on the word *bleed* (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to contain itself) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon this line, "Ingratitude is a weed of every clime." Here he is very much out of humour with the doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which Dryden only terms the *growth*, of every clime. But, for God's sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude?

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: and I do not question but the same, who has endeavoured here to prove that he who wrote the Dispensary was no poet, will very suddenly undertake to show, that he who gained the battle of Blenheim is no general.

No. 2.] *Thursday, September* 21.

——————Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares——————

I NEVER yet knew an author that had not his admirers. Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions, and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson: the Examiner had not written two half sheets of paper, before he met with one that was astonished at "the force he was master of," and approaches him with awe, when he mentions state subjects, as "encroaching on the province that belonged to him," and treating of things "that deserved to pass under his pen." The same humble author tells us, that the Examiner can furnish mankind with an "antidote to the poison that is scattered through the nation." This crying up of the Examiner's antidote, puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of Paris. A little boy walked before him, publishing, with a shrill voice, *Mon pere guerit toutes sortes de maladies*, "My father cures all sorts of distempers:" to which the doctor, who walked behind him, added in a grave, and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, "The child says true."

That the reader may see what party the author of this letter is of, I shall show how he speaks of the French king and the duke of Anjou, and how of our greatest allies, the emperor of Germany and the states general. "In the mean while the French king has withdrawn his troops from Spain, and has put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The duke of Anjou has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld." What expressions of tenderness, duty, and submission! the panegyric on the duke of Anjou, is by much the best written part of this whole letter; the apology for the French king is indeed the same which the Post-boy has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great prince. There are many strokes of the author's good-will to our confederates, the Dutch and the emperor, in several parts of this notable epistle; I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the Bank, the states-general, and the emperor expressed for the ministry, by their humble applications to her majesty, in these words.

"Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be represented as inseparable from that of the ministers.

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam est;
Flectere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.

"The members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, are called in as confederates to the ministry." This, in the mildest English it will bear, runs thus. "They are resolved to look for help wherever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it;" that is, to the members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna. The French king, the pope, and the devil, have been often joined together by a well-meaning Englishman; but I am very much surprised to see the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, in such company. We may still see this gentleman's principles in the accounts which he gives of his own country: speaking of "the G———l, the quondam T———r, and the J———to," which every one knows comprehends the Whigs, in their utmost extent; he adds, in opposition to them, "For the queen and the whole body of the British nation,———

Nos numerus sumus.

In English,

We are ciphers.

How properly the Tories may be called the whole body of the British nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an author can be so disrespectful to her majesty, as to separate her in so saucy a manner from that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himself, "have engrossed the riches of the nation;" and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of We; that is, "We queen and Tories are ciphers." *Nos numerus sumus* is a scrap of Latin,

more impudant than Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the same particle, WE, used with great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this letter: "But nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to Toulon, which We suffered to be defeated before it began." Whoever did, God forgive them: there were indeed several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to France.

Having done with the author's party and principles, we shall now consider his performance, under the three heads of wit, language, and argument. The first lash of his satire falls upon the censor of Great Britain, who, says he, resembles the famous censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished. Our letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in Lucan,

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

"The Gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished." The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of Cato the Censor, but of Cato of Utica. How Mr. Bickerstaffe, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger Cato, who was not a Roman censor, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say therefore that the censor of Great Britain resembles that famous censor of Rome in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished, is just the same as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths and secret histories that are brought to light in this letter, that the author of these new revelations resembles the ancient author of the Revelations in nothing but venturing his head. Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common reader, should he thus mistake one St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the Evangelist which relates to St. John the Baptist, who died many years before him.

Another smart touch of the author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden into a vein of poetry; and, instead of writing a letter to the Examiner, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: "Paint, sir, with that force which you are master of, the present state of the war abroad; and expose to the public view those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, so different from those upon which it was originally entered into. Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her majesty, and of those unnatural struggles which have betrayed the weakness of a shattered constitution." By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or, if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves is a figure which this gentleman has introduced into our English prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture of a state of the war? and this collection of indignities and struggles? it seems the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: "And when this is done, D——n shall blush in his grave among the dead, W——le among the living, and even Vol——e shall feel some remorse." Was there ever any thing, I will not say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in satire. But we see a master-piece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a duchess of Great Britain, a princess of the empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her royal mistress, he calls a great lady "an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;" and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon Alecto. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled, "An Essay towards proving that Gratitude is no Virtue." This author is so full of satire, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the queen's singing men, who, it seems, did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an anthem; as you may see in that passage: "Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the stentor of S——m has deafened his audience from the pulpit." Thus you see how like a true son of the high-church he falls upon a learned and reverend prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice like a trumpet to preach sedition, he is received by some men as a confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promised in the next place to consider the language of this excellent author, who, I find, takes himself for an orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they "profusely scatter" through the nation; that is, in plain English, for squandering away their poison. In the second, he talks of "carrying probability through the thread of a fable;" and, in the third, "of laying an odium at a man's door." In the fourth, he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that "the G——l, the quondam

[——r, and the J——to, are the only objects of the confidence of th allies, and of the fears of the enemies." I would advise this author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign minister should address her majesty in the following manner, (for certainly it is her majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid,) Madam, you are the object of the confidence of the allies; or, Madam, your majesty is the only object of the fears of the enemies. Would a man think that he had learned English? I would have the author try, by the same rule, some of the other phrases, as page 7, where he tells us, "that the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious." What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him, in a passion, that his scales were precarious; and mean by it, that they were not fixed? In the thirteenth page he speaks of certain "profligate wretches, who, having usurped the royal seat, resolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it." A plain-spoken man would have left the chariot out of the sentence, and so have made it good English. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this gentleman, in the next edition of his letter, to change the *chariot* of government into the *chaise* of government, which will sound as well, and serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure, which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this letter-writer very much excels. This is called by some an *anti-climax*, an instance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that Britain may expect to have this only glory left her, "that she has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to Holland, and a jest to the whole world." I never met with so sudden a downfall in so promising a sentence; a jest to the whole world, gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprised to meet with it. I do not remember, in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. Dryden.

> Not only London echoes with thy fame,
> But also Islington has heard the *same*.

The other are in French.

> *Allez vous, lui dit-il, sans bruit chez vos parens,*
> *Où vous avez laissé votre honneur et vos gans.*

But we need not go further than the letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh, "Mankind remains convinced, that a queen possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, or make a private family happy, sits on the throne." Is this panegyric or burlesque? To see so glorious a queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every good subject a secret indignation; and looks like Scarron's character of the great Queen Semiramis, who, says that author, "was the founder of Babylon, conqueror of the East, and an excellent housewife."

The third subject being the argumentative part of this letter, I shall leave till another occasion.

No. 3.] *Thursday, September* 28.

> ——Non defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget.—— *Virg.*

I WAS once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and, before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again, when he immediately reassumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, "But, sir, as I was telling you." The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the author of Don Quixote, who inserts several novels in his works, and, after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. Hudibras has broke off the Adventure of the Bear and the Fiddle. The Tatler has frequently interrupted the course of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the Examiner, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of the Letter to the Examiner to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it to contain a very curious piece of antiquity, which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

"Alcibiades was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up in the school of Socrates, and one of the best orators of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a time when learning was at its highest pitch: he was likewise very famous for his military exploits, having gained great conquests over the Lacedæmonians, who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen against the great king of Persia, but were at that time in alliance with the Persians. He had been once so far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his enemies, that the priests cursed him. But, after the great services which he had done for his country, they publicly repealed their curses, and changed them into applauses and benedictions.

"Plutarch tells us, in the life of Alcibiades, that one Taureas, an obscure man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be conferred by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommended himself to the Athenians by an oration. The speech which Alcibiades made on that occasion, has been lately discovered among the manu-

scripts of King's College in Cambridge; and communicated to me by my learned friend Dr. B———ley; who tells me, that, by a marginal note, it appears, that this Taureas, or, as the doctor rather chooses to call him, Toryas, was an Athenian brewer. This speech I have translated literally, changing very little in it, except where it was absolutely necessary to make it understood by an English reader." It is as follows:

"Is it then possible, O ye Athenians, that I, who hitherto have had none but generals to oppose me, must now have an artisan for my antagonist? That I, who have overthrown the princes of Lacedæmon, must now see myself in danger of being defeated by a brewer? What will the world say of the goddess that presides over you, should they suppose you follow her dictates? would they think she acted like herself, like the great Minerva? would they now say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or would they not rather say, she has a second time chosen owls for her favourites? But, O ye men of Athens, what has this man done to deserve your voices? You say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore he shall brew for me. You say he is assiduous in his calling: and is he not grown rich by it? Let him have your custom, but not your votes: you are now to cast your eyes on those who can detect the artifices of the common enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has been tapping his liquors, while I have been spilling my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping laurels. Have I not borne the dust and heat of the day, while he has been sweating at the furnace? Behold these scars, behold this wound which still bleeds in your service; what can Taureas show you of this nature? What are his marks of honour? Has he any other wound about him, except the accidental scaldings of his wort, or bruises from the tub or barrel? Let it not, O Athenians, let it not be said, that your generals have conquered themselves into your displeasure, and lost your favour by gaining you victories. Shall those achievments, that have redeemed the present age from slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the benefits of them? Shall those names, that have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will not your posterity blush at their forefathers, when they shall read in the annals of their country, that Alcibiades, in the 90th Olympiad, after having conquered the Lacedæmonians, and recovered Byzantium, contended for a prize against Taureas the brewer? The competition is dishonourable, the defeat would be shameful. I shall not, however slacken my endeavours for the security of my country. If she is ungrateful, she is still Athens. On the contrary, as she will stand more in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a people, I will pursue my victories, till such time as it shall be out of your power to hurt yourselves, and that you may be in safety even under your present leaders. But, oh! thou genius of Athens, whither art thou fled? where is now the race of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle of Thermopylæ, and fought upon the plains of Marathon? Are you weary of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which you took at Agraulos, 'That you would look upon the bounds of Attica to be those soils only which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives?' Consider your enemies, the Lacedæmonians; did you ever hear that they preferred a coffee-man to Agesilaus? No; though their generals have been unfortunate, though they have lost several battles, though they have not been able to cope with the troops of Athens, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condoled, nay, celebrated and extolled, by their fellow-citizens. Their generals have been received with honour after their defeat, yours with ignominy after conquest. Are there not men of Taureas's temper and character, who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great king of Persia? who have been *against* entering into a war with him, or *for* making a peace upon base conditions? that have grudged those contributions which have set our country at the head of all the governments of Greece? that would dishonour those who have raised her to such a pitch of glory? that would betray those liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchased or recovered with their blood? and would prosecute your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as of late years we have attacked the common enemy? I shall trouble you no more, O ye men of Athens; you know my actions, let my antagonist relate what he has done for you. Let him produce his vatts and tubs, in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards which were employed against you, and which I have wrested out of the hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into the field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O ye gods! let not the king of Persia laugh at the fall of Alcibiades! Let him not say, the Athenians have avenged me upon their own generals; or let me be rather struck dead by the hand of a Lacedæmonian, than disgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens."

No. 4.] *Thursday, October 5.*

Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.—*Sallust.*

HUDIBRAS has defined nonsense, as Cowley does wit, by negatives. "Nonsense," says he, "is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of non-

nse, which are always essential to it, give such a peculiar advantage over all other ritings, that it is incapable of being either nswered or contradicted. It stands upon s own basis like a rock of adamant, secured y its natural situation against all conquests r attacks. There is no one place about it eaker than another, to favour an enemy in is approaches. The major and the minor re of equal strength. Its questions admit f no reply, and its assertions are not to be alidated. A man may as well hope to istinguish colours in the midst of darkness, s to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense: you may as well assault n army that is buried in entrenchments. If affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of ; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In word, there are greater depths and obscuities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in n elaborate and well-written piece of nonense, than in the most abstruse and profound act of school-divinity."

After this short panegyric upon nonsense, hich may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader as Erasmus's Encomium of olly, I must here solemnly protest, that I ave not done it to curry favour with my ntagonist, or to reflect any praise in an obque manner upon the Letter to the Examiner; I have no private considerations to arp me in this controversy, since my first ntering upon it. But before I proceed any urther, because it may be of great use to me in his dispute, to state the whole nature of nonense; and because it is a subject entirely new, must take notice that there are two kinds f it, viz. high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold, phlegatic temper, that, in a poor dispirited style, reeps along servilely through darkness and onfusion. A writer of this complexion ropes his way softly amongst self-contraictions, and grovels in absurdities.

Videri vult pauper, et est pauper.

le has neither wit nor sense, and pretends o none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusers and makes a noise, it stalks upon hard ords, and rattles through polysyllables. It loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. has something in it like manliness and rce, and makes one think of the name of ir Hercules Nonsense in the play called the est of Fools. In a word, your high nonnse has a majestic appearance, and wears most tremendous garb, like Esop's ass othed in a lion's skin.

When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, d was asked whom he would appoint for s successor in his school, two of his schors being candidates for it; he called for o different sorts of wine, and by the chaacter which he gave of them, denoted the fferent qualities and perfections that showl themselves in the style and writing of ch of the competitors. As rational wriings have been represented by *wine*, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by *small beer*.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has, in reality, no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and, by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

We meet with a low groveling nonsense in every Grub street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. S———l in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the Letter to the Examiner.——This is when an author, without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not, indeed, at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which, in some places, he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have, with a great deal of attention and difficulty, found out what this gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The system of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and, secondly, to domestic: As to the first, he tells us, that, "the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous;" so that the ministry is cleared as to that particular. These motives he tells us, "were to restore the Spanish monarchy to the House of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives," he says, "was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands, in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered." So that the ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. "The restoring the Spanish monarchy to the House of Austria," he tells us,

"remained still in its full force; and we were told," says he, "that though the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade of Britain, and the balance of power in Europe, would be still precarious: Spain, therefore, must be conquered." He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: but what he endeavours, in the sequel of his discourse, is to show, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the Spanish monarchy; "that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where France is best able to keep us at bay;" that the French king has made it impossible for himself to give up Spain, and that the Duke of Anjou has made it as impossible for us to conquer it; nay, "that, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the Duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld." He then intimates to us, that the Dutch and the emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the House of Bourbon in the quiet possession of the Spanish monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by General Stanhope, that, if the author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the French king, or the Duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding "the little care the emperor takes to support king Charles," notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented "with a larger and better country than their own, already conquered for them," that victorious general, at the head of English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the emperor, has wrested Spain out of the hands of the House of Bourbon; and added the conquest of Navarre, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude, which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: they puzzle and confound the present age, and, it is to be hoped, they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling author of this letter say, that the ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of Spain, when the whole kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The letter-writer says, "that the Dutch had gained a good barrier after the battle of Ramillies in the year 1706." But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks Antwerp and Brussels, Ghent and Bruges, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great general on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier impregnable. "But," says the letter-writer, "the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place:" but if the laying the stress of the war in the Low Countries drew thither the whole strength of France; if it weakened Spain, and left it exposed to an equal force; if France, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of Anjou with a numerous army; and if, by the advantage of the situation, it could have sent and maintained in Spain ten regiments, with as little trouble and expense as England could two regiments; every impartial judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author of this confused dissertation on foreign affairs would fain make us believe, that England has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief allies, the emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, "they hoped England would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for Holland;" as if England were not taken care of by this very securing a barrier for Holland, which has always been looked upon as our bulwark, or, as Mr. Waller expresses it, our "outguard on the continent;" and which, if it had fallen into the hands of the French, would have made France more strong by sea than all Europe besides. Has not England been taken care of by gaining a new mart in Flanders, by opening our trade into the Levant, by securing ports for us in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Naples, and by that happy prospect we have of renewing that great branch of our commerce into Spain, which will be of more advantage to England than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of Dunkirk, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this author's aspersions of the Dutch and Germans, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the secretary of state. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribbler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest Scotchman, who, as he was walking along the streets of London, heard one calling out after him, Scot, Scot, and casting forth, in a clamorous manner, a great deal of opprobrious language against that ancient nation: Sawny turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused him was a saucy parrot that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, were he a man as he was a green goose, he would have run him through the *wemb*.

The next head our politician goes upon, relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at: all that I can gather from him is, that "the queen had grieved her subjects, in making choice of such men for her *ministers* as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these *our days*."

[o. 5.] *Thursday, October* 12.

Parere jam non scelus est.—*Martial.*

We live in a nation where, at present, ere is scarce a single head that does not em with politics. The whole island is peo- ed with statesmen, and not unlike Trincu- 's kingdom of viceroys. Every man has ntrived a scheme of government for the nefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may llow and be safe.

After this short preface, by which, as an nglishman, I lay in my claim to be a poli- ian, I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the free- lders of Great Britain, as well as all those at pay scot and lot, for about these six onths last past, is this, whether they would ther be governed by a prince that is obliged laws to be good and gracious, just and up- ght, a friend, father, and a defender of his ople; or by one, who, if he pleases, may ive away or plunder, imprison or kill, with- t opposition or resistance. This is the true ate of the controversy relating to passive edience and non-resistance. For I must serve, that the advocates for this doctrine ave stated the case in the softest and most latable terms that it will bear: and, we ry well know, that there is great art in oulding a question: and that many a mo- on will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in me words, that would have been as unani- ously rejected in others. Passive obedience d non-resistance are of a mild, gentle, and eek-spirited sound: they have respect but one side of the relation between the sove- ign and the subject, and are apt to fill the ind with no other ideas but those of peace, anquillity, and resignation. To show this octrine in those black and odious colours at are natural to it, we shall consider it with gard to the prince as well as to the people: e question will then take another turn, and will not be debated whether resistance may e lawful, or whether we may take up arms gainst our prince; but whether the English rm of government be a tyranny or a limited onarchy? whether our prince be obliged ur constitution to act according to law, or hether he be arbitrary and despotical.

It is impossible to state the measures of *bedience*, without settling the extent of *pow- r*; or to describe the *subject*, without de- ning the *king*. An arbitrary prince is, in stice and equity, the master of a non-resist- g people; for, where the power is uncir- umscribed, the obedience ought to be un- mited. Passive obedience and non-resist- nce are the duties of Turks and Indians, ho have no laws above the will of a Grand signior or a Mogul. The same power which hose princes enjoy in their respective gov- rnments, belongs to the legislative body in ur constitution, and that for the same reason; ecause no body of men is subject to laws, or an be controlled by them, who have the uthority of making, altering, or repealing, hatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our prince, he might doubtless wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, what dost thou?

If, therefore, we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience; which can never rise too high to our sove- reign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert; that liberty and pro- perty are the birth-right of the English na- tion, but that if a prince invades them by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case we must all lose our lives unjustly rather than defend them: this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive subjection, such an uncon- ditional obedience, can be only due to an ar- bitrary prince or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms right- ly explained to the people, and the contro- versy of non-resistance set in its just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late addresses. I would fain know what freeholder in England would have subscribed the following address, had it been offered to him; or whether her majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet, I will appeal to the reader, if this has not been the sense of many addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

"Madam—It is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear a set of men daily preaching up among us, that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-preservation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public wri- tings, as in their private discourses, that it is lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your people to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked prince shall make use of his royal authority to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who, under the reign of the best of sove- reigns, would avow such dangerous tenets as may secure them under the worst. We are resolved to beat down and discounte- nance these seditious notions, as being alto- gether republican, jesuitical, and conforma- ble to the practice of our rebellious fore- fathers; who, in all ages, at an infinite expence of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and properties, and consulted the good of their posterity by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great

trouble and disquiet of their lawful prince. We do, therefore, in the most humble and dutiful manner, solemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist a sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our Magna Charta, or invade those rights and liberties which those traitors procured for us; but will venture our lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects who think they may stand up in defence of them."

It happens very unluckily that there is something so supple and insinuating in this absurd unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a prince's ear; for which reason the publishers of it have always been the favourites of weak kings. Even those who have *no inclination* to do hurt to others, says the famous satirist, would have *the power* of doing it if they pleased. Honest men, who tell their sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they shall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are therefore always in danger of being the last in the royal favour. Nor, indeed, would that be unreasonable, if the professors of non-resistance and passive obedience would stand to their principle; but, instead of that, we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not, in the late revolution, rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And, very lately, when their queen had offended them in nothing but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the Church Memorial, which they all applauded and cried up as the language and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, for that "nature might rebel against principles?" Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise non-resistance to a prince that pleases them, and passive obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember one of the rabble in Œdipus, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells him, why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, "but it was a hard thing that an oath should be a man's master." This is, in effect, the language of the church in the abovementioned Memorial. Men of these soft, peaceable dispositions, in times of prosperity, put me in mind of Kirke's lambs: for that was the name he used to give his dragoons that had signalised themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievments among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, that it has a natural tendency to make a good king a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear, as well as by other motives, to virtue. It was a saying of Thales, the wise Milesian, "That of all wild beasts, a tyrant is the worst, and of all tame beasts, a flatterer." They do, indeed, naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it, but never exerts it.

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another which is no less destructive to the prince. A late unfortunate king very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever, and accordingly began to act like a king who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a proceeding? It is too fresh in every body's memory. Thus is a prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings: he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember at the beginning of King James's reign the Quakers presented an address, which gave great offence to the high-churchmen of those times. But, notwithstanding the uncourtliness of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.

"THESE are to testify to thee our sorrow for our friend Charles, whom we hope thou wilt follow in every thing that is good.

"We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land any more than we, and, therefore, may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us the same liberty that thou takest thyself.

"We hope that in this, and all things else, thou wilt promote the good of thy people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long and prosperous."

Had all King James's subjects addressed him with the same integrity, he had, in all probability, sat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

THE LOVER.

o. 10.] *Thursday, March* 18, 1714.

——Magis illa placent quæ pluris emuntur.

I HAVE lately been very much teased with ie thought of Mrs. Anne Page, and the iemory of those many cruelties which I iffered from that obdurate fair one. Mrs. nne was, in a particular manner, very fond ' china ware, against which I had unfortuately declared my aversion. I do not know it this was the first occasion of her coldess towards me, which makes me sick at ie very sight of a china dish ever since. 'his is the best introduction I can make for iy present discourse, which may serve to ll up a gap till I am more at leisure to reime the thread of my amours.

There are no inclinations in women which iore surprise me than their passions for halk and china. The first of these malaies wears out in a little time; but when a 'oman is visited with the second, it generally ikes possession of her for life. China vesels are playthings for women of all ages. in old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in leaning an Indian mandarin, as her great rand-daughter is in dressing her baby.

The common way of purchasing such tries, if I may believe my female informers, is y exchanging old suits of clothes for this rittle ware. The potters of china have, it eems, their factors at this distance, who etail out their several manufactures for cast lothes and superannuated garments. I have nown an old petticoat metamorphosed into punch-bowl, and a pair of breeches into a ea-pot. For this reason my friend Tradeell, in the city, calls his great room, that is iobly furnished out with china, his wife's vardrobe. "In yonder corner," says he, 'are above twenty suits of clothes, and on hat scrutoire above a hundred yards of furelowed silk. You cannot imagine how many light-gowns, stays, and mantuas, went to the aising of that pyramid. The worst of it is," ays he, "a suit of clothes is not suffered to ast its time, that it may be the more vendible; so that in reality this is but a more dexerous way of picking the husband's pocket, who is often purchasing a great vase of china, when he fancies that he is buying a fine head, or a silk gown for his wife." There is likewise another inconvenience in this female passion for china, namely, that it administers to them great wrath and sorrow. How much anger and affliction are produced daily in the hearts of my dear countrywomen, by the breach of this frail furniture! Some of them pay half their servants' wages in china fragments, which their carelessness has produced. "If thou hast a piece of earthen ware, consider," says Epictetus, "that it is a piece of earthen ware, and very easy and obnoxious to be broken: be not, therefore, so void of reason as to be angry or grieved when this comes to pass." In order, therefore, to exempt my fair readers from such additional and supernumerary calamities of life, I would advise them to forbear dealing in these perishable commodities, till such time as they are philosophers enough to keep their temper at the fall of a tea-pot or a china cup. I shall farther recommend to their serious consideration these three particulars; First, that all china ware is of a weak and transitory nature. Secondly, that the fashion of it is changeable: and, thirdly, that it is of no use. And first of the first: the fragility of china is such as a reasonable being ought by no means to set his heart upon, though, at the same time, I am afraid I may complain, with Seneca, on the like occasion, that this very consideration recommends them to our choice; our luxury being grown wanton, that this kind of treasure becomes the more valuable, the more easily we may be deprived of it, and that it receives a price from its brittleness. There is a kind of ostentation in wealth, which sets the possessors of it upon distinguishing themselves in those things where it is hard for the poor to follow them. For this reason I have often wondered that our ladies have not taken pleasure in egg-shells, especially in those which are curiously stained and streaked, and which are so very tender, that they require the nicest hand to hold without breaking them. But as if the brittleness of this ware were not sufficient to make it costly, the very fashion of it is changeable, which brings me to my second particular.

It may chance that a piece of china may survive all those accidents to which it is by nature liable, and last for some years, if rightly situated and taken care of. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it is so ordered, that the shape of it shall grow un-

fashionable, which makes new supplies always necessary, and furnishes employment for life to women of great and generous souls, who cannot live out of the mode. I myself remember when there were few china vessels to be seen that held more than a dish of coffee; but their size is so gradually enlarged, that there are many at present, which are capable of holding half a hogshead. The fashion of the tea-cup is also greatly altered, and has run through a wonderful variety of colour, shape, and size.

But, in the last place, china ware is of no use. Who would not laugh to see a smith's shop furnished with anvils and hammers of china? the furniture of a lady's favourite room is altogether as absurd: you see jars of a prodigious capacity that are to hold nothing. I have seen horses and herds of cattle in this fine sort of porcelain, not to mention the several Chinese ladies, who, perhaps, are naturally enough represented in these frail materials.

Did our women take delight in heaping up piles of earthen platters, brown jugs, and the like useful products of our British potteries, there would be some sense in it. They might be arranged in as fine figures, and disposed of in as beautiful pieces of architecture; but there is an objection to these which cannot be overcome, namely, that they would be of some use, and might be taken down on all occasions, to be employed in services of the family, besides that they are intolerably cheap, and most shamefully durable and lasting.

No. 39.] *Tuesday, May 25.*

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres——————————*Hor.*

SINCE I have given public notice of my abode, I have had many visits from unfortunate fellow-sufferers who have been crossed in love as well as myself.

Will Wormwood, who is related to me by my mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my advice. Will is a fellow of good sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a man of so refined an understanding, that he can set a construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a civility into an affront. He groans under imaginary injuries, finds himself abused by his friends, and fancies the whole world in a kind of combination against him. In short, poor Wormwood is devoured with the spleen. You may be sure a man of this humour makes a very whimsical lover. Be that as it will, he is now over head and ears in that passion, and, by a very curious interpretation of his mistress's behaviour, has, in less than three months, reduced himself to a perfect skeleton. As her fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the encouragement another man could wish, but has the mortification to find that her lover still sours upon her hands. Will is dissatisfied with her, whether she smiles or frowns upon him; and always thinks her too reserved, or too coming. A kind word, that would make another lover's heart dance for joy, pangs poor Will, and makes him lie awake all night.—As I was going on with Will Wormwood's amour, I received a present from my bookseller, which I found to be The Characters of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this translation; when I had begun to peruse it, I could not lay it by, until I had gone through the whole book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a chapter in it, entitled, A discontented Temper, which gives a livelier picture of my cousin, Wormwood, than that which I was drawing for him myself. It is as follows.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISCONTENTED TEMPER.

"A discontented temper is a frame of mind which sets a man upon complaining without reason. When one of his neighbours, who makes an entertainment, sends a servant to him with a plate of any thing that is nice, 'What,' says he, 'your master did not think me good enough to dine with him?' He complains of his mistress at the very time she is caressing him; and when she redoubles her kisses and endearments, 'I wish,' says he, 'all this came from your heart.' In a dry season he grumbles for want of rain, and when a shower falls, mutters to himself, 'Why could not this have come sooner?' If he happens to find a purse of money, 'Had it been a pot of gold,' says he, 'it would have been worth stooping for.' He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the price of a slave; and after he has paid his money for him, 'I am sure,' says he, 'thou art good for nothing, or I should not have had thee so cheap.' When a messenger comes with great joy to acquaint him that his wife is brought to bed of a son, he answers, 'That is as much as to say, friend, I am poorer by half to-day than I was yesterday.' Though he has gained a cause with full costs and damages, he complains that his counsel did not insist upon the most material points. If, after any misfortune has befallen him, his friends raise a voluntary contribution for him, and desire him to be merry, 'How is that possible,' says he, 'when I am to pay every one of you his money again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?'"

The instances of a discontented temper, which Theophrastus has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate

the rest of his characters, are chosen with the greatest nicety, and full of humour. His strokes are always fine and exquisite, and though they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the imagination of a coarse reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every man of a refined taste, who has a thorough insight into human nature.

As for the translation, I have never seen any of a prose author which has pleased me more. The gentleman, who has obliged the public with it, followed the rule which Horace has laid down for translators, by preserving every where the life and spirit of his author, without servilely copying after him word for word. This is what the French, who have most distinguished themselves by performances of this nature, so often inculcate when they advise a translator to find out such particular elegances in his own tongue as bear some analogy to those he sees in the original, and to express himself by such phrases as his author would probably have made use of, had he written in the language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky word, or a short circumstance, the meaning of Theophrastus is all along explained, and the humour very often carried to a greater height. A translator, who does not thus consider the different genius of the two languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel turns of thought and expression as correspond with one another in both of them, may value himself upon being a *faithful interpreter;* but in works of wit and humour will never do justice to his author, or credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable liberty, I see no chapter in Theophrastus where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was so absolutely necessary, as in the character of a Sloven. I find the translator himself, though he has taken pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the description. The reader will see with how much *delicacy* he has touched upon every particular, and cast into shades every thing that was shocking in so nauseous a figure.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SLOVEN.

"Slovenliness is such a neglect of a man's person as makes him offensive to other people. The sloven comes into company with a dirty pair of hands, and a set of long nails at the end of them, and tells you, for an excuse, that his father and grandfather used to do so before him. However, that he may outgo his forefathers, his fingers are covered with warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a goat, and takes care to let you see it. His teeth and breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a meal at a mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the company. In drinking he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the bath, you may easily find him out by the scent of his oil, and distinguish him when he is dressed by the spots in his coat. He does not stand upon decency in conversation, but will talk smut, though a priest and his mother be in the room. He commits a blunder in the most solemn offices of devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a concert of music he breaks in upon the performance, hums over the tune to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the musicians, whether they will never have done? He always spits at random, and if he is at an entertainment, it is ten to one but it is upon the servant who stands behind him."

The foregoing translation brings to my remembrance that excellent observation of my Lord Roscommon's,

> None yet have been with admiration read,
> But who (beside their learning) were well-bred.
> *Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse.*

If after this the reader can endure the filthy representation of the same figure exposed in its worst light, he may see how it looks in the former English version, which was published some years since, and is done from the French of Bruyere.

NASTINESS OR SLOVENLINESS.

"Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly negligence of a man's own person, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You will see him come into company when he is covered all over with a leprosy and scurf, and with very long nails, and says, those distempers were hereditary, that his father and grandfather had them before him. He has ulcers in his thighs, and biles upon his hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond remedy. His arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his body like a wild beast. His teeth are black and rotten, which makes his breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his mouth crammed full, and lets his victuals come out at both corners. He belches in the cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty, stinking oil in the bath. He will intrude into the best company in sordid, ragged clothes. If he goes with his mother to the soothsayer's, he cannot then refrain from wicked and profane expressions. When he is making his oblations at the temple, he will let the dish drop out of his hand, and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave exploit. At the finest concert of music he cannot forbear clapping his hands, and making a rude noise:

will pretend to sing along with them, and fall a railing at them to leave off. Sitting at table, he spits full upon the servants who waited there."

I cannot close this paper without observing, that if gentlemen of leisure and genius would take the same pains upon some other Greek or Roman author, that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our booksellers, who set their hackney-writers at work for so much a sheet. The world would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an author into English and *translating* him.

DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS OF ANCIENT MEDALS;

ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO

THE LATIN AND GREEK POETS.

——Quoniam hæc ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Volgus abhorret ab hac, volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi Musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenere.
LUCRETIUS, lib. iv.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TREATISE ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd. She found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps:
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine:
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd;
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore:
This, the blue varnish, that, the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams:
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine,
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage:
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warrior's frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read:
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! in soul sincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promise, served no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
"Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
"And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved."
A. POPE.

DIALOGUE I.

CYNTHIO, Eugenius, and Philander had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the Thames. Their

design was to pass away the heat of the summer among the fresh breezes that rise from the river, and the agreeable mixture of shades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well versed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the most refined nations of Europe: so that they were capable of entertaining themselves on a thousand different subjects, without running into the common topics of defaming public parties, or particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to dissent from one another in discourse, or upon occasion to speak a Latin sentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields, when their discourse accidentally fell upon several unprofitable parts of learning. It was Cynthio's humour to run down every thing that was rather for ostentation than use. He was still preferring good sense to arts and sciences, and often took a pleasure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule those that valued themselves on their books and studies, though at the same time one might very well see that he could not have attacked many parts of learning so successfully, had not he borrowed his assistances from them. After having rallied a set or two of virtuosos, he fell upon the medallists.

These gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the Antonines than of the Stuarts, and would rather choose to count out a sum in sesterces than in pounds sterling. I have heard of one in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value, rarity, and authenticalness of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you very gravely, if it were brass it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a Pescennius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern. A third desires you to observe well the toga on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in conscience believe the sleeve of it to be of the true Roman cut.

I must confess, says Philander, the knowledge of medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a science ridiculous, to such as are not well versed in it. Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinences any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the stars and planets, or lays out a twelvemonth on the spots in the sun, however noble his speculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious observations have been made on spiders, lobsters, and cockle-shells! yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder, therefore, that the science of medals, which is charged with so many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what Philander said on the subject of medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio. I must confess, says he, I find myself very much inclined to speak against a sort of study that I know nothing of. I have, however, one strong prejudice in favour of it, that Philander has thought it worth his while to employ some time upon it. I am glad then, says Cynthio, that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear the usefulness. There, says Philander, you must excuse me. At present you do not know but it may have its usefulness. But should I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and so render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says Cynthio, we are already so persuaded of the unprofitableness of your science, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you succeed you increase the number of your party. Well, says Philander, in hopes of making two such considerable proselytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the subject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you dissent from me, or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make use of the liberty you give us, says Eugenius, I must tell you what I believe surprises all beginners as well as myself. We are apt to think your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a gold one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge, nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species, so that at present an *as* or an *obolus* may carry a higher price than a *denarius* or a *drachma*; and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be

now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that to have a relish for ancient coins it is necessary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallic eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself that it is better to have a pocket full of Othos and Gordians than of Jacobuses or Louis-d'ors. This, however, we shall be judges of, when you have let us know the several uses of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says Philander, is the showing us the faces of all the great persons of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. Juvenal calls them, very humorously,

Concinum argentum in titulos, faciesque minutas.
SAT. 5.

You here see the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trajans, and the whole catalogue of heroes, who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind, that we almost look upon them as another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare in our own thoughts the face of a great man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features, either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions. We find too on medals the representations of ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses, and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms: nor do you only meet the faces of such as are famous in history, but of several whose names are not to be found any where except on medals. Some of the emperors, for example, have had wives, and some of them children, that no authors have mentioned. We are therefore obliged to the study of coins for having made new discoveries to the learned, and given them information of such persons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You must give me leave, says Cynthio, to reject this last use of medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble myself with a person's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world had there not been such things as medals. A man's memory finds sufficient employment on such as have really signalized themselves by their great actions, without charging itself with the names of an insignificant people, whose whole history is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for such persons as have made a noise in the world, says Philander, you have on medals a long list of heathen deities, distinguished from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nations of the world fall down before them. You have here too several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and, in short, a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the genii of nations, provinces, cities, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal as in a canto of Spenser. Not to interrupt you, says Eugenius, I fancy it is this use of medals that has recommended them to several history painters, who perhaps, without this assistance, would have found it very difficult to have invented such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion. It is doubtless for this reason, says Philander, that painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of medals in vogue. For not to mention several others, Caraccio is said to have assisted Aretine by designs that he took from the spintriæ of Tiberius. Raphæl had thoroughly studied the figures on old coins. Patin tells us that Le Brun had done the same. And it is well known that Rubens had a noble collection of medals in his own possession. But I must not quit this head before I tell you, that you see on medals not only the names and persons, of emperors, kings, consuls, proconsuls, pretors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympic games. It was a noble time, says Cynthio, when trips and Cornish hugs could make a man immortal. How many heroes would Moorfields have furnished out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the Greeks, might have had his face stamped upon their coins. But these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a Milo than a Homer, and heaped up greater honours on Pindar's jockeys, than on the poet himself. But by this time I suppose you have drawn up all your medallic people, and, indeed, they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shown us all conditions, sexes, and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay, you have conjured up persons that exist no where else but on old coins, and have made our passions, and virtues, and vices visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of medals had been so well peopled. But in the next place, says Philander, as we see on coins the different faces of persons, we see on them too their different habits and dresses, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages when the medals were stamped. This is another use, says Cynthio, that in my opinion contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is neither capable of pleasing the understanding nor imagination.

I know there are several supercilious critics that will treat an author with the greatest contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old Romans wore a girdle, and are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the toga had any sleeves to it till the declension of the Roman empire. Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it should not be as noble a task to write upon a bib and hanging sleeves as on the bulla and prætexta. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other no where but in learned authors. An antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the vitta and peplus, the stola and instita. How would an old Roman laugh, were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects! To set them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound author shall write a learned treatise on the habits of the present age, distinguished into the following titles and chapters:

Of the old British Trowser.
Of the Ruff and Collar-band.
The Opinion of Several Learned Men concerning the Use of the Shoulder-knot.
Such-a-one mistaken in his Account of the Surtout, &c.

I must confess, says Eugenius, interrupting him, the knowledge of these affairs is in itself very little improving, but as it is impossible without it to understand several parts of your ancient authors, it certainly has its use. It is pity, indeed, there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have sometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent design to make a kind of an old Roman wardrobe, where you should see togas and tunicas, the chlamys and trabea, and in short all the different vests and ornaments that are so often mentioned in the Greek and Roman authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the shape of an ancient garment, than he possibly can from the help of tedious quotations and descriptions. The design, says Philander, might be very useful, but after what models would you work? Sigonius, for example, will tell you, that the vestis trabeata was of such a particular fashion, Scaliger is for another, and Dacier thinks them both in the wrong. These are, says Cynthio, I suppose, the names of three Roman tailors; for is it possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature? May we not as well believe, that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, says Eugenius, the critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of the same moment. But as to this point, where the make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the most probable fashions. To enlarge the design, I would have another room for the old Roman instruments of war, where you might see the pilum and the shield, the eagles, ensigns, helmets, battering-rams, and trophies; in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the same manner as it might have been in an arsenal of old Rome. A third apartment should be a kind of sacristy for altars, idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiquities, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelvemonth. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be much more useful to universities than those collections of whalebone and crocodile-skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says Cynthio, to persuade those societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the classic authors and at the fountain-head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republic of letters, should he appeal to your university wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the Re Vestiaria? or how do you think a man that has read Vegetius will relish your Roman arsenal? In the mean time, says Philander, you find on medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristies, it is from medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here too that you see the figures of several instruments of music, mathematics, and mechanics. One might make an entire galley out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old coins. Nor are they only charged with things, but with many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on coins. I might add under this head of antiquities, that we find on medals the manner of spelling in the old Roman inscriptions. That is, says Cynthio, we find that Felix is never written with an œ diphthong, and that in Augustus's days *civis* stood for *cives*, with other secrets in orthography of the same importance.

To come then to a more weighty use, says Philander, it is certain that medals give a very great light to history, in confirming such passages as are true in old authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of medals is a body of history. It was indeed the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that Monsieur Vaillant has chem-

broiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of medals has given us a chronicle of the kings of Syria. For this too is an advantage medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, and sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are indeed the best epitomes in the world, and let you see with one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of medals is, that they not only show you the actions of an emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an emperor's coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an emperor's story into the several years of his reign: or, where they do it, they often differ in their several periods. Here, therefore, it is much safer to quote a medal than an author, for in this case you do not appeal to a Suetonius or a Lampridius, but to the emperor himself, or to the whole body of a Roman senate. Besides that, a coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and transcribers. This I must confess, says Cynthio, may in some cases be of great moment; but, considering the subjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I see but little use that rises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an elephant appeared in the amphitheatre in the second or the third year of Domitian? Or what am I the wiser for knowing that Trajan was in the fifth year of his tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a horse-race or bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a person of various reading and profound erudition.

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says Eugenius; it is a kind of shooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to show his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to Philander, that seems to me very considerable, although your medallists seldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in medals: for my own part I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several Roman emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your medallists, upon the first naming of an emperor, will immediately tell you his age, family, and life. To remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says Philander, for helping me to a use that, perhaps, I should not have thought on. But there is another of which I am sure you could not but be sensible when you were at Rome. I must own to you it surprised me to see my ciceroni so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an emperor or empress but he knew by sight; and, as he was seldom without medals in his pocket, he would often show us the same face on an old coin that we saw in the statue. He would discover a Commodus through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out such a one to be Livia that was dressed up like a Ceres. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a Zenobia by the sitting of her diadem, and will distinguish the Faustinas by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! sir, says Cynthio, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a statue that has lost his nose and ears; or, if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you at first sight who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an emperor or empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this, however, is easily learned from medals, says Philander, where you may see likewise the plans of many of the most considerable buildings of old Rome. There is an ingenious gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study, who has a design of publishing the whole history of architecture, with its several improvements and decays, as it is to be met with on ancient coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose the buildings on the best preserved medals. You here see the copies of such ports and triumphal arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient temples, though the temples themselves, and the gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruins of former edifices, you may learn from coins what was their architecture when they stood whole and entire. These are buildings which the Goths and Vandals could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will perhaps last as long as the earth itself. They are in short so many real monuments of brass.

Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

Which eating show'rs, nor north wind's feeble blast,
Nor whirl of time, nor flight of years can waste.
CREECH.

This is a noble panegyric on an old copper coin, says Cynthio. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brazen edifices as effectually as a Goth or Vandal. You would laugh at me, says Philander, should I make you a learned disserta-

tion on the nature of rusts: I shall only tell you there are two or three sorts of them which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an antiquary, and preserve a coin better than the best artificial varnish. As for other kinds, a skilful medallist knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a temple or a triumphal arch out of its rubbish, if I may so call it, and, with a few reparations of the graving tool, restore it to its first splendour and magnificence. I have known an emperor quite hid under a crust of dross, who, after two or three days' cleansing, has appeared with all his titles about him, as fresh and beautiful as at his first coming out of the mint. I am sorry, says Eugenius, I did not know this last use of medals when I was at Rome. It might perhaps have given me a greater taste of its antiquities, and have fixed in my memory several of the ruins that I have now forgotten. For my part, says Cynthio, I think there are at Rome enough modern works of architecture to employ any reasonable man. I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble myself about the ruins of Augustus's palace so long as I could see the Vatican, the Borghese, and the Farnese, as they now stand: I must own to you at the same time this is talking like an ignorant man. Were I in other company I would perhaps change my style, and tell them that I would rather see the fragments of Apollo's temple than St. Peter's. I remember when our antiquary at Rome had led us a whole day together from one ruin to another, he at last brought us to the Rotunda; and this, says he, is the most valuable antiquity in Italy, notwithstanding it is so entire.

The same kind of fancy, says Philander, has formerly gained upon several of your medallists, who were for hoarding up such pieces of money only as had been half consumed by time or rust. There were no coins pleased them more than those which had passed through the hands of an old Roman clipper. I have read an author of this taste that compares a ragged coin to a tattered colours. But to come again to our subject. As we find on medals the plans of several buildings that are now demolished, we see on them too the models of many ancient statues that are now lost. There are several reverses which are owned to be the representations of antique figures; and I question not but there are many others that were formed on the like models, though at present they lie under no suspicion of it. The Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidera, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback, which are, perhaps, the four most beautiful statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient medals, though the figures that represent them were never thought to be the copies of statues till the statues themselves were discovered. There is no question, I think, but the same reflection may extend itself to antique pictures: for I doubt not but in the designs of several Greek medals in particular, one might often see the head of an Apelles or Protogenes, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with Titian's or Vandyck's. I might here make a much greater show of the usefulness of medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and sciences receive a considerable illustration from this study. I must, however, tell you, that medals and the civil law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old coins are like so many maps for explaining of the ancient geography. But besides the more solid parts of learning, there are several little intimations to be met with on medals that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of coins we should never have known which was the first of the emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little impertinencies of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, though perhaps not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an emperor, the flatteries that he lay most open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends, or colleagues, with the like particularities only to be met with on medals, are certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, says Cynthio, you have astonished me with the several parts of knowledge that you have discovered on medals. I could never fancy before this evening, that a coin could have any nobler use in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, says Philander, there is still an advantage to be drawn from medals, which I am sure will heighten your esteem for them. It is, indeed, a use that nobody has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without considering it in its full latitude, light, and extent. Not to keep you in suspense, I think there is a great affinity between coins and poetry, and that your medallist and critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverse often clears up the passage of an old poet, as the poet often serves to unriddle a reverse. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, says Eugenius, since you have gone so far with us, we must beg you to finish your lecture, especially since you are on a subject that I dare promise you will be very agreeable to Cynthio, who is so professed an admirer of the ancient poets. I must only warn you, that you do not charge your coins with more uses than they can bear. It is generally the

method of such as are in love with any particular science, to discover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture should comprehend the knowledge of history, ethics, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, physic, and the civil law? Yet Vitruvius will give you his reasons, such as they are, why a good architect is master of these several arts and sciences. Sure, says Cynthio, Martial had never read Vitruvius when he threw the crier and the architect into the same class:

Duri si puer ingenii videtur
Præconem facias vel architectum.

If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
A herald make him, or an architect.

But to give you an instance out of a very celebrated discourse on poetry, because we are on that subject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art.* I have observed, says he, (speaking of the natural propension that all men have to numbers and harmony,) that my barber has often combed my head in dactyls and spondees, that is, with two short strokes and a long one, or with two long ones successively. Nay, says he, I have known him sometimes run even into pyrrhics and anapæsts. This you will think, perhaps, a very extravagant fancy; but I must own I should as soon expect to find the prosodia in a comb as poetry in a medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, says Philander, I must confess to you that this science has its visionaries as well as all others. There are several, for example, that will find a mystery in every tooth of Neptune's trident, and are amazed at the wisdom of the ancients, that represented a thunderbolt with three forks, since, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning, and melting. I have seen a long discourse on the figure and nature of horn, to show it was impossible to have found out a fitter emblem for Plenty than the cornucopia. These are a sort of authors who scorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to show the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked, and knit together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on medals or in marble, as I doubt not but Horace alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner:

——Gratia,
Junctis nuda sororibus:
——Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.

The sister Graces hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your medallists will be here again astonished at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device, than by Seneca's whole book De Beneficiis. The three Graces teach us three things. 1. To remark the doing of a courtesy. 2. The return of it from the receiver. 3. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand in hand, to show us that these three duties should be never separated. They are naked, to admonish us that gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to show us that no virtue is more active than gratitude. May not we here say with Lucretius?

Quæ bene et eximie quanquam disposita ferantur,
Sunt longe tamen a vera ratione repulsa.

It is an easy thing, says Eugenius, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked sisters dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here therefore, says Philander, that the old poets step in to the assistance of the medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the Roman mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in picture, as well as read them in a description. When, therefore, I confront a medal with a verse, I only show you the same design executed by different hands, and appeal from one master to another of the same age and taste. This is certainly a much surer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be still inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make myself more intelligible, I find a shield on the reverse of an emperor's coin, designed as a compliment to him from the senate of Rome. I meet with the same metaphor in ancient poets, to express protection or defence. I conclude, therefore, that this medal compliments the emperor in the same sense as the old Romans did their dictator Fabius, when they called him the buckler of Rome. Put this reverse now, if you please, into the hands of a mystical antiquary: he shall tell you that the use of the shield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly shadows out to us the resolution or continence of the emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleasure. In the next place, the figure of the shield being round, it is an emblem of perfection, for Aristotle has said the round figure is the most perfect. It may likewise signify the immortal reputation that the emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity, that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not answer for the shield's convexity

* Vossius de Viribus Rythmi.

that it does not cover a mystery, nay, there shall not be the least wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some account. In this case, therefore, poetry* being in some respects an art of designing, as well as painting or sculpture, they may serve as comments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says Eugenius, by what you have said on this subject, that the poets may contribute to the explication of such reverses as are purely emblematical, or when the persons are of that shadowy allegorical nature you have before mentioned; but I suppose there are many other reverses that represent things and persons of a more real existence. In this case too, says Philander, a poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a prose writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: so that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a poet, that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of antiquities that are to be met with on ancient coins. I fancy, says Cynthio, there is nothing more ridiculous than an antiquary's reading the Greek or Latin poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the erudition of the author. He will turn you over all Virgil to find out the figure of an old rostrum, and has the greatest esteem imaginable for Homer, because he has given us the fashion of a Greek sceptre. It is, indeed, odd enough to consider how all kinds of readers find their account in the old poets. Not only your men of the more refined or solid parts of learning, but even your alchymist and fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in Homer and Virgil. This, says Eugenius, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but Plutarch's Discourse on Homer, and you will see that the Iliad contains the whole circle of arts, and that Thales and Pythagoras stole all their philosophy out of this poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that Homer understood all the figures in rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says Philander, were it possible for Homer to read his phrases in this author, but he would be as much surprised as ever Monsieur Jourdain was, when he found he had talked prose all his lifetime without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe that not only the virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen divinities appear generally in the same dress among the poets that they wear in medals. I must confess, I believe both the one and the other took the mode from the ancient Greek statuaries. It will not, perhaps, be an improper transition to pass from the heathen gods to the several monsters of antiquity, as chimeras, gorgons, sphinxes, and many others that make the same figure in verse as on coins. It often happens, too, that the poet and the senate of Rome have both chosen the same topic to flatter their emperor upon, and have sometimes fallen upon the same thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: it is no wonder, therefore, that they were often engaged on one subject, the medal and the poem being nothing else but occasional compliments to the emperor. Nay, I question not but you may sometimes find certain passages among the poets that relate to the particular device of a medal.

I wonder, says Eugenius, that your medallists have not been as diligent in searching the poets as the historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightening their art. I would have somebody put the muses under a kind of contribution to furnish out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to coins. Though they taught us but the same things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at least teach us more agreeably, and draw several over to the study of medals that would rather be instructed in verse than in prose. I am glad, says Philander, to hear you of this opinion; for to tell you truly, when I was at Rome I took occasion to buy up many imperial medals that have any affinity with passages of the ancient poets. So that I have by me a sort of poetical cash, which I fancy I could count over to you in Latin and Greek verse. If you will drink a dish of tea with me tomorrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, says Cynthio, how the poets will succeed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great strangers. We are, however, obliged to you for presenting us with the offer of a kindness that you might well imagine we should have asked you.

Our three friends had been so intent on their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields without taking notice of it. Philander first put them in mind, that unless they turned back quickly they would endanger being benighted. Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects; but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to medals, I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling myself with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

DIALOGUE II.

Some of the finest treatises of the most polite Latin and Greek writers are in dialogue, as many very valued pieces of French, Italian, and English appear in the same dress. I have sometimes, however, been very much distasted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exor-

* *Poema est pictura loquens.*

ms into which it often betrays an author. here is so much time taken up in ceremo-, that before they enter on their subject e dialogue is half ended. To avoid the ult I have found in others, I shall not ouble myself nor my reader with the first lutes of our three friends, nor with any art of their discourse over the tea-table. We will suppose the China dishes taken off, nd a drawer of medals supplying their oom. Philander, who is to be the hero in ny dialogue, takes it in his hand, and address-ng himself to Cynthio and Eugenius, I will ist of all, says he, show you an assembly f the most virtuous ladies that you have ver, perhaps, conversed with. I do not now, says Cynthio, regarding them, what heir virtue may be, but methinks they are little fantastical in their dress. You will ind, says Philander, there is good sense in t. They have not a single ornament that hey cannot give a reason for. I was going o ask you, says Eugenius, in what country you find these ladies. But I see they are ome of those imaginary persons you told us f last night, that inhabit old coins, and ap-pear no where else but on the reverse of a medal. Their proper country, says Phi-lander, is the breast of a good man: for I think they are most of them the figures of virtues. It is a great compliment methinks to the sex, says Cynthio, that your virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says Philander, but because they chanced to be of the fe-minine gender in the learned languages. You will find, however, something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first figure,* which is that of Virtue herself, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in Silius Italicus:

Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Composita mutata coma; stans vultus, et ore
Incessuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
Celsa humeros, niveæ fulgebat stamine pallæ.
Lib. 15.

———A different form did Virtue wear,
Rude from her forehead fell th' unplaited hair,
With dauntless mien aloft she rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush, the goddess show,
And robes unsullied as the falling snow.

Virtue and Honour had their temples bor-dering on each other, and are sometimes both on the same coin, as in the following one of Galba.† Silius Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his virtue:

[Virtus loquitur.]
Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læta Gloria vultu,
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis. Ibid.

[*Virtue speaks.*]
With me the foremost place let Honour gain,
Fame and the Praises mingling in her train;
Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
White like myself, on snowy wings shall fly.

Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem
Blandus Honor, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus. Stat. Silv. lib. 2.

The head of honour is crowned with a lau-rel, as Martial has adorned his Glory after the same manner, which indeed is but ano-ther name for the same person:

Mitte coronatas Gloria mæsta comas.

I find, says Cynthio, the Latins mean cour-age by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, as the modern Italians give the same name, on the same account, to the knowledge of curiosities. Should a Roman painter at present draw the picture of Vir-tue, instead of the spear and paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a bust in one hand and a fiddle in the other.

The next, says Philander, is a lady of a more peaceful character, and had her tem-ple at Rome: ‡

———*Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

She is often placed on the reverse of an im-perial coin, to show the good understanding between the emperor and empress. She has always a cornucopia in her hand, to de-note that plenty is the fruit of concord. After this short account of the goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the deity that is described in the following verses of Seneca, who would have her propitious to the marriage of Jason and Creusa. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name:

———*Asperi*
Martis sanguineas quæ cohibit manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam. Sen. Med. act. 1.

Who soothes great Mars the warrior god,
And checks his arm distain'd with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of plenty fills her hands.

The description, says Eugenius, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the fu-ture, instead of any farther note on this pas-sage, I would have the reverse you have shown us stamped on the side of it. The interpreters of Seneca, says Philander, will understand the precedent verses as a de-scription of Venus, though in my opinion there is only the first of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the same time agrees as well with Concord: and that this was a goddess who used to interest herself in mar-riages, we may see in the following descrip-tion:

———*Jamdudum poste reclinis*
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et insigni geminat Concordia tæda.
Statii Epithalamion Silv. lib. 1.

Already leaning at the door, too long
Sweet Hymen waits to raise the nuptial song,
Her sacred bands majestic Juno leads,
And Concord with her flaming torch attends.

* See first series, figure 1. † Ibid. figure 2. ‡ See first series, figure 3.

Peace* differs as little in her dress as in her character from Concord. You may observe in both these figures, that the vest is gathered up before them like an apron, which you must suppose filled with fruits as well as the cornucopia. It is to this part of the dress that Tibullus alludes:

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

Kind Peace appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits shall fall.

Prudentius has given us the same circumstance in his description of Avarice:

——*Avaritia gremio præcincta capaci.*
Psychomachia.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the same poet:

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primum
Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.——
TIBUL. El. 10. lib. i.

She first, white Peace, the earth with ploughshares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First rear'd the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The olive branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old poets as a token of peace:

Pace orare manu.—— VIRG. Æn. 10.

Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis olivæ.
OVID. Met. lib. 7.

In his right hand an olive branch he holds.

——*furorem*
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem
Pacifico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælata fronde Minervæ.
LUC. lib. 3.

——To move his haughty soul they try
Entreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.
ROWE.

Which, by the way, one would think had been spoken rather of an Attila, or a Maximin, than Julius Cæsar.

You see Abundance, or Plenty,† makes the same figure in medals as in Horace:

——*tibi copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
HOR. Od. 17. lib. i.

——Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. CREECH.

The compliment on this reverse to Gordianus Pius is expressed in the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus:

——*Aurea fruges*
Italiam pleno diffudit copia cornu.
HOR. Epist. 12. lib. i.

——Golden Plenty with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land.
CREECH.

But to return again to our virtues. You have here the picture of Fidelity,† who was worshipped as a goddess among the Romans:

Si tu oblitus es at Dii meminerunt, meminit Fides.
CATUL. ad. Alphen.

I should fancy, from the following verses of Virgil and Silius Italicus, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman:

Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabant.—— VIRG. Æn. lib. i.

Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
DRYDEN.

——*Ad limina sanctæ*
Contendit Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea læta polo tum forte remoto
Cælicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Qua sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Justitiæ consors.—— SIL. ITAL. lib. 2.

He to the shrines of Faith his steps addrest.
She, pleas'd with secrets rolling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, resolv'd on high
The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky,
Ere Jove was born she grac'd the bright abodes,
Consort of Justice, boast of men and gods;
Without whose heavenly aid no peace below
The steadfast earth, and rolling ocean know.

There is a medal of Heliogabalus,‡ inscribed FIDES EXERCITUS, that receives a great light from the preceding verses. She is posted between two military ensigns, for the good quality that the poet ascribes to her, of preserving the public peace by keeping the army true to its allegiance.

I fancy, says Eugenius, as you have discovered the age of this imaginary lady, from the description that the poets have made of her, you may find, too, the colour of the drapery that she wore in the old Roman paintings, from that verse in Horace:

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno.—— HOR. Od. 35. lib. i.

Sure Hope and Friendship, cloth'd in white,
Attend on thee.—— CREECH.

One would think, says Philander, by this verse, that Hope and Fidelity had both the same kind of dress. It is certain Hope might have a fair pretence to white, in allusion to those that were candidates for an employ:

——*Quem ducit hiantem*
Cretata ambitio.—— PERS. Sat. 5.

And how properly the epithet of *rara* agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure.§ She is here dressed in such a kind of vest as the Latins call a *multicium* from the fineness of its tissue. Your Roman beaux had their summer *togæ* of such a light airy make:

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli
HOR. Ep. 14. lib. i.

I that lov'd——
Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gaudy gown.
CREECH.

I remember, says Cynthio, Juvenal rallies Creticus, that was otherwise a brave, rough

* See first series, figure 4. † Ibid. figure 5.

† See first series, figure 6. ‡ Ibid. figure 7.
§ See first series, figure 6.

ellow, very handsomely on this kind of arment:

——Sed quid
Non facient alii cum tu multitia sumas,
Cretice? et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas et Pollineas.—— Juv. Sat. 2.

Acer et indomitus libertatisque magister,
Cretice, pellucea.—— Ibid.

——Nor, vain Metellus, shall
From Rome's tribunal thy harangues prevail
'Gainst harlotry, whilst thou art clad so thin,
That through thy cobweb robe we see thy skin.
As thou declaim'st.—— Tate.

Can'st thou restore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the bench?
Idem.

But pray what is the meaning that this ransparent lady holds up her train in her eft hand? for I find your women on medals o nothing without a meaning. Besides, I uppose there is a moral precept at least ouched under the figure she holds in her ther hand. She draws back her garment, ays Philander, that it may not encumber er in her march. For she is always drawn n a posture of walking, it being as natural or Hope to press forward to her proper bjects, as for Fear to fly from them:

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem:
Alter inhæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit:
Sic deus et virgo est: hic Spe celer, illa Timore.
Ovid. Met. de Apol. et Daph. lib. 1.

As when th' impatient greyhound slipp'd from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay:
And he with double speed pursues the prey
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'scapes, and for the neigh'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:—
Such was the god, and such the flying fair,
She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did swiftly move.
But he more swiftly who was urg'd by Love.
Dryden.

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem in the world of Hope and Fear in extremity. A flower, or blossom, that you see in the right hand is a proper ornament for Hope, since they are these that we term, in poetical language, the hopes of the year:

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est, et Spe delectat agrestes.
Omnia tum florent, florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager.—— Ovid. Met. lib. 15.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with Hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around. Dryden.

The same poet in his *De Fastis*, speaking of the vine in flower, expresses it,

In spe vitis erat.—— Ovid. de Fast. lib. 5.

The next on the list is a lady of a contrary character, and therefore in a quite different posture.* As Security is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar. Horace has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture:

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.
No ease doth lay me down from pain. Creech.

She rests herself on a pillar, for the same reason as the poets often compare an obstinate resolution or a great firmness of mind, to a rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves:

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida, neque Auster
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, etc. Hor.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, etc.—— Creech.

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that Horace had his eye in his Ode to Fortune. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out security, or something very like it; and, till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content ourselves with this before us.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Hor. ad Fortunam, Od. 35. lib. 1.

To thee their vows rough Germans pay,
To thee the wand'ring Scythians bend,
Thee mighty Rome proclaims a friend:
And for their tyrant sons
The barb'rous mothers pray
To thee, the greatest guardian of their thrones.

They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
Least you should kick their column down,
And cloud the glory of their crown;
They fear that you would raise
The lazy crowd to war,
And break their empire, or confine their praise.
Creech.

I must, however, be so fair as to let you know that Peace and Felicity have their pillars in several medals as well as Security, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

The next figure is that of Chastity,† who was worshipped as a goddess, and had her temple:

——Deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hæc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
Juv. de Pudicitia, Sat. 6

At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew.
Dryden.

Templa pudicitiæ quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet?
Tib. lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they please unblam'd can be,
Why rear we useless fanes to Chastity?

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in the following verses:

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos,
Lata verecundi signa Pudoris erant. Alciat.

* See first series, figure 9.

† See first series, figure 10.

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like these was Chastity reveal'd.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios instita longa pedes.
OVID. de Art. Amar.

——*Frontem limbo velata pudicam.*
CLAUD. de Theod. Cons.

Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whose bands the brows of Chastity surround,
And her coy robe that lengthens to the ground.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman matron:

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.
HOR. Sat. 2. lib. i.

Besides, a matron's face is seen alone;
But Kate's, that female bully of the town,
For all the rest is cover'd with a gown. CREECH.

That *ni Catia est*, says Cynthio, is a beauty unknown to most of our English satirists. Horace knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our English libellers are for hewing a man downright, and for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says Eugenius, I have often admired this piece of art in the two satirists you mention, and have been surprised to meet with a man in a satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill-nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our English poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepense in their satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the poem, let you see they wrote the whole poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of Piety?

As Chastity, says Philander, appears in the habit of a Roman matron, in whom that Virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, Piety* wears the dress of the vestal virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata sacerdos* is, you know, an expression among the Latin poets. I do not question but you have seen in the duke of Florence's gallery a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an altar, which some of the antiquaries call a Piety, and others a vestal virgin. The woman, altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that Religion makes in Phædrus's fables:

Sed ne ignis noster facinori præluceat,
Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos.
Fab. 10. lib. iv.

It is to this goddess that Statius addresses himself in the following lines:

Summa deum Pietas! cujus gratissima cælo
Rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,
Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præsens, nullaque expulsa nocentum
Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
Mitibus exequiis adeo, et lugentis Hetrusci
Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge.
STATIUS, Silv. lib. 3.

Chief of the skies, celestial Piety!
Whose godhead, prix'd by those of heavenly birth
Revisits rare these tainted realms of earth,
Mild in thy milkwhite vest, to soothe my friend,
With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
Such as of old (are chas'd by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpolish'd, and a golden age,
Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mix in the soft solemnities of woe,
See, see, thy own Hetruscus wastes the day
In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk she holds in her left hand is the *acerra* that you so often find among the poets, in which the frankincense was preserved that Piety is here supposed to strew on the fire:

Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram.
OVID. Met. lib. 12.

Hæc tibi pro nato plena dat lætus acerra
Phœbe.——
MART. Ep. lib. iv. 46.

The figure of Equity† differs but little from that our painters make of her at present. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, that Persius has turned them into an allegory to express the decisions of right or wrong:

——*Quirites*
Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ.——
SOCRAT. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

——Romans, know,
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that:
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale, etc.
DRYDEN.

The next figure I present you with is Eternity.‡ She holds in her hand a globe with a phœnix on it. How proper a type of Eternity is each of these you may see in the following quotations. I am sure you will pardon the length of the latter, as it is not improper to the occasion, and shows at the same time the great fruitfulness of the poet's fancy, that could turn the same thought to so many different ways:

Hæc æterna manet, divisque simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium est usquam, nec finis: in ipso
Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est.
MANIL. de Rotunditate Corporum, lib. 1

This form's eternal, and may justly claim
A godlike nature, all its parts the same;
Alike, and equal to its self 'tis found,
No end and no begining in a round:
Nought can molest its being, nought control,
And this ennobles, and confines the whole.
CREECH.

Par volucer superis, stellas qui vividus æquat
Durando, membrisque terit redeuntibus ævum.——
Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem der funera vitam.——
O senium pasiture rogo, falsisque sepulchris
Natales habiture vices, qui sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles puhescere letho.——

* See first series, figure 11.

† See first series, figure 12.

‡ Ibid. figure 13.

O felix, heroque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires: præbetur origo
Per cinerem: moritur te non perennis senectus,
Victisti quodcunque fuit: te secula teste
Connecta revoluuntur. Nosti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit stratus scopulis stagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaetonteis erroribus arserit annus.
Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes
Edomita tellure manes: non stamina Parcæ
Sic te diuru legunt, non jus habuere necandi.
CLAUD. de Phœnice.

A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;—
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate.——
O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.——
Thrice happy phœnix! heav'n's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir.
By death thy deathless vigour is supplied,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside.
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
Overtopp'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Not second chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the head of the phœnix, distinguish him to be the bird and offspring of the sun:

Solis avi specimen:——————————
Una est, quæ reparet, seque ipsa reseminet, ales;
Assyrii phœnica vocant. Non fruge, neque herbis,
Sed thuris lachrymis, et succo vivit amomi.
Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit sæcula vitæ,
Dicta in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
Unguibus et duro sibi nidum construit ore:
Quo simul ac casiæ, ac nardi lenis aristas,
Quassasque cum fulva substravit cinnama myrrha;
Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos,
Corpore de patrio parvum phœnica renasci.
Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo est,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
Fertque pius cunasque suas, patriumque sepulchrum,
Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus,
Ante fores sacras Hyperionis æde reponit.
OVID. Met. lib. 15.

——————*Titanius ales.* CLAUD. de Phœnice.

——————From himself the phœnix only springs;
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the same.
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm, and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbent; till etherial flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this (with pious care,
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
DRYDEN.

Sic ubi fœcunda reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus ossa pile, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo phœnix procedit ab Euro,
Conveniunt aquilæ, cunctæque ex orbe volucres,
Ut solis mirentur avem.——————
CLAUD. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'rs the young phœnix from the teeming urn:
And from the purple east, with pious toil,
Bears the dear relics to the distant Nile;
Himself a species! then the bird of Jove
And all his plumy nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the procession, and resound his praise.

The radiated head of the phœnix gives us the meaning of a passage in Ausonius, which I was formerly surprised to meet with in the description of a bird. But at present I am very well satisfied the poet must have had his eye on the figure of this bird in ancient sculpture and painting, as indeed it was impossible to take it from the life:

Ter nova Nestoreos implevit purpura fusos:
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo:
Quam novies terni glomerantem sæcula tractus
Vincunt æripedes ter terno Nestore cervi:
Tres quorum ætates superat Phœbeius oscen:
Quem novies senior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Ales cinnameo radiatus tempora nido:
AUSON. Idyll. 11.

Arcanum radiant oculi jubar: igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
Attollit cristatus apex, tenebrasque serena
Luce secat.——————
CLAUD. de Phœn.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play:
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light.

——————*Procul ignea lucet*
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this scale of beings with that of Hesiod, I shall give it you in a translation of that poet:

Ter binos deciesque novem super exit in annos
Justa senescentum quos implet vita virorum.
Hos novies superat vivendo garrula cornix:
Et quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus.
Alipidem cervum ter vincit corvus: et illum
Multiplicat novies phœnix, reparabilis ales:
Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo,
Nymphæ Hamadryades, quarum longissima vita est.
Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum.
AUSON. Idyll. 18.

The utmost age to man the gods assign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prating daws exceed:
Three times the daw's the deer's more lasting breed:
The deer's full thrice the raven's race outrun:
Nine times the raven Titan's feather'd son:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd,
The Hamadryads shine ten ages round:
Their breath the longest is the fates bestow:
And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good arithmetician, says Cynthio, to understand this author's works. His description runs on like a multiplication table. But methinks the poets

ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

We generally find a great confusion in the traditions of the ancients, says Philander. It seems to me, from the next medal,* it was an opinion among them, that the phœnix renewed herself at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the golden age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in Claudian:

Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
Colligit, optati referens exordia sæcli.
CLAUD. de Rap. Proserp. lib. 2.

The person in the midst of the circle is supposed to be Jupiter, by the author that has published this medal; but I should rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have seen at Rome an antique statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as Seneca describes him, and not with a serpent, as he is generally represented:

——————*Properat curus*
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis volvitur anni. HERC. Fur. Act. 1.

——————Life posts away,
And day from day drives on with swift career
The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand represents the common year, so this that encompasses him is a proper representation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehension of time. For when this is finished, the heavenly bodies are supposed to begin their courses anew, and to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is distinguished:

——————*Consumto, magnus qui dicitur, anno*
Rursus in antiquum veniant vaga sidera cursum,
Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi.
AUSON. Idyll. 18.

When round the great Platonic year has turn'd,
In their old ranks the wand'ring stars shall stand
As when first marshall'd by the Almighty's hand.

To sum up, therefore, the thoughts of this medal. The inscription teaches us that the whole design must refer to the golden age, which it lively represents, if we suppose the circle that encompasses Time, or, if you please, Jupiter, signifies the finishing of the great year, and that the phœnix figures out the beginning of a new series of time. So that the compliment on this medal to the emperor Adrian, is in all respects the same that Virgil makes to Pollio's son, at whose birth he supposes the *annus magnus*, or Platonical year, run out, and renewed again with the opening of the golden age:

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
VIRG. Ecl. 4.

The time is come the Sibyls long foretold,
And the blest maid restores the age of gold,
In the great wheel of Time before enroll'd.
Now a new progeny from heaven descends.
LORD LAUDERDALE.

——————*Nunc adest mundo dies*
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cœli ruina; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generat renascens melior: ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli.
SEN. Oct. Act. 2.

——————The last great day is come,
When earth and all her impious sons shall lie
Crush'd in the ruins of the falling sky,
Whence fresh shall rise, her new-born realms to grace,
A pious offspring and a purer race,
Such as erewhile in golden ages sprung,
When Saturn govern'd, and the world was young.

You may compare the design of this reverse, if you please, with one of Constantine, so far as the phœnix is concerned in both. As for the other figure, we may have occasion to speak of it in another place. Vid. figure 15. King of France's medallions.

The next figure† shadows out Eternity to us, by the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is, "as long as the sun and moon endureth." The heathens made choice of these lights as apt symbols of Eternity, because, contrary to all sublunary beings, though they seem to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning.

Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
CATUL. carm. 5.

The suns shall often fall and rise:
But when the short-lived mortal dies
A night eternal seals his eyes.

Horace, whether in imitation of Catullus or not, has applied the same thought to the moon; and that too in the plural number:

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia luna:
Nos, ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus. HOR. Od. 7. lib. iv.

Each loss the hast'ning moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,
With Tullus and Anchises' son,
(Though rich like one, like t'other good)
To dust and shades, without a sun,
Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood.
SIR W. TEMPLE.

In the next figure‡, Eternity sits on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of Eternity the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the poets, as an expsession of what is never like to end:

——————*Stellas qui vividus æquas*
Durando.——————— CLAUD.

——————*Polus dum sidera pascet:*
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 1.

Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi, &c.
SEN. Med.

I might here tell you that Eternity has a covering on her head§, because we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare,

* See first series, figure 14.

† See first series, figure 16. ‡ Ibid. figure 17.
§ Ibid. figure 18.

ecause we see only those parts of her that e actually running on; that she sits on a obe and bears a sceptre in her hand, to iow that she is sovereign mistress of all ings: but for any of those assertions I have warrant from the poets.

You must excuse me, if I have been longer an ordinary on such a subject as Eternity. he next you see is Victory,* to whom the edallists, as well as poets, never fail to give pair of wings:

Adfuit ipsa suis ales Victoria.
CLAUD. de Sext. Cons. Hon.

——*Dubiis volitat Victoria pennis.* OVID.

——*Niveis Victoria concolor alis.* SIL. ITAL.

he palm branch and laurel were both the wards of conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for Victory:

——*Lentæ Victoris præmia palmæ.* OVID. Met.

Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. VIRG. Æn. 5.

Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas visent capitolia pompas.
OVID. Met. Apollo ad Laurum.

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn;
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumphs grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass.
DRYDEN.

y the way, you may observe the lower aits of the drapery that seem to have gathed the wind into them. I have seen abunnce of antique figures in sculpture and inting, with just the same turn in the lower ldings of the vest, when the person that ears it is in a posture of tripping forward:

Obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina Vestes.
OVID. Met. lib. 1.

——As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view.
DRYDEN.

——*Tenues sinuantur flamina Vestes.*
Id. lib. 2

is worth while to compare this figure of ictory with her statue as it is described in very beautiful passage of Prudentius:

Non aris, non farre molæ, Victoria feliz
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis surgat formata talentis,
Non aderit, versisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quid miles, propriis diffisus viribus, optas
Irrita feminea tibimet solatia forma?
Nunquam pinnigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit, ambiantem regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu investita papillas.
Contra Symm. lib. 2.

Shall Victory entreated lend her aid
For cakes of flour on smoking altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on th' embattled plain,
To sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze
Her dazzling wings the golden dame displays,
And many a talent in due weight was told
To shape her godhead in the curious mould.
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female visions in the air?
What legion sheath'd in iron e'er survey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid?
Dost thou the power that gives success demand?
'Tis he th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
Not the smooth nymph, whose locks in knots are twin'd,
Who bending shows her naked foot behind,
Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,
And from her bosom heaves the swelling vest.

You have here another Victory† that I fancy Claudian had in view, when he mentions her wings, palm, and trophy in the following description. It appears on a coin of Constantine, who lived about an age before Claudian, and I believe we shall find that it is not the only piece of antique sculpture that this poet has copied out in his descriptions:

——*Cum totis exsurgens ardua pennis*
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.
CLAUD. de Cons. Stil. lib. 3.

On all her plumage rising, when she threw
Her sacred shrines wide open to thy view,
How pleas'd for thee her emblems to display,
With palms distinguish'd, and with trophies gay.

The last of our imaginary beings is Liberty.‡ In her left hand she carries the wand that the Latins call the *rudis*, or *vindicta*, and in her right the cap of liberty. The poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express liberty. I shall quote Horace for the first, whom Ovid has imitated on the same occasion, and for the latter Martial:

——*Donatum jam rude, quæris,*
Mecænas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
HOR. lib. 1. Epist. 1.

——*Tarda vires minuente senecta*
Me quoque donari jam rude, tempus erat.
OVID. de Trist. lib. iv. el. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto,
Quem regem et dominum prius vocabam;
Ne me dixeris esse contumacem
Totis pilea sarcinis redemi.
MART. lib. ii. Ep. 68.

By thy plain name though now address'd,
Though once my king and lord confess'd,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious cap of liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of Persius, says Cynthio, that, in my opinion, turns the ceremony of making a freeman very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a cap on his head and giving him a turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A slave thus qualified became a citizen of Rome, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his forefathers, which Persius has repeated with a great deal of humour:

——*Heu steriles veri, quibus una quiritem*
Vertigo facit! hic Dama est non tressis agaso,
Vappa et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax:
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub judice palles?

* See first series, figure 18.

† See first series, figure 19. ‡ Ibid. figure 20.

Marcus dixit: ita est. Assigna, Marce, tabellam.
Hac mera libertas: hanc nobis pileus donant.
PERS. Sat. 5.

That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free!
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety would become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, 'he said it,' is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our caps receive,
Than as we please without control to live?
DRYDEN.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the cap, says Eugenius, I will give you that of the wand, out of Claudian:

Te faetos incunte quater: solennia ludit
Omnia libertas: deductum vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit.
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit.
Verbera permisit felix injuria voti.
CLAUD. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

The *grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, says Cynthio, would have told us the name of the author, though you had said nothing of him. There is none of all the poets that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradictions as Claudian. He loves to set his epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprise his reader with a seeming absurdity. If this poet were well examined, one would find that some of his greatest beauties as well as faults arise from the frequent use of this particular figure.

I question not, says Philander, but you are tired by this time with the company of so mysterious a sort of ladies as those we have had before us. We will now, for our diversion, entertain ourselves with a set of riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets.* The first of them, says Cynthio, is a ship under sail, I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says Philander, is an emblem of happiness, as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same device to express the same thought in several of the poets: as in Horace, when he speaks of the moderation to be used in a flowing fortune, and in Ovid, when he reflects on his past happiness:

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela. HOR. Od. 10. lib. ii.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then show a brave and present mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails.
CREECH.

Nominis et famæ quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antennas aura secunda meas.
OVID. de Trist. lib. v. el. 12.

Ecce ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis.
Id. Epist. ex Ponto 2. lib. i.

I liv'd the darling theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while Fortune's balmy gale
Wanton'd auspicious in my swelling sails.

You see the metaphor is the same in the verses as in the medal, with this distinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The idea is alike in both, though the manner of representing it is different. If you would see the whole ship made use of in the same sense by an old poet, as it is here on the medal, you may find it in a pretty allegory of Seneca:

Fata si liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, ne pressem gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant,
Lenis et modice flamen
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem.
Œdip. Chor. Act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas zephyrs soft should fill
With gentle breath, lest ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
By winds that temperately blow
The bark should pass secure and slow,
Nor scarce me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.

After having considered the ship as a metaphor, we may now look on it as a reality, and observe in it the make of the old Roman vessels, as they are described among the poets. It is carried on by oars and sails at the same time:

Sive opus est velis; mutinam bene currit ad auram:
Sive opus est remo; remige carpit iter.
OVID. de Trist. lib. i. el. 10.

The poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention:

——Puppique recurva. Ibid. lib. i. el. 4.

——Littora curva
Prætexunt puppes.—— VIRG.

You see the description of the pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations:

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 5.

Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit: excutitur, pronusque magistri
Volvitur in caput,——
Æn. lib. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves overborne;
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd.——
DRYDEN.

——Segnemque Menœten,
Oblitus decorisque sui sociumque cohortis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta:
Ipse gubernaculo rector subit.——
Æn. lib. 6.

Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
His rising rage,) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm.——
DRYDEN.

* See second series, figure 1.

have mentioned these last two passages of Virgil, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a Triton, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below, with a trumpet in his mouth. Virgil describes him in the same manner on one of Æneas's ships. It was probably a common figure on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in Silius Italicus:

Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cærula concha
Esterrens freta: cui laterum tenus hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristin desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 10.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound
Old ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waist he shows,
A porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.
LORD LAUDERDALE.

Ducitur et Libyæ puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus.——
SIL. ITAL. lib. 14.

am apt to think, says Eugenius, from certain passages of the poets, that several ships made choice of some god or other for their guardians, as among the Roman catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular saint. To give you an instance of two or three:

Est mihi, sitque precor, flava tutela Minervæ
Navis.——
OVID. de Trist. lib. i. el. 10.

Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 14.

Hammon numen erat Libycæ gentile carinæ,
Cornigeraque sedens spectabat cærula fronte.
Ibid.

The poop great Ammon Libya's god display'd,
Whose horned front the nether flood survey'd.

The figure of the deity was very large, as I have seen it on other medals as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by Silius Italicus and Ennæus:

——*Subito cum pondere victus,*
Insiliens mari, submergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virum, cristæque, et inerti spicula ferro,
Tutelaque deum fluitant.——
SIL. ITAL. lib. 14.

Sunk by a weight so dreadful, down she goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows close,
Bright shields and crests float round the whirling floods,
And useless spears confus'd with tutelary gods.

——*Trabe rupta Bruttia saxa*
Prendit amicus inope, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit Ionio: jacet ipse in littore, et una
Ingentes de puppe dei, famque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ.——
PERS. Sat. 6.

My friend is shipwreck'd on the Bruttian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast:
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless pray'r.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
DRYDEN.

You will think, perhaps, I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of gods that Horace mentions in his allegorical vessel, which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the gods as well as the *lintea:*

——*Non tibi sunt integra lintea,*
Non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Od. 14. lib. 1.

Thy stern is gone, thy gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dangerous shelves art tost,
When billows rage, and winds are high. CREECH.

Since we are engaged so far in the Roman shipping,* says Philander, I will here show you a medal that has on its reverse a rostrum with three teeth to it; whence Silius's *trifidum rostrum* and Virgil's *rostrisque tridentibus*, which, in some editions, is *stridentibus*, the editor choosing rather to make a false quantity than to insert a word that he did not know the meaning of. Valerius Flaccus gives us a rostrum of the same make:

——*Volat immissis cava pinus habenis*
Infinditque salum, et spumas vomit ære tridenti.
Argon. lib. 1.

A ship-carpenter of old Rome, says Cynthio, could not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel among the Latin poets. Let us now, if you please, go to the next medal.

The next, says Philander, is a pair of Scales,† which we meet with on several old coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the emperor's justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the heavens, which was the reigning constellation of Rome and Italy? Whether it be so or not, they are capable, methinks, of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same with that in Manilius:

Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, qua condita Roma
Et propriis frænat pendentem nutibus orbem,
Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.
MANIL. lib. 4.

The Scales rule Italy, where Rome commands,
And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd:
And as her pow'rful favour turns the poise,
How low some nations sink and others rise!
Thus guide the Scales, and then to fix our doom,
They gave us Cæsar,‡ founder of our Rome. CREECH.

The thunderbolt is a reverse of Augustus.§ We see it used by the greatest poet

* See second series, figure 2. † Ibid. figure 3.
‡ So Vossius reads it. § See second series, figure 4.

of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this medal, for in another place the same poet applies the same metaphor to Augustus's person:

——Duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas—— VIRG. Æn. lib. 6.

——Who can declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war?
DRYDEN.

——Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello.——
Georg. lib. 4.

While mighty Cæsar thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war.
DRYDEN.

I have sometimes wondered, says Eugenius, why the Latin poets so frequently give the epithets of *trifidum* and *trisulcum* to the thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks as in the present figure. Virgil insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his thunderbolt, as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving-tool:

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iræ.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame. DRYDEN.

Our next reverse is an oaken garland,* which we find on abundance of imperial coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to show that the garland of oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of Claudian, where the compliment to Stilico is the same that we have here on the medal. I question not but the old coins gave the thought to the poet:

Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
Casurum morti potuit subducere civem.
At tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Mœnibus? aut quantæ pensabunt facta coronæ?
CLAUD. de Cons. Stil. lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
And foil'd the threat'ning foe, our sires decreed
An oaken garland for the victor's meed.
Thou who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free, [thee?
What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns for

It is not to be supposed that the emperor had actually covered a Roman in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory, or restored justice. For in any of these, or the like cases, he may very well be said to have saved the life of a citizen, and by consequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly, we find Virgil distributing his oaken garlands to those that had enlarged or strengthened the dominions of Rome; as we may learn from Statius, that the statue of Curtius, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament:

At qui umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu,
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenas,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground. DRYDEN.

Ipse loci custos, cujus sacrata vorago,
Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,
Innumeros æris sonitus, et verbere crebro
Ut sensit mugire forum, movet horrida sancto
Ora situ, meritaque caput venerabile quercu.
STATIUS, Sylv. lib. 1.

The guardian of that lake, which boasts to claim
A sure memorial from the Curtian name;
Rous'd by th' artificers, whose mingled sound
From the loud forum pierc'd the shades profound,
The hoary vision rose confess'd in view,
And shook the civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you see on the next medal are emblems of Plenty:*

——Apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu. HOR. Carm. Sæc.

Your medallists tell us that two horns on a coin signify an extraordinary plenty. But I see no foundation for this conjecture. Why should they not as well have stamped two thunderbolts, two caduceuses, or two ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double cornucopia relates to the double tradition of its original: some representing it as the horn of Achelous broken off by Hercules; and others as the horn of the goat that gave suck to Jupiter:

——Rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit, truncaque a fronte revellit.
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrarunt; diveque meo bona copia cornu est.
Dixerat: et nymphe, ritu succincta Dianæ
Una ministrarum, fusis utrinque capillis,
Incessit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et mensæ felicia poma secundæ.
OVID. Met. de Acheloi Cornu, lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he bore the stubborn horn:
This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.
He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stor'd:
And ruddy apples for the second board. GAY.

Lac dabat illa deo: sed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidia parte decoris erat.
Sustulit hoc nymphe; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cœli tenuit, solioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sedera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quod dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.
OVID. Fast. de Cornu Amalthea, lib. 5.

The god she suckled of old Rhea born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted oak she toss
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
Fair Amalthæa took it off the ground,
With apples fill'd it, and with garlands bound,

* See second series, figure 5.

* See second series, figure 6.

Which to the smiling infant she convey'd.
He, when the sceptre of the gods he sway'd,
When bold he seiz'd his father's vacant throne,
And reign'd the tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurse the starry heavens adorn,
And grateful in the zodiac fix'd her horn.

etwixt the double cornucopia, you see lercury's rod :

Cyllenes calique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.
MART. Ep. 74. lib. vii.

Descend, Cyllene's tutelary god,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

stands on old coins as an emblem of Peace, reason of its stupifying quality that has ained it the title of *virga somnifera*. It as wings, for another quality that Virgil ientions in his description of it :

—Hac fretus ventos et nubila transat.

Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
DRYDEN.

he two heads over the two *cornucopiæ* re of the emperors's children, who are ometimes called among the poets, the ledges of Peace, as they took away the ccasions of war, in cutting off all disputes to he succession :

——Tu mihi primum
Tot natorum memoranda parens——
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. SEN. Octav. Act. 5.

The first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This medal, therefore, compliments the emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings, that promise peace and plenty to the empire.

The two hands that join one another are emblems of Fidelity :*

Inde Fides dextræque data.— OVID. Met. lib. 14.

Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
Contingе dextram.
SEN. Herc. Fur. Act. 2.

——En dextra fidesque
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates!
VIRG. Æn. lib. 4.

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods.——
DRYDEN.

By the inscription we may see that they represent, in this place, the fidelity or loyalty of the public towards their emperor. The caduceus rising between the hands signifies the peace that arises from such a union with their prince, as the spike of corn on each side shadows out the plenty that is the fruit of such a peace :

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres.
OVID. de Fast. lib. 1.

The giving of a hand,† in the reverse of Claudius, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew Caligula, Claudius was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received among the pretorian guards, and afterwards declared their emperor. His reception is here recorded on a medal, in which one of the ensigns presents him his hand, in the same sense as Anchises gives it in the following verses :

Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum præsenti munera firmat
VIRG. Æn. lib. 3.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the Roman eagle, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in Juvenal's fourteenth satire :

Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat.——
JUV. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the poets the *signifer* is described with a lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. Virgil has given us a noble description of a warrior making his appearance under a lion's skin :

——Tegumen torquens immane leonis
Terribili impexum seta, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 7.

Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In savage pomp; a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dress,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest! DRYDEN.

Since you have mentioned the dress of your standard-bearer, says Cynthio, I cannot forbear remarking that of Claudius, which was the usual Roman habit. One may see in this medal, as well as in any antique statues, that the old Romans had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the Roman poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the turn of his neck and arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the clothing. Not to trouble you with many quotations, Horace speaks of both these parts of the body in the beginning of an ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his books, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression :

Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

When Telephus his youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the Roman habit that gave Virgil the thought in the following verse, where Remulus, among

* See second series, figure 7. † Ibid. figure 8.

other reproaches that he makes the Trojans for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the make of their tunicas, that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the Romans:

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent ridiculas mitras.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the Italians preserved their old language and habits, notwithstanding the Trojans became their masters, and that the Trojans themselves quitted the dress of their own country for that of Italy. This, he tells us, was the effect of a prayer that Juno made to Jupiter:

Illud te nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus, esto,
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent:
Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes.
Sit Latium, sint Albani per sæcula reges:
Sit Romana potens Itala virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troja.
Æn. lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name:
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still: let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain. DRYDEN.

By the way, I have often admired at Virgil for representing his Juno with such an impotent kind of revenge as what is the subject of this speech. You may be sure, says Eugenius, that Virgil knew very well this was a trifling kind of request for the queen of the gods to make, as we may find by Jupiter's way of accepting it:

Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles:
Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum frustra submitte furorem,
Do, quod vis; et me victusque volensque remitto.
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantum
Subsident Teucri: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos, etc.
Æn. lib. 12.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their customs shall be tied,
I will myself their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
DRYDEN.

I am apt to think Virgil had a farther view in this request of Juno than what his commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his Æneid was founded on a very doubtful story, and that Æneas's coming into Italy was not universally received among the Romans themselves. He knew, too, that a main objection to this story was the great difference of customs, language, and habits among the Romans and Trojans. To obviate, therefore, so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and predetermination of the gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the lady in the next medal? Methinks she is very particular in her coiffure.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness,* says Philander, and was designed as a compliment to Julia the wife of Septimius Severus, who had the same number of children as you see on this coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to Cybele the mother of the gods, and for the same reason that Virgil compares the city of Rome to her:

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deum partu.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 6

High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp she makes a Phrygian road,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd.
DRYDEN.

The vine issuing out of the urn speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist: "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy house." The four stars overhead, and the same number on the globe, represent the four children. There is a medallion of Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, with a star over each of their heads, as we find the Latin poets speaking of the children of princes under the same metaphor:

Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
Per tua perque sui facta parentis eunt.
OVID. de Trist. el. 1. lib. 1.

——Tu quoque extinctus faces.
Defende nobis semper, infelix puer,
Modo sidus orbis, columen angustæ domus,
Britannice.
SEN. OCTAV. Act. 1.

Thou too, dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
Thou star that wont this orb to grace!
Thou pillar of the Julian race!

——Maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera donec.
STAT. Theb. lib. 1.

——Stay, great Cæsar, that vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities. POPE.

I need not mention Homer's comparing Astyanax to the morning star, nor Virgil's imitation of him in his description of Ascanius.

The next medal was stamped on the marriage of Nero and Octavia;† you see the sun over the head of Nero, and the moon over that of Octavia. They face one another according to the situation of these two planets in the heavens:

——Phœbeis obvia flammis
Demet nocti luna timores. SEN. Thyest. Act. 4.

And to show that Octavia derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband:

* See second series, figure 9. † Ibid. figure 10.

Sicut luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quoum Phœbum adversis currentem non vidit astris.
MANIL. lib. 4.

Because the moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray. CREECH.

But if we consider the history of this medal, we shall find more fancy in it than the medallists have yet discovered. Nero and Octavia were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, Claudius being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the tragedy of Octavia, where it speaks of her marriage with Nero:

Fratris thalamos sortita tenet
Maxima Juno; soror Augusti
Sociata toris, cur a patria
Pellitur Æula?——— SEN. Oct. Act. 1.

To Jove his sister consort wed,
Unconsur'd shares her brother's bed:
Shall Cæsar's wife and sister wait
An exile at her husband's gate?

Implebit aulam stirpe cælesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudiæ gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy sister, bright with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t' enlarge the Claudian race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a Juno with the Roman Jove.

They are therefore very prettily represented by the sun and moon, who, as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in a poetical genealogy brother and sister. Virgil gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this medal:

Nec fratris radiis obnoxia surgere luna.
VIRG. Georg. 1.

The flattery on the next medal is the same thought as that of Lucretius:*

Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ;
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Præstrinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius sol.
LUCRETIUS, lib. 3.

Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outshone,
As far as meaner stars the mid-day sun. CREECH.

The emperor appears as the rising sun, and holds a globe in his hand to figure out the earth that is enlightened and actuated by his beauty:

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras.
VIRG.

———Ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. Idem.

When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays.
DRYDEN.

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. Claudian, in the description of his infant Titan, descants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched fustian:

Invalidum dextro portat Titanus lacerto,
Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus alte
Cristatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.
CLAUD. de Rapt. Pros. lib. 2.

An infant Titan held she in her arms;
Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

The Sun rises on a medal of Commodus,† as Ovid describes him in the story of Phaeton:

Ardua prima via est, et qua vix mane recentes
Enituntur equi.———
OVID. Met. lib. 2.

You have here, too, the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage:

———Pyroeis, et Eous, et Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon.——— Ibid.

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aera motis
Obstantes scindunt nebulas.——— Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as Ovid has drawn her sitting in the same figure:

Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;
Opposuitque manum fronti: magnoque tremore
Omnia concutiens paullum subsedit. Ibid.

The Earth at length———
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head
And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said,
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat.)

The cornucopia in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to Jupiter:

Hæne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem
Officiique refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges
Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro?
Ibid.

And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man; and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the medal; as for the thought of it, the antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to Commodus on his skill in the chariot race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished Lucan with the same thought in his address to Nero:

Seu te flammigeros Phœbi consendere currus,
Telluremque, nihil mutato sole timentem,
Igne vago lustrare juvet.———
Luc. ad Neronem, lib. 1.

Or if thou choose the empire of the day,
And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam.—
ROWE.

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the sun described in the poets by metaphors borrowed from the circus:

Quum suspensus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
Huc illuc, agiles et servet in æthere metas.
MANIL. lib. 1.

———Hesperio positas in littore metas.
OVID. Met. lib. 2.

Et sol ex æquo meta distabat utraque. Idem.

* See second series, figure 11.

† See second series, figure 12.

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of Commodus to the sun, which is a simile of as long standing as poetry—I had almost said, as the sun itself.

I believe, says Cynthio, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater number. Horace has turned this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago:

——Laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat.——
HOR. Sat. 7. lib. 1.

He praiseth Brutus much and all his train;
He calls him Asia's sun.——
CREECH.

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of stars, moons, and suns. I suppose we have at last done with the celestial bodies.

The next figure you see, says Philander,* had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to Constantine before the battle with Maxentius. We are told by a Christian poet, that he caused it to be wrought on the military ensign that the Romans call their *labarum*. And it is on this ensign that we find it in the present medal:

Christus purpureum gemmanti textus in auro
Signabat labarum.——
PRUDENT. contra Symm. lib. 1.

A Christ was on the imperial standard borne,
That gold embroiders, and that gems adorn.

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure, which is composed out of the two initial letters of the name.

He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following medal and verses:†

Agnoscas, regina, libens meâ signa necesse est:
In quibus effigies crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis solido ex auro præfertur in hastis.
PRUDENT. Constantinus Romam alloquitur.

My ensign let the queen of nations praise,
That rich in gems the Christian cross displays:
There rich in gems; but on my quiv'ring spears
In solid gold the sacred mark appears.

Vexillumque crucis summus dominator adorat.
Idem, in Apotheosi.

See there the cross he wav'd on hostile shores,
The emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *labarum*;‡ if you have a mind to see it in a state of paganism you have it on a coin of Tiberius. It stands between two other ensigns, and is the mark of a Roman colony where the medal was stamped. By the way you must observe, that wherever the Romans fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reason their standards were always carried before them when they went to settle themselves in a colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verses in Silius Italicus, that make a very far-fetched compliment to Fabius:

Ocyus huc Aquilas servataque signa referte,
Hic patria est, murique urbis stami pectore in unus.
SIL. ITAL. lib 7.

The following medal was stamped on Trajan's victory over the Daci,§ you see on it the figure of Trajan presenting a little Victory to Rome. Between them lies the conquered province of Dacia. It may be worth while to observe the particularities in each figure. We see abundance of persons on old coins that hold a little Victory in one hand, like this of Trajan, which is always the sign of a conquest. I have sometimes fancied Virgil alludes to this custom in a verse that Turnus speaks:

Non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 11.

If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to Victory unus'd. DRYDEN.

The emperor's standing in a gown, and making a present of his Dacian Victory to the city of Rome, agrees very well with Claudian's character of him:

——Victura feretur
Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigride victo,
Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
Alta quod invectus stratis capitolia Dacis:
Quam patriæ quod mitis erat.——
CLAUD. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

Thy glory, Trajan, shall for ever live,
Not that thy arms the Tigris mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary Parthia bow'd to Rome,
Not that the capitol receiv'd thy train
With shouts of triumph for the Daci slain;
But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of Rome carries the wand in her hand that is the symbol of her divinity:

Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine et ipse
More Deæ.)——
PRUDENT. contra Symm. lib. 1.

For Rome, a goddess too, can boast her shrine,
With victims stain'd, and sought with rites divine.

As the globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nation of the earth:

Terrarum dea, gentiumque Roma;
Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum.
MART. lib. xii. Ep. 6.

O Rome, thou goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms she sits on signifies the peace that the emperor had procured her. On old coins we often see an emperor, a Victory, the city of Rome, or a slave, sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the peace that arose from such an action as gave occasion to the medal. I think we cannot doubt but Virgil copied out this circumstance from the ancient sculptors, in that inimitable description he has given us of Military Fury shut up in the temple of Janus, and laden with chains:

* See second series, figure 13. † Ibid. figure 14.
‡ Ibid. figure 15.

§ See second series, figure 16.

Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 1.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms
He sits, and threats the world with dire alarms.
DRYDEN.

We are told by the old scholiast, says Eugenius, that there was actually such a statue in the temple of Janus as that Virgil has here described, which I am almost apt to believe, since you assure us that this part of the design is so often met with on ancient medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the province? Her posture, says Philander, is what we often meet with in the slaves and captives of old coins: among the poets, too, sitting on the ground is a mark of misery or captivity:

Multos illa dies incomtis mæsta capillis
Sederat.——
PROPERT. lib. i. el. 15.

O utinam ante tuos sedeam captiva penates
Idem. lib. iv. el. 4.

O might I sit a captive at thy gate!

You have the same posture in an old coin that celebrates a victory of Lucius Verus over the Parthians.* The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther instance of his slavery:

Ecce, manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
Pastores magno ad regem clamore ferebant.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 2.

Meanwhile, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the king.
DRYDEN.

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus.
OVID. de Fast.

Cum rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi?
PROPERT. lib. iv. el. 3.

We may learn from Ovid that is was sometimes the custom to place a slave with his arms bound at the foot of the trophy, as in the figure before us:

Stentque super vinctos trunca trophæa viros.
OVID. Ep. ex Ponto, lib. 4.

You see on his head the cap which the Parthians, and indeed most of the eastern nations, wear on medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the bonnet in their salutations, for in medals they still have it on their heads, whether they are before emperors or generals, kneeling, sitting, or standing. Martial has distinguished them by this cap as their chief characteristic:

Frustra, blanditiæ, venitis ad me
Attritis miserabiles labellis.
Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum:
Jam non est locus hac in urbe vobis.
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum.
MART. lib. x. Ep. 72.

In vain, mean flatteries, ye try
To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;
No man a god or lord I name:
From Romans far be such a shame!
Go teach the supple Parthian how
To veil the bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all prostrate fling
Some Pict, before his barbarous king.

I cannot hear, says Cynthio, without a kind of indignation, the satirical reflections that Martial has made on the memory of Domitian. It is certain so ill an emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of Martial. I must confess I am less scandalised at the flatteries the epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an overstrained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and villany of soul. It does not always happen, says Philander, that the poet and the honest man meet together in the same person. I think we need enlarge no farther on this medal, unless you have a mind to compare the trophy on it with that of Mezentius in Virgil:

Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuvias, tibi, magne, tropæum,
Bellipotens: aptat roranies sanguine cristas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis sex thoraca pctitum
Perfossumque locis; clypeumque ex ære sinistræ
Subligat, atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 11.

He bared an ancient oak of all her boughs,
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd,
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.
DRYDEN.

On the next medal you see the Peace† that Vespasian procured the empire, after having happily finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive branch in her hand is the figure of Peace:

——*Pignore Pacis*
Prætendens dextra ramum canentis olivæ.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 3.

With the other hand she thrusts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an altar. This alludes to a custom among the ancient Romans of gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their deities. It is to this custom that Virgil refers, and Silius Italicus has described at large:

Qualis eram, cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsa
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

Such as I was beneath Præneste's walls:
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.
DRYDEN.

* See second series, figure 17.

† See second series, figure 18.

Ast, tibi, bellipotens, sacrum, constructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra:
Ipse, manu celsam pinum flammaque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitiæ pugnæ, et læti libamina belli,
Hannibal Ausonio cremat hæc de nomine victor,
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud surda meorum,
Arma electa dicat spirantum turba virorum.
Tum face confecta populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et rupta caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 10.

To thee the warrior-god, aloft in air,
A mountain pile of Roman arms they rear:
The gen'ral, grasping in his victor hand
A pine of stately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And cried, O Mars! to thee devout I yield
These choice first-fruits of honour's purple field.
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praise,
Thy Hannibal this vow'd oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for Latian laurels won:
Accept this homage, and absolve thy son.——
Then to the pile the flaming torch he tost;
In smould'ring smoke the light of heav'n is lost:
But when the fire increase of fury gains,
The blaze of glory gilds the distant plains.

As for the heap of arms, and mountain of arms, that the poet mentions, you may see them on two coins of Marcus Aurelius.* *De Sarmatis* and *de Germanis* allude, perhaps, to the form of words that might be used at the setting fire to them.—*Ausonio de nomine.* Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these last two medals may think it an objection, that there is no torch or fire near them to signify any such allusion. But they may consider, that on several imperial coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on some of them a flambeau sticking out on each side, to let us know it was to be consumed to ashes.

You have been so intent on the burning of the arms, says Cynthio, that you have forgotten the pillar on your eighteenth medal. You may find the history of it, says Philander, in Ovid de Fastis. It was from this pillar that the spear was tossed at the opening of a war, for which reason the little figure on the top of it holds a spear in its hand, and Peace turns her back upon it:

Prospicit a templo summum brevis area circum:
Est ibi non parvæ parva columna notæ
Hinc solet hasta manu belli prænuntia, mitti,
In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.
OVID. de Fast. lib. 6.

Where the high fane the ample cirque commands,
A little, but a noted pillar stands,
From hence, when Rome the distant kings defies,
In form the war-denouncing javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next medal† seem to be forced and unnatural. I will therefore give you my own opinion of it. The vessel is here represented as stranded. The figure before it seems to come in to its assistance, and to lift it off the shallows: for we see the water scarce reaches up to the knees; and though it is the figure of a man standing on firm ground, his attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, resemble those the poets often attribute to Neptune. Homer tells us, that the whales leaped up at their god's approach, as we see in the medal. The two small figures that stand naked among the waves are sea deities of an inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel:

Cymothoe, simul et Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti;
Et vastas aperit syrtes, et temperat æquor.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 1.

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands,
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands.
DRYDEN.

Jam placidis ratis exultat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus socer erigit ulnis.
VAL. FLAC. lib. 1.

The interpreters of this medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked, and drawn in a posture rather of triumphing over the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of water deities on other medals represented after the same manner:

Ite, deæ virides, liquidosque advertite vultus
Ni vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tectæ: quales emergitis aliis,
Fontibus, et visu satyros torquetis amantes.
STATIUS de Balneo Etrusci, lib. 1.

Haste, haste, ye Naiads; with attractives
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart:
With op'ning flow'rets bind your sea-green hair,
Unvail'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the satyrs see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the commonwealth of Rome, that, by the tyranny of Domitian, and the insolence of the pretorian guards under Nerva, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is Trajan that, by the adoption of Nerva, stems the tide to her relief, and, like another Neptune, shoves her off the quicksands. Your device, says Eugenius, hangs very well together; but is it not liable to the same exceptions that you made us last night to such explications as have nothing but the writer's imagination to support them? To show you, says Philander, that the construction I put on this medal is conformable to the fancies of the old Romans, you may observe, that Horace represents at length the commonwealth of Rome under the figure of a ship, in the allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth ode of his first book:

O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.

And shall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main?
CREECH.

Nor was any thing more usual than to represent a god in the shape and dress of an emperor:

* See second series, figures 18 and 20. † Ibid. fig. 21.

——Apelleæ cuperent te scribere ceræ,
Optassetque novo similem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei senior Jovis; et tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua sidereas imitantia flammas
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phœbo.
STATIUS de Equo Domitiani, Sylv. 1.

Now had Apelles liv'd, he'd sue to grace
His glowing tablets with thy godlike face:
Phidias, a sculptor for the pow'rs above,
Had wish'd to place thee with his iv'ry Jove.
Rhodes and Tarentum, that with pride survey,
The thund'rer this, and that the god of day:
Each fam'd Colossus would exchange for thee,
And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compliment to Theodosius in Claudian, as the medal here makes to Trajan:

Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra
Ni pater ille tuus jam jam ruitura subisset
Pondera, turbatamque ralem, certaque levasset
Naufragium commune manu.——
CLAUD. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

Had not thy sire deferr'd th' impending fate,
And with his solid virtue propp'd the state;
Sunk in oblivion's shade, the name of Rome,
An empty name! had scarce surviv'd her doom:
Half wreck'd she was, till his auspicious hand
Resum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I shall only add, that this medal was stamped in honour of Trajan, when he was only Cæsar, as appears by the face of it.... SARI TRAIANO.

The next is a reverse of Marcus Aurelius.* We have on it a Minerva mounted on a monster, that Ausonius describes in the following verses:

Illa etiam Thalamos per trina ænigmata quærens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia solus;
Terruit Aoniam volucris, leo, virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.

To form the monster sphinx, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beast by nature were combin'd:
With feather'd fans she wing'd th' aerial space,
And on her feet the lion claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a virgin face.
O'er pale Aonia panic horror ran,
While in mysterious speech she thus began:
"What animal, when yet the morn is new,
"Walks on four legs infirm; at noon on two:
"But day declining to the western skies,
"He needs a third; a third the night supplies?"

The monster, says Cynthio, is a sphinx, but for her meaning on this medal, I am not Œdipus enough to unriddle it. I must confess, says Philander, the poets fail me in this particular. There is, however, a passage in Pausanias that I will repeat to you, though it is in prose, since I know nobody else that has explained the medal by it. The Athenians, says he, drew a sphinx on the armour of Pallas, by reason of the strength and sagacity of this animal. The sphinx, therefore, signifies the same as Minerva herself, who was the goddess of arms as well as wisdom, and describes the emperor as one of the poets expresses it:

——Studiis florentem utriusque Minervæ.

Whom both Minervas boast t' adopt their own.

The Romans joined both devices together, to make the emblem the more significant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent emperor, who was the best philosopher and the greatest general of his age.

We will close up this series of medals with one that was stamped under Tiberius to the memory of Augustus.† Over his head you see the star that his father Julius Cæsar was supposed to have been changed into:

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.
VIRG. ecl. 9.

See, Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies. DRYDEN.

——Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores: HOR.

——Julius Cæsar's light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous moon amidst the meanest stars.
CREECH.

Vix ea fatus erat; media cum sede senatus
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, suique
Cæsaris eripuit membris, nec in aera solvi
Passa recentem animam, cælestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit, lumen capere, atque ignescere sensit,
Emisitque sinu. Luna volat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
Stella micat.——
OVID. Met. lib. 15.

This spoke; the goddess to the senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heav'nly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And, kindling as it soar'd, a comet grew;
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light. WELSTED.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we see on this medal. The commentators tell us, that the star was engraven on Augustus's helmet, but we may be sure Virgil means such a figure of the emperor as he used to be represented by in the Roman sculpture, and such a one as we may suppose this to be that we have before us:

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar,
Cum patribus, populoque, penatibus et magnis diis,
Stans celsa in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

Young Cæsar on the stern in armour bright,
He're leads the Romans, and the gods, to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar:
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
DRYDEN.

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his apotheosis, that makes him, as it were, a companion of Jupiter. Thus the poets of his own age that deified him living:

Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. VIRG.

Hic socium summo cum Jove numen habet. OVID.

——Regit Augustus socio per signa Tonante.
MANIL. lib. 1.

Sed tibi debetur cælum, te fulmine pollens,
Accipiet cupidi regia magna Jovis.
OVID. de Augusto ad Liviam.

He wears on his head the *corona radiata*, which, at that time, was another type of his

* See second series, figure 22.

† See second series, figure 23.

divinity. The spikes that shoot out from the crown were to represent the rays of the sun. There were twelve of them, in allusion to the signs of the zodiac. It is this kind of crown that Virgil describes:

——Ingenti mole Latinus,
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.—— Æn. lib. 12.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
DRYDEN.

If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a representation of the sun, you may see it in the figure of Apollo on the next reverse,* where his head is encompassed with such an arch of glory as Ovid and Statius mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleasure:

——At genitor circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios.——
OVID. Met. lib. 2.

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Imposuitque comæ radios.—— Ibid.

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.

——Licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat.——
STAT. Theb. ad Domitianum, lib. 1.

Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine. POPE.

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is supposed to drive the horses of the sun: as in a pretty passage of Ovid, that some of his editors must needs fancy spurious:

Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
Phœbus equos, stimuloque dolens et verbere sævit:
Sævit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.
OVID. Met. lib. 2.

Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams, that pierce through such an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly, Lucretius calls them the darts of the day, as Ausonius, to make a sort of witticism, has followed his example:

Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei. LUCRET.

Exsultant udæ super arida saxa rapinæ,
Luciferique pavent letali tela diei. AUSON. Idyll. 10.

Caligo terræ scinditur,
Percussa solis spiculo. PRUDENT. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical medals as are unriddled by the Latin poets, and have shown several passages in the Latin poets that receive an illustration from medals. Some of the coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are, indeed, others that have had very near the same explication put upon them; but as this explication has been supported by no authority, it can at best be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, says Eugenius, there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of Roman medals, especially of those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn out of the Latin poets. For as there is a great affinity between designing and poetry, so the Latin poets and the designers of the Roman medals lived very near one another, were acquainted with the same customs, conversant with the same objects, and bred up to the same relish for wit and fancy. But who are the ladies that we are next to examine? These are, says Philander, so many cities, nations, and provinces that present themselves to you under the shape of women. What you take for a fine lady at first sight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In short, you have now Africa, Spain, France, Italy, and several other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleasantest maps, says Cynthio, that I ever saw. Your geographers now and then fancy a country like a leg or a head, a bear or a dragon, but I never before saw them represented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, seas, and promontories could have made up an assembly of such well-shaped persons. This, therefore, says Philander, is a geography particular to the medallists. The poets, however, have sometimes given in to it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it. The first lady you see on the list is Africa,† she carries an elephant's tooth by her side:

Dentibus ex illis, quos mittit porta Syenes,
Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obscurior Indus:
Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
Jam nimios capitique graves.—— JUV. Sat. 11.

She is always coiffed with the head of an elephant, to show that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the same reason she has a dragon lying at her feet:

Huic varias pestes, diversaque membra ferarum,
Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris;
Horrendos angues, habitataque membra venenis
Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ:
Et vastos elephantes habet, sævosque leones,
In pœnas fœcunda suas, parit horrida tellus.
MANIL. de Africa, lib. 4.

Here nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars;
Here snakes, those cells of poison, take their birth,
Those living crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the desert shore
Hears elephants, and frightful lions roar.
CREECH.

Lucan, in his description of the several noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying dragon that we see on this medal:

Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
Serpitis, auratos nitidi fulgore dracones,
Pestiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
Aera cum pennis, armentaque tota secuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros

* See second series, figure 24.

† See third series, figure 1.

Nec tutus spatio est elephas, datis omnia letho:
Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno.
LUC. lib. 9.

And you, ye dragons! of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
In other nations harmless are you found,
Their guardian genii and protectors own'd:
In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded wings, sublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
Some master of the herd, some mighty bull:
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
Not elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid. ROWE.

The bull that appears on the other side of the dragon, shows us that Africa abounds in agriculture:

——*Tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,*
O Libye; disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas.
JUV. Sat 5.

——No more plough up the ground,
O Libya, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more.
BOWLES.

This part of the world has always on medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was, indeed, the great granary of Italy. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the cornucopia, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification:

Sed qua se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur fœcunda veneno.
Felix, qua pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennæa, Phario nec victa colono.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 1.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa.——
ROR. lib. ii. Sat. 3.

——*Segetes mirantur Iberas*
Horrea; nec Libyæ senserunt damna rebellis
Jam Transalpina contenti messe quirites.
CLAUD. in Eutrop. lib. 1.

The lion on the second medal* marks her out for the

——*Leonum*
Arida nutrix. HOR.

The scorpion† on the third is another of her productions, as Lucan mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals:

——*Quis fata putaret*
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verbere sævus,
Teste tulit cælo victi decus Orionis. LUC. lib. 9.

Who, that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky.
ROWE.

The three figures you have here shown us, says Eugenius, give me an idea of a description or two in Claudian, that I must confess I did not before know what to make of. They represent Africa in the shape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dress that she wears on old coins:

——*Mediis apparet in astris*
Africa: rescissæ vestes, et spicea passim
Serta jacent: lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pendebat ebur.——
CLAUD. de Bel. Gild.

Next Afric, mounting to the blest abodes,
Pensive approach'd the synod of the gods:
No arts of dress the weeping dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn;
The fillets, grac'd with teeth in ivory rows,
Broke and disorder'd dangle on her brows.

Tum spicis et dente comas illustris eburno
Et calido rubicunda die, sic Africa fatur.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

I think, says Philander, there is no question but the poet has copied out in his description the figure that Africa made in ancient sculpture and painting. The next before us is Egypt.‡ Her basket of wheat shows us the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the Nile:

Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta est Ægyptus: at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis:
Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis
Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.
LUC. lib. 8.

By nature strengthen'd with a dangerous strand,
Her syrts and untried channels guard the land,
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile. ROWE.

The instrument in her hand is the *sistrum* of the Egyptians, made use of in the worship of the goddess Isis:

——*Nilotica sistris*
Ripa sonat.——
CLAUD. de Quarto Cons. Hon.

On medals you see it in the hand of Egypt, of Isis, or any of her worshippers. The poets, too, make the same use of it, as Virgil has placed it in Cleopatra's hand, to distinguish her from an Egyptian:

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms.
DRYDEN.

——*Restabant Actia bella,*
Atque ipsa Isiaco certarunt fulmina sistro.
MANIL. lib. 1.

——*Imitataque lunam*
Cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
OVID. Met. de Iside, lib. 9.

——The lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring sound.
DRYDEN.

Quid tua nunc Isis tibi, Delia? quid mihi prosunt
Illa tua toties æra repulsa manu?
TIBUL. lib. i. el. 3.

Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus.
LUCAN. lib. 8.

Have we with honours dead Osiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the timbrel's tinkling sound?
Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with Roman gods?
ROWE.

The bird before her is the Egyptian ibis. This figure, however, does not represent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one

* See third series, figure 2. † Ibid. figure 3.

‡ See third series, figure 4.

may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the Egyptians worshipped it as a god:

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc: illa pavet saturam serpentibus ibin.
Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopithaeci.
Juv. Sat. 15.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays;
Others to ibis, that on serpents preys.
Where, Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
And where maim'd Memnon's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mould'ring left, the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine. Tate.

Venerem precaris? Comprecare et simiam.
Placet sacratus aspis Æculapii?
Crocodilus, ibis, et canis cur displicent?
Prudentius, Passio Romani.

We have Mauritania on the fifth medal,* leading a horse with something like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old coins you see it much more distinctly. In her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this medal in the following descriptions, that celebrate the Moors and Numidians, inhabitants of Mauritania, for their horsemanship:

Hic passim exsultant Numidæ, gens inscia frenî:
Queis inter geminas per ludum nobilis aures
Quadrupedem flectit non cedens virga lupatis.
Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum
Tellus.——
Sil. Ital. lib. 1.

On his hot steed, unus'd to curb or rein,
The black Numidian prances o'er the plain:
A wand betwixt his ears directs the course,
And, as a bridle, turns th' obedient horse.

——*An Mauri fremitum rauceaque repulsus*
Umbonum, et nostros pasceri, comitus enses?
Non contra clypeis tectos, galeisque micantes
Ibitis; in solis longe fiducia telis.
Exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia læva,
Cætera nudus eques. Sonipes ignarus habenæ:
Virga regit. Non ulla fides, non agminis ordo;
Arma omeri.——
Claud. de Bel. Gildon.

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,
Of shorten'd falchions and repelling shields?
Against a host of quiv'ring spears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
The naked foe who vainly trusts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart:
His dart the right hand shakes, the left upreers
His robe; beneath his tender skin appears.
Their steeds unrein'd obey the horseman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march or stand;
In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The horse, too, may stand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people:

Bello armantur equi, bellum hæc armenta minantur.
Virg. Æn. lib. 2.

From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned medallists that tell us the rabbit,† which you see before her feet, may signify either the great multitude of these animals that are found in Spain, or perhaps the several mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the Latin word *cuniculus* signifying either a rabbit or a mine. But these gentlemen do not consider, that it is not the word but the figure that appears on the medal. *Cuniculus* may stand for a rabbit or a mine, but the picture of a rabbit is not the picture of a mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be translated. When the word is construed into its idea, the double meaning vanishes. The figure, therefore, before us, means a real rabbit, which is there found in vast multitudes:

Cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ fili. Catul. in Egnatium.

The olive branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in olives, as it is for this reason that Claudian, in his description of Spain, binds an olive branch about her head:

——*Glaucis tum prima Minerva*
Nexa comam foliis, fulvaque intexta micantem
Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispania voces.
Claud. de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

Thus Spain, whose brows the olive wreaths enfold,
And o'er her robe a Tagus streams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in Spain:

Bætis olivifera crinem redimite corona,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat.
Mart. lib. xii. Ep. 99.

Fair Bætis! olives wreath thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloth'st the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil.

And Prudentius of one of its eminent towns:

Tu decem sanctos reveles et octo,
Cæsar augusta studiosa Christi,
Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. Prudent. Hymn. vii.

France,‡ you see, has a sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to show that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace, mentioning the commodities of different countries:

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis. Hor. lib. iii. Od. 16.

Though no Calabrian bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich Campania sent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in Gallic plains grow fat.— Creech.

She carries on her shoulders the *sagulum* that Virgil speaks of as the habit of the ancient Gauls:

Aurea cæsaries ollis, atque aurea vestis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis.——
Virg. Æn. lib. 8.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their vests.——
Dryden.

She is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several medals that were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, they offered a sacrifice to the gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this custom:

* See third series, figure 5.

† Ibid. figure 6.

‡ See third series, figure 7.

Tum quoque (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O sol
Pulcher, o laudande, canam recepto
Cæsare felix.———

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener solvet vitulus.———
HOR. lib. iv. Od. 2.

And there, if any patient ear
My muse's feeble song will hear,
My voice shall sound through Rome:
Thee, sun, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praise, when Cæsar's come.—

Ten large fair bulls, ten lusty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my small stock of kine
A calf just wean'd.——— CREECH.

Italy has a cornucopia in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness;*

——Magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus.
VIRG. Georg. 2.

and a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her. Lucan has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing herself to Julius Cæsar:

Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago;
Clara per obscuram vultu mæstissima noctem,
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines
Cæsariæ lacera, nudisque adstare lacertis,
Et gemitu permista loqui.—— LUCAN. lib. 1.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight;
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke.
ROWE.

She holds a sceptre in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to show that she is the sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the sun and stars fall on her dominions. Claudian makes the same compliment to Rome:

Ipsa triumphatis quæ possidet æthera regnis.
CLAUD. in Prob. et Olyb. Cons.

Jupiter arce sua totum dum spectat in orbem,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet.
OVID. de Fast. lib. 1.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,
But what to Rome submissive homage pays.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat,
Qua mare, qua tellus, qua sidus currit utrumque.
PETRON.

Now Rome, sole empress, reigns from pole to pole,
Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

The picture that Claudian makes of Rome one would think was copied from the next medal:†

——Innupta, ritus imitata Minervæ:
Nam neque cæsariem crinali stringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto:
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, læsumque coercens
Mordet gemma sinum.———
Clypeus Titana lacessit
Lemina, quem tota variarat Mulciber arte;
Hic, patrius Mavortis amor, fœtusque notantur
Romulei, post amnis inest, et bellua nutrix.
CLAUD. in Prob. et Olyb. Cons.

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Bold on the right her naked arm she shows,
And half her bosom's unpolluted snows,
Whilst on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
In diamond clasps, the military vest.
The sun was dazzled as her shield she rear'd,
Where, varied o'er by Mulciber, appear'd
The loves of Mars her sire, fair Ilia's joys,
The wolf, the Tiber, and the infant boys.

The next figure is Achaia.‡

I am sorry, says Cynthio, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have shown us our own nation, when you were so near us as France. I have here, says Philander, one of Augustus's Britannias.§ You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the Latin poets, that give any account of us, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, cruel, and inhospitable, are the best terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish, since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention, therefore, those parts only that relate to the present medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is mistress of a new world, separate from that which the Romans had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient poets:

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.
VIRG. ecl. 1.

The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
DRYDEN.

Adspice, confundit populos impervia tellus:
Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.
CATUL. Vet. Poet. apud Scalig.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes.
Idem, de Britanniâ et Opposito Continente.

——Nostro diducta Britannia mundo. CLAUD.

Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,
Vincendos alio quæsivit in orbe Britannos. CLAUD.

The feet of Britannia are washed by the waves, in the same poet:

——Cujus vestigia verrit
Cærulus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.
Idem, de Laud. Stil. lib. 2.

She bears a Roman ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province:

——Victricia Cæsar
Signa Caledonios transvexit ad usque Britannos.
SIDON. APOL.

But to return to Achaia,‖ whom we left

* See third series, figure 8. † Ibid. figure 9. ‡ See third series, figure 10. § Ibid. figure 11. ‖ See third series, figure 10.

upon her knees before the emperor Adrian. She has a pot before her, with a sprig of paraley rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules's eating a sallad of paraley for his refreshment, after his encounter with the Nemean lion. It is certain there were in Achaia the Nemean games, and that a garland of paraley was the victor's reward. You have an account of these games in Ausonius:

Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaia ludos,
Calicolum duo sunt, et duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phœbique, Palæmonis, Archemorique:
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium.
AUSON. de Lustral. Agon.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
For heroes two, and two for gods ordain'd:
Jove bade the olive round his victor wave;
Phœbus to his an apple garland gave;
The pine, Palæmon; nor with less renown,
Archemorus confer'd the paraley crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ.
Idem, de locis Agon.

——*Alcidis Nemeæ sacravit honorem.*
Idem, de Auct. Agon.

One reason why they chose paraley for a garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived lily:

Neu vivax apium, nec breve lilium.
Lib. i. Od. 36.

Let fading lilies and the rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose;
Let long-liv'd paraley grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest. CREECH.

Juvenal mentions the crown that was made of it, and which here surrounds the head of Achain:

——*Graiæque apium meruisse coronæ.*
JUV. Sat. 8.

And winning at a wake their paraley crown.
STEPNEY.

She presents herself to the emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family:

——*Jus imperiumque Phraates*
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.——
HOR. Epist. 12. lib. i.

The haughty Parthian now to Cæsar kneels.
CREECH.

Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes.
SENEC. Thyest. Act. 3.

——*Non, ut ixflexo genu,*
Regnantem adores, petimus
SENEC. Thyest. Act. 3.

Te linguis variæ gentes, missique rogatum
Fœdera Persarum proceres cum patre sedentem,
Hac quondam videre domo; positaque tiara
Submisere genu.——
CLAUD. ad Honorium.

Thy infant virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conspir'd:
Thee next the sovereign seat, the Persians view'd,
When in this regal dome for peace they sued:
Each turban low, in sign of worship, wav'd;
And every knee confess'd the boon they crav'd.

Sicily appears before Adriain in the same posture.* She has a bundle of corn in her hand, and a garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to Ceres:

Utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Hesperiam longinquis messibus ulla,
Nec Romana magis complerunt horrea terra.
LUC. de Sicilia et Sardinia, lib. 2.

Sardinia, too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
Ne lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast. ROWE.

Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in æquor
Trinacria, a positu nomen adepta loci.
Grata domus Cereri; multas ibi possidet urbes;
In quibus est culto fertilis Hinna solo.
OVID. de Fast. lib. 4.

To Ceres dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall capes, and thence Trinacria nam'd:
There Henna well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest champaign of the fairest isle.

We find Judæa on several coins of Vespasian and Titus, in a posture that denotes sorrow and captivity.† The first figure of her is drawn to the life, in a picture that Seneca has given us of the Trojan matrons bewailing their captivity:

——*Paret exertos*
Turba lacertos. Veste remissa
Substringe vinus, uteroque tenus
Pateant artus.——
——*Cadat ex humeris*
Vestis apertis: imumque tegat
Suffulta latus. Jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras. Nunc nunc vires
Exprome, dolor, tuas.
SEN. Troas, Hecuba ad Trojan. Chor. Act. 1.

——Bare
Your arms, your vestures slackly tied
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your waists.——
——Let
From your divested shoulders slide
Your garments down on either side.
Now bared bosoms call for blows,
Now, sorrow, all thy pow'rs disclose.
SIR ED. SEDLEY.

——*Apertæ pectora matres*
Significant luctum.——
OVID. Met. lib. 12.

Who bared their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
The signs of grief, and mark of public wo.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expression of grief:

——*Ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput*
Velata, justa præsidet aulæ deæ.
SEN. Herc. Fur. Act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis
Delituit: sævumque arcte complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.
LUC. de Corneliâ, lib. 8.

So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade:

Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her wo,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below;
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead. ROWE.

I need not mention her sitting on the ground, because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy, says Eugenius,

* See third series, figure 12.

† See third series, figure 13.

the Romans might have an eye on the customs of the Jewish nation, as well as of those of their country, in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The Psalmist describes the Jews lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion." But what is more remarkable, we find Judæa represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground, in a passage of the prophet that foretels the very captivity recorded on this medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in holy scripture, as the expressions of raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these medals? We find, says Philander, not only on these, but on several other coins that relate to Judæa, the figure of a palm tree, to show us that palms are the growth of the country. Thus Silius Italicus, speaking of Vespasian's conquest; that is the subject of this medal:

Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 3.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of Judæa, and had generally something of the palm tree in them. It begins an epigram on the death of Scorpus a chariot driver, which, in those degenerate times of the empire, was looked upon as a public calamity:

Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
Plange Favor sæva pectora nuda manu.
MART. lib. x. Ep. 50.

The man by the palm tree in the first of these medals, is supposed to be a Jew with his hands bound behind him.

I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other medal is Victory.* She is represented here as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registering a victory touched upon in Virgil and Silius Italicus:

Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;
Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 3.

I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
"These arms Æneas took from conq'ring Greeks."
DRYDEN.

Pyrenæ tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
Hasdrubalis spolium gradivo Scipio victor.
SIL. ITAL. lib. 15.

High on Pyrene's airy top they plac'd
The captive shield, with this inscription grac'd:
"Sacred to Mars, these votive spoils proclaim
"The fate of Hasdrubal, and Scipio's fame."

Parthia has on one side of her the bow and quiver which are so much talked of by the poets.† Lucan's account of the Parthians is very pretty and poetical:

——Parthoque sequente
Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ ——
Illita tela dolis, nec Martem cominus unquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longe tendere nervos,
Et, quo ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis.
LUCAN. lib. 8.

Each fence, that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure.——
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air. ROWE.

——Sagittiferoque Parthos. CATUL.

The crown she holds in her hand refers to the crown of gold that Parthia, as well as other provinces, presented to the emperor Antonine. The presenting a crown was the giving up the sovereignity into his hands:

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit.——
VIRG. Æn. lib. 8.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament.
DRYDEN.

Antioch has an anchor by her, in memory of her founder Seleucus,‡ whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you will believe historians. Ausonius has taken notice of it in his verses on this city:

——Illa Seleucum
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit anchora signum.
Qualis inusta solet; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.
AUSON. Ordo Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame!
The tow'rs of Antioch for their founder claim:
Thee Phœbus at thy birth his son confess'd,
By the fair anchor on the babe impress'd,
Which all thy genuine offspring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmissive through the race.

Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon,§ that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here entering into a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelar deity in her hand:

Jus ille, et icti fœderis testes deos
Invocat.——
SEN. Phœnissæ, Act. 1.

On the left arm of Smyrna is the *pelta*, or buckler, of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the *bipennis*, or *securis*:

Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.
OVID. ex Pont. lib. iii. epist. 1.

Lunatis agmina peltis. VIRG.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
DRYDEN.

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli.
HOR. lib. iv. Od. 4.

Such Drusus did in arms appear,
When near the Alps he urg'd the war:
In vain the Rhæti did their axes wield,
Like Amazons they fought, like women fled the field:
But why those savage troops this weapon choose,
Confirm'd by long-establish'd use,
Historians would in vain disclose.

The dress that Arabia‖ appears in, brings

* See third series, figure 14. † Ibid. figure 15.

‡ See third series, figure 16. § Ibid. figure 17.
‖ See third series, figure 18.

to my mind the description Lucan has made of these eastern nations:

Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.
Illic et laxas vestes, et fusa virorum
Velamenta vides.——— LUCAN. lib. 8.

While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease;
Her silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
ROWE.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense:

——*Solis est thurea virga Sabeis.* VIRG.

And od'rous frankincense on the Sabean bough.
DRYDEN.

Thuriferos Arabum saltus.
CLAUD. de Ter. Cons. Hon.

Thurilegos Arabas.——— OVID. de Fast. lib. 4.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head may be supposed to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions:

Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias, varieque novos radicis honores;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
Et terræ mare nomen habet.——— MANIL. de Sinu Arabico, lib. 4.

More west the other soft Arabia beats,
Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweats;
The bay is call'd th' Arabian gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame.
CRENCH.

Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener a terra divitis mittit Arabs.
TIBUL. lib. ii. el. 2.

———*Sit dives amomo*
Cinnamaque, costumque suam, sudataque ligno
Thura ferat, floresque alios Panchaia tellus;
Dum ferat et myrrham. OVID. Met. lib. 10.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon, and sweet amomum boast;
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years:
How can the land be call'd so bless'd, that myrrha bears?
DRYDEN.

——*Odoratæ spirant medicamina silvæ.* MANIL.

The trees drop balsam, and on all the boughs
Health sits, and makes it sovereign as it flows.
CRENCH.

Cinnami sylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit.——— SEN. Œdip. Act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, says Cynthio; a man almost smells it in the descriptions that are made of it. The camel is in Arabia, I suppose, a beast of burden, that helps to carry off its spices. We find the camel, says Philander, mentioned in Persius on the same account:

Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo.
PERS. Sat. 5.

———The previous weight
Of pepper and Sabean incense, take
With thy own hands from the tir'd camel's back.
DRYDEN.

He loads the camel with pepper, because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country:

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
Rugosum piper.———
PERS. Sat. 5.

The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for spices their Italian ware. DRYDEN.

You have given us some quotations out of Persius this morning, says Eugenius, that, in my opinion, have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. Dryden for passing so severe a censure on this author. He fancies the description of a wreck that you have already cited, is too good for Persius, and that he might be helped in it by Lucan, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says Cynthio, I am so far from Mr. Dryden's opinion in this particular, that I fancy Persius a better poet than Lucan: and that, had he been engaged on the same subject, he would, at least in his expressions and descriptions, have outwritten the Pharsalia. He was, indeed, employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like description, but where he has an occasion of showing himself, we find very few of the Latin poets that have given a greater beauty to their expressions. His obscurities are, indeed, sometimes affected; but they generally arise from the remoteness of the customs, persons, and things he alludes to: as satire is, for this reason, more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same age with it, than any other kind of poetry. Love-verses and heroics deal in images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things; but a thousand ideas enter into satire, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their medals and Latin poets. Philander told them it was now too late to enter on another series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his medals before them. Cynthio and Eugenius were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of the subject, that they would not refuse the offer Philander made them.

DIALOGUE III.

———Causa est discriminis hujus
Concisum Argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.
JUV. Sat. 6.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the Thames. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful alleys, which, terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective.

The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at sunrising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature, the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the reader never imputes it to the want of sun or soil, but to the writer's barrenness of invention. It is Cicero's observation on the plane tree, that makes so flourishing a figure in one of Plato's dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of the style that describes it. For my own part, as I design only to fix the scene of the following dialogue, I shall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than those which nature has bestowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air such a freshness as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joined by Cynthio and Eugenius. Cynthio immediately fell upon Philander for breaking his night's rest. You have so filled my head, says he, with old coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a caduceus or a cornucopia. You will make me believe, says Philander, that you begin to be reconciled to medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says Eugenius, something like avarice in the study of medals. The more a man knows of them the more he desires to know. There is one subject in particular that Cynthio, as well as myself, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the ancient and modern medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a subject, says Philander, that is, perhaps, of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shows itself in their metals, in the occasion of stamping them, in the inscriptions, and in the figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject, says Cynthio, be so kind as to enter on it without farther preface.

We should first of all, says Philander, consider the difference of the metals that we find in ancient and modern coins; but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were coins of iron or lead among the old Romans; and if a man is well acquainted with the device of a medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the medal itself be of copper or Corinthian brass. There is, however, so great a difference between the antique and modern medals, that I have seen an antiquary lick an old coin, among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its taste. I remember, when I laughed at him for it, he told me with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip. It is pity, says Eugenius, but they found out the smell too of an ancient medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the sight, and the ringing of a medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says Philander, we may observe the prudence of the ancients above that of the moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the device they bore, but for the metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmith's hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these last two or three centuries. Inscriptions, victories, buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in those barbarous ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. You medallists look on this destruction of coins as on the burning of the Alexandrian library, and would be content to compound for them with almost the loss of a Vatican. To prevent this in some measure, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clippers' hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern medals are most in silver and gold, and often in a very small number of each. I have seen a golden one at Vienna of Philip the second, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably singular in its kind, and will not be able to keep itself long out of the furnace when it leaves the emperor's treasury. I remember another in the king of Prussia's collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The princes who struck these medals, says Eugenius, seem to have designed them rather as an ostentation of their wealth than of their virtues. They fancied, probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next subject you proposed to speak of, were the different occasions that

have given birth to ancient and modern medals.

Before we enter on this particular, says Philander, I must tell you, by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between money and medals. An old Roman had his purse full of the same pieces that we now preserve in cabinets. As soon as an emperor had done any thing remarkable, it was immediately stamped on a coin, and became current through his whole dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, says Cynthio, to spread abroad the virtues of an emperor, and make his actions circulate. A fresh coin was a kind of a gazette, that published the latest news of the empire. I should fancy your Roman bankers were very good historians. It is certain, says Eugenius, they might find their profit and instruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient Romans in this particular. I know no other way of securing these kinds of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interests, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laughed at. We shall think, says Cynthio, you have a mind to fall out with the government, because it does not encourage medals. But were all your ancient coins that are now in cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says Philander, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call medallions. These in respect of the other coins were the same as modern medals in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by emperors for presents to their friends, foreign princes, or ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the Romans took care generally to stamp the subject of their medallions on their ordinary coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in England we should see on our halfpenny and farthing pieces, the several designs that show themselves in their perfection on our medals.

If we now consider, continued Philander, the different occasions or subjects of ancient and modern medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a coin. It is, indeed, a kind of justice, says Eugenius, that a prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place, to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his bombs and canons. In the next place, says Philander, we see both on the ancient and modern medals the several noble pieces of architecture that were finished at the time when the medals were stamped. I must observe, however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two sets of medals agree as to their subject. But old coins go farther in their compliments to their emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing virtues; not as they showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see Nero's fiddling, and Commodus's skill in fencing, on several of their medals. At present, you never meet with the king of France's generosity nor the emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the Romans used to register the great actions of peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of war. The remission of a debt, the taking off a duty, the giving up a tax, the mending a port, or the making a highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a victory, or the conquest of a nation. In England, perhaps, it would have looked a little odd to have stamped a medal on the abolishing of chimney-money in the last reign, or on the giving a hundred thousand pound a year towards the carrying on a war in this. I find, says Eugenius, had we struck in with the practice of the ancient Romans, we should have had medals on the fitting up our several docks, on the making our rivers navigable, on the building our men-of-war, and the like subjects, that have certainly very well deserved them. The reason why it has been neglected, says Philander, may possibly be this. Our princes have the coining of their own medals, and, perhaps, may think it would look like vanity to erect so many trophies and monuments of praise to their own merit; whereas, among the ancient Romans, the senate had still a watchful eye on their emperor; and if they found any thing in his life and actions that

might furnish out a medal, they did not fail of making him so acceptable an offering. It is true, their flatteries betray often such a baseness of spirit, as one would little expect to find among such an order of men. And here, by the way, we may observe, that you never find any thing like satire or raillery on old coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the several pretenders to the empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on coins without the least bitterness or reflection. The emperors often jested on their rivals or predecessors, but their mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives against one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their coins. Had we no other histories of the Roman emperors, but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of princes that mankind were ever blessed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are, therefore, so many compliments to an emperor, that ascribe to him all the virtues and victories he himself pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy Claudius as great a conqueror as Julius Cæsar, and Domitian a wiser prince than his brother Titus. Tiberius on his coins is all mercy and moderation, Caligula and Nero are fathers of their country, Galba the patron of public liberty, and Vitellius the restorer of the city of Rome. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious Commodus, the pious Caracalla, and the devout Heliogabalus, you may find them either in the inscription or device of their medals. On the contrary, those of a modern make are often charged with irony and satire. Our kings no sooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their medals. One meets sometimes with very nice touches of raillery: but as we have no instance of it among the ancient coins, I shall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I must confess, says Cynthio, I believe we are generally in the wrong when we deviate from the ancients, because their practice is, for the most part, grounded upon reason. But if our forefathers have thought fit to be grave and serious, I hope their posterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of raillery as a refinement on medals; and do not see why there may not be some for diversion, at the same time that there are others of a more solemn and majestic nature, as a victory may be celebrated in an epigram as well as in an heroic poem. Had the ancients given place to raillery on any of their coins, I question not but they would have been the most valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we should have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of wit, as it flourished or decayed in the several ages of the Roman empire. There is no doubt, says Philander, but our forefathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their posterity. But I am of opinion, they industriously avoided it on their coins, that they might not give us occasion to suspect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satire we should not have thought they had designed so much to instruct as to divert us. I have heard, says Eugenius, that the Romans stamped several coins on the same occasion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving posterity; since the more serious sort of medals may serve as comments on those of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the moderns cannot be worse than the flattery of the ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned such coins as were made on the emperor, I have seen several of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private persons. There are pieces of money, says Philander, that, during the time of the Roman emperors, were coined in honour of the senate, army, or people. I do not remember to have seen in the upper empire the face of any private person that was not some way related to the imperial family. Sejanus has, indeed, his consulship mentioned on a coin of Tiberius, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the legend, or inscription, of our medals, which, as it is one of the more essential parts of them, it may deserve to be examined more at length. You have chosen a very short text to enlarge upon, says Cynthio: I should as soon expect to see a critic on the posy of a ring, as on the inscription of a medal.

I have seen several modern coins, says Philander, that have had part of the legend running round the edges, like the *Decus et Tutamen* in our milled money; so that a few years will probably wear out the action that the coin was designed to perpetuate. The ancients were too wise to register their exploits on so nice a surface. I should fancy, says Egenius, the moderns may have chosen this part of the medal for the inscription, that the figures on each side might appear to a greater advantage. I have observed in several old coins a kind of confusion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were so mingled together, that one would think the coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to bestow the several words of his inscription. You have found out something like an excuse, says Philander, for your milled medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the same time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inscriptions on the face and the reverse. Your modern designers cannot contract the occasion of the medal into an inscription that is proper to the volume they write upon: so that, having scribbled over both sides, they are forced,

as it were, to write upon the margin. The first fault, therefore, that I shall find with a modern legend, is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the whole side of a medal overrun with it. One would fancy the author had a design of being Ciceronian in his Latin, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a coin stamped by the present emperor of Germany, on the raising of the siege of Vienna. VIENNA AVSTRIÆ $\frac{4}{13}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $\frac{1}{10}$ SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I should take this, says Cynthio, for the paragraph of a gazette, rather than the inscription of a medal. I remember you represented your ancient coins as abridgments of history; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, should themselves be epitomised. Compare with this, says Philander, the brevity and comprehensiveness of those legends that appear on ancient coins:

Salus Generis humani.—Tellus stabilita.—Gloria Orbis Terræ.—Pacator Orbis.—Restitutor Orbis Terrarum.—Gaudium Reipublicæ.—Hilaritas populi Romani.—Bono Reipub. nati.—Roma renascens.—Libertas restituta.—Sæculum Aureum Puellæ Faustinianæ.—Rex Parthis datus.—Victoria Germanica.—Fides Mutua.—Asia Subacta.—Judæa capta.—Amor mutuus.—Genetrix orbis.—Sideribus recepta.—Genio Senatus.—Fides exercitus.—Providentia Senatus.—Restitutori Hispaniæ.—Adventui Aug. Britanniæ.—Regna Adsignata.—Adlocutio.—Discipulina Augusti.—Felicitas publica.—Rex Armenis datus.

What a majesty and force does one meet with in these short inscriptions! Are not you amazed to see so much history gathered into so small a compass? You have often the subject of a volume in a couple of words.

If our modern medals are so very prolix in their prose, they are every whit as tedious in their verse. You have sometimes a dull epigram of four lines. This, says Cynthio, may be of great use to immortalize puns and quibbles, and to let posterity see their forefathers were a parcel of blockheads. A coin, I find, may be of great use to a bad poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodness of his verse, he may by the durableness of the metal that supports it. I shall give you an instance, says Philander, from a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, that will stand as an eternal monument of dulness and bravery:

Miles ego Christi, Christo duce sterno tyrannos,
Hæreticos simul et calco meis pedibus.
Parcere Christicolis me, debellare feroces
Papicolas Christus dux meus en animat.

It is well, says Cynthio, you tell us this is a medal of the great Gustavus: I should have taken it for some one of his Gothic predecessors. Does it not bring into your mind Alexander the Great's being accompanied with a Chærilus in his Persian expedition? If you are offended at the homeliness of this inscription, says Philander, what would you think of such as have neither sense nor grammar in them? I assure you I have seen the face of many a great monarch hemmed in with false Latin. But it is not only the stupidity and tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with, supposing them of a moderate length and proper sense, why must they be in verse? We should be surprised to see the title of a serious book in rhyme, yet it is every whit as ridiculous to give the subject of a medal in a piece of an hexameter. This, however, is the practice of our modern medallists. If you look into the ancient inscriptions, you see an air of simplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in the thought; on the contrary, in your modern medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an heroic verse. Where the sense of an inscription is low, it is not in the power of dactyls and spondees to raise it; where it is noble, it has no need of such affected ornaments. I remember a medal of Philip the second, on Charles le Quint's resigning to him the kingdom of Spain, with this inscription—*Ut quiescat Atlas.* The device is a Hercules with the sphere on his shoulders. Notwithstanding the thought is poetical, I dare say you would think the beauty of the inscription very much lost, had it been *Requiescat ut Atlas.* To instance a medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with Holland, there was one stamped with the following legend—*Redeant Commercia Flandris.* The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of prose. I think truly, says Eugenius, it is ridiculous enough to make the inscription run like a piece of a verse, when it is not taken out of an old author. But I would fain have your opinion on such inscriptions as are borrowed from the Latin poets. I have seen several of this sort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are chosen with art, they should not be thought unworthy of a place in your medals.

Whichever side I take, says Philander, I am like to have a great party against me. Those who have formed their relish on old coins, will by no means allow of such an innovation: on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient medals. You will oblige us, however, to let us know what kind of rules you would have observed in the choice of your quotations, since you seem to lay a stress on their being chosen with art. You must know then, says Eugenius, I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unless it has some other accidental ornaments to set it off. Indeed, if a great action that seldom happens in the course of human affairs is exactly described in the passage of an old poet, it gives the reader a very agreeable surprise, and may therefore deserve a place on a medal.

Again, if there is more than a single cir-

cumstance of the action specified in the quotation, it pleases a man to see an old exploit copied out, as it were, by a modern, and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a turn of wit or satire, it is still the better qualified for a medal, as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no inscription fitter for a medal, in my opinion, than a quotation that, besides its aptness, has something in it lofty and sublime: for such an one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul, and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal designs of a medal.

It is certainly very pleasant, says Eugenius, to see a verse of an old poet, revolting; as it were, from its original sense, and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation: for when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time, exhausted your subject, says Philander; and I think the criticisms you have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern medals, may be very well applied to the mottoes of books, and other inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the legends of medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of Gustavus Adolphus. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find them amount to 1627, the year in which the medal was coined; for do not you observe some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters and as cyphers. Your laborious German wits will turn you over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. You would fancy, perhaps, they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D. in it. When, therefore, you see any of these inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in England for being an excellent philosopher or poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great chronogrammatist. These are probably, says Cynthio, some of those mild provinces of acrostic land, that Mr. Dryden has assigned to his anagrams, wings, and altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the legend of a medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a coin, replied Philander, in our discourse on the usefulness of ancient medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the ancient and the modern differ. In the first place, the Romans always appear in the proper dress of their country, insomuch that you see the little variations of the mode in the drapery of the medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an emperor of Rome in a Grecian cloak, or a Phrygian mitre. On the contrary, our modern medals are full of togas and tunicas, trabeas and paludamentums, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a king of England or France dressed up like a Julius Cæsar. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for Roman emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern coins. Nothing is more usual than to see allusions to Roman customs and ceremonies on the medals of our own nation. Nay, very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If posterity takes its notions of us from our medals, they must fancy one of our kings paid a great devotion to Minerva, that another was a professed worshipper of Apollo, or at best that our whole religion was a mixture of paganism and Christianity. Had the old Romans been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their antiquities, that their coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on medals as so many monuments consigned over to eternity, that may possibly last when all other memorials of the same age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of present that those who are actually in being make over to such as lie hid within the depths of futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world when its governments, manners, and religions may be quite altered, we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says Eugenius, a medallic history of the present king of France. One might expect, methinks, to see the medals of that nation in the highest perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We will examine them, if you please, says Philander, in the light that our foregoing observations have set them; but on this condi-

tion, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the first place, then, I think it is impossible to learn from the French medals either the religion, custom, or habits of the French nation. You see on some of them the cross of our Saviour, and on others Hercules's club. In one you have an angel, and in another a Mercury. I fancy, says Cynthio, posterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of Louis le Grand, were they to learn it from his medals, as we are at present on that of Constantine the Great. It is certain, says Philander, there is the same mixture of Christian and pagan in their coins; nor is there a less confusion in their customs. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a bull and the planting of a French colony in America? The Romans made use of this type in allusion to one of their own customs at the sending out of a colony. But for the French, a ram, a hog, or an elephant would have been every whit as significant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to see a king of France dressed like an emperor of Rome, with his arms stripped up to his elbows, a laurel on his head, and a chlamys over his shoulders? I fancy, says Eugenius, the society of medallists would give you their reasons for what they have done. You yourself allow the legend to be Latin; and why may not the customs and ornaments be of the same country as the language? especially since they are all of them so universally understood by the learned. I own to you, says Philander, if they only design to deliver down to posterity the several parts of their great monarch's history, it is no matter for the other circumstances of a medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleasure and instruction for future ages, to see the dresses and customs of their ancestors, as their buildings and victories. Besides, I do not think they have always chosen a proper occasion for a medal. There is one struck, for example, on the English failing in their attempts on Dunkirk: when in the last reign they endeavoured to blow up a fort, and bombard the town. What have the French here done to boast of? A medal, however, you have with this inscription, DVNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in Dunkirka, or the impropriety of the word Illæsa, the whole medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English:

——Quos opimus
Fallere et effulgere est triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at least what I take for such. But at the same time must be forced to allow, that this series of medals is the most perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the work, the aptness of the device, and the propriety of the legend. In these and other particulars, the French medals come nearer the ancients than those of any other country, as, indeed, it is to this nation we are indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general.

I must not here forget to mention the medallic history of the popes, where there are many coins of an excellent workmanship, as I think they have none of those faults that I have spoken of in the preceding set. They are always Roman catholic in the device and in the legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the holy scriptures, and therefore not unsuitable to the character of the prince they represent. Thus when Innocent the eleventh lay under terrible apprehensions of the French king, he put out a coin, that on the reverse of it had a ship tossed on the waves to represent the church. Before, it was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and St. Peter ready to sink at his feet. The inscription, if I remember, was in Latin. Help Lord, or else I perish. This puts me in mind, says Cynthio, of a pasquinade that at the same time was fixed up at Rome. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But, methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the workmanship of each. You must know then, says Philander, that till about the end of the third century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of designing, I do not remember to have seen the head of a Roman emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to use a French term of art, which gives us the view of a head that, in my opinion, has something in it very majestic, and at the same time suits best with the dimensions of a medal. Besides that, it shows the nose and eyebrows, with the several prominences and fallings in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower empire you have abundance of broad Gothic faces, like so many full moons on the side of a coin. Among the moderns, too, we have of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In the next place you find the figures of many ancient coins rising up in a much more beautiful relief than those on the modern. This, too, is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the Roman emperors, so that you see the face sinking by degrees in the several declensions of the empire, till about Constantine's time it lies almost even with the surface of the medal. After this it appears so very plain and uniform, that one would think the coiner looked on the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in sculpture. I fancy, says Eugenius, the sculptors of that age had the same relish as a Greek priest that was buying some religious pictures at Venice. Among others he was shown a noble piece of Titian. The priest, having well surveyed it, was very much scandalized at the extravagance of the relief, as he termed it. You know, says he, our religion forbids all idolatry: we admit of no images but such as are drawn on a smooth surface: the figure you

ave here shown me, stands so much out to ie eye, that I would no sooner suffer it in ıy church than a statue. I could recom- ıend your Greek priest, says Philander, to ɔundance of celebrated painters on this side : the Alps that would not fail to please im. We must own, however, that the gures on several of our modern medals are ıised and rounded to a very great perfec- on. But if you compare them in this par- cular with the most finished among the an- ients, your men of art declare universally r the latter.

Cynthio and Eugenius, though they were well pleased with Philander's discourse, were glad, however, to find it at an end: for the sun began to gather strength upon them, and had pierced the shelter of their walks in several places. Philander had no sooner done talking, but he grew sensible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker shade over their heads. They both of them very readily closed with the proposal, and by that means gave me an opportunity of finishing my dialogue.

THREE SETS OF MEDALS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE ANCIENT POETS, IN THE FORE-GOING DIALOGUES.

——————————Decipit
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo. PHÆDR.

Multo poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi.—————————— HOR.

THE FIRST SERIES.

1. VIRTUTI AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Domitian.
2. HONOS ET VIRTVS. Reverse of Galba.
3. CONCORDIA AVG. S. C. Reverse of Sabina.
4. PAX ORBIS TERRARVM. Reverse of Otho.
5. ABVNDANTIA AVG. S. C. Reverse of Gordianus Pius.
6, 7. FIDES EXERCITVS. Reverse of Heliogabalus.
8. SPES AVGUSTA. Reverse of Claudius.
9. SECVRITAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
10. PVDICITIA. S. C. Reverse of Faustina junior.
11. PIETAS AVG. S. C. Reverse of Faustina senior.
12. AEQVITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Vitellius.
13. AETERNITAS. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
14. SAECVLVM AVREVM. Reverse of Adrian.
15. FELIX TEMPORVM REPARATIO. Reverse of Constantine.
16. AETERNITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Adrian
17. AETERNITAS. S. C. Reverse of Antonine.
18. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Nero.
19. SARMATIA DEVICTA. A Victory. Reverse of Constantine.
20. LIBERTAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverse of Galba.

THE SECOND SERIES.

1. FELICITATI AVG. COS. III. P. P. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
2. PONTIF MAX. TR. POT. PP. COS. II.
3. P. N. R. S. C. Reverse of Claudius.
4. S. C. Reverse of Augustus.
5. S. P. Q. R. P. P. OB CIVES SERVATOS. Reverse of Caligula.
6. Reverse of Tiberius.
7. FIDES PVBLICA. Reverse of Titus.
8. PRAETOR RECEPT. Reverse of Claudius.
9. FECVNDITAS. S. C. Reverse of Julia Augusta.
10. NERO CLAV. CAESAR. IMP. ET OCTAVIA. AVGVST. F. Reverse of Claudius.
11. ORIENS AVG. Reverse of Aurelian.
12. Reverse of Commodus.
13. GLORIA EXERCITVS, E. S. I. S. } Reverse of
14. PRINCIPI IVVENTVTIS, S. C. } Constantine.
15. M. CATO. L. VETTIACVS. II. VIR. LEG. IV. LEG. VI. LEG. X. C. C. A. Reverse of Tiberius.
16. TR. P. VII. IMP. III. COS. V. P. P. S. C. Reverse of Trajan.
17. TR. POT. V. IMP. III. COS. II. S. C. Reverse of Lucius Verus.
18. PAX. AVG. S. C. Reverse of Vespasian.
19. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. DE GERMANIS. } Reverse of Marcus Aurelius.
20. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. DE SARMATIS. } Ibid.
21. Reverse of Trajan.
22. TR. POT. XIIII. P. P. COS. II. Reverse of M. Aurelius.
23. DIVVS AVGVSTVS PATER. Coined under Tiberius.
24. COS. IIII. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.

THE THIRD SERIES.

1. FELIX ADVENT. AUG. G. NN. PEN. Reverse of Diocleslan.
2. AFRICA. S. C. Reverse of Septimius Severus.
3. AFRICA. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
4. AEGIPTOS. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
5. MAVRETANIA. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
6. HISPANIA. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
7. ADVENTVI AVG. GALLIÆ. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
8. ITALIA. S. C. Reverse of Marcus Antoninus.
9. ROMA. S. C. Reverse of Nero.
10. RESTITVTORI ACHAIAE. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
11. BRITANNIA. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
12. RESTITVTORI SICILIAE. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
13. IVDEA CAPTA. S. C. Reverse of Vespasian.
14. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. Ibid.
15. PARTHIA. S. C. COS. II. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
16. ANTIOCHIA.
17. ΘΥΑΤΕΙΡΗΝΩΝΚ. CMYPN. ΣΤΡ. Τ. ΦΑΒ. ΑΑ. ΑΙΩΑΑΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ. Reverse of Marcus Aurelius.
18. ARAB. ADQ. S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C. Reverse of Trajan.

REMARKS

ON

SEVERAL PARTS OF ITALY, ETC.

IN THE YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

Verum ergo id est, si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, in suavem illam admirationem si fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem qui narraret habuisset

Cicer. de Amic.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

My Lord,—There is a pleasure in owning obligations which it is an honour to have received, but should I publish any favours done me by your Lordship, I am afraid it would look more like vanity than gratitude.

I had a very early ambition to recommend myself to your Lordship's patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the countries of which I here give your Lordship some account: for whatever great impressions an Englishman must have of your Lordship, they who have been conversant abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see your Lordship's admirers every where, they meet with very few of your well-wishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not but observe, when I passed through most of the Protestant governments in Europe, that their hopes or fears for the common cause rose or fell with your Lordship's interest and authority in England.

I here present your Lordship with the remarks that I made in a part of these my travels; wherein, notwithstanding the variety of the subject, I am very sensible that I offer nothing new to your Lordship, and can have no other design in this address, than to declare that I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged, and

Most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

PREFACE.

There is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of music and painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of statuary and architecture, both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of governments, that are so different in their constitutions and so refined in their politics. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in history, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities of examining so copious a subject, one may observe among those who have written on Italy, that different authors have succeeded best on different sorts of curiosities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of pictures, statues, and buildings, some have searched into libraries, cabinets

of rarities, and collections of medals; as others have been wholly taken up with inscriptions, ruins, and antiquities. Among the authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the religion and governments of Italy: Lassels may be useful in giving us the names of such writers as have treated of the several states through which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his observations on the natural productions of the place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colours.

There are still several of these topics that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several places and antiquities that nobody else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient poets, which have any relation to the places and curiosities that I met with; for, before I entered on my voyage, I took care to refresh my memory among the classic authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the landscapes that the poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare name of it to recommend them.

REMARKS ON ITALY.

MONACO, GENOA, &c.

On the twelfth of December, 1699, I set it from Marseilles to Genoa in a tartane, and arrived late at a small French port, called Cassis, where the next morning we were not a little surprised to see the mountains about the town covered with green olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants, as wild thyme, lavender, rosemary, balm, and myrtle. We were here shown at a distance the Deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the penance of Mary Magdalene, who, after her arrival with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea at Marseilles, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and mountains. It is so romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that Claudian speaks, in the following description:

Et locus extremum pandit quà Gallia littus
Oceani prætentus aquis, quà fertur Ulysses
Sanguine libato populum movisse Silentûm,
Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantûm
Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
Pallida defunctasque videnî migrare figuras, &c.
Cl. In. Ruf. lib. 1.

A place there lies, on Gallia's utmost bounds,
Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds.
Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead:
Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound;
Of melancholy ghosts, that hover round;
The lab'ring ploughman oft with horror spies
Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
(A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the learned than the voyage of Ulysses: some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the poet's own making; though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the Narbon Gaul.

Facultas adiit Læstrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
Atque hæc cum nostras intersunt cognita terras,
Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem.
Tib. l. 4. el. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
On real seas to real shores he stray'd;
Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way, till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. Remo, a very pretty town in the Genoese dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from the sea. We here saw several persons, that, in the midst of December, had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupportable. There are at St. Remo many plantations of palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of Italy. We sailed from hence directly for Genoa, and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

——Atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare——
Hor. Sat. 2. lib. 2.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lie in it two days, and our captain thought his ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees, and confessed himself to a capuchin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as Monaco. Lucan has given us a description of the harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

Quàque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monaci. Lib. 1.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great Alcides takes its name:
Fenc'd to the west, and to the north it lies;
But when the wind in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the promontory, where the town of Monaco now stands, was formerly the temple of Hercules Monæcus, which still gives the name to the small principality.

Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monæci
Descendens.— VIRG. Æn. 6.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniards, but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison, and received a French one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officered by the French king. The officer who showed me the palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the king of France, amidst all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with pictures of the reigning beauties in the court of France. But the best of the furniture was at Rome, where the prince of Monaco resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as Genoa; but at Savona, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: for this road is much more difficult than that over Mount Cennis.

The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of the Italians, which was likewise the character of the old Ligurians. And indeed it is no wonder, while the barrenness of their country continues, that the manners of the inhabitants do not change: since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work, than want. The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have "a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith." The character the Latin poets have given of them is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem. VIRG. Georg. 2.

The hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.

Pernix Ligur. SIL. IT. el. 8.

Fallaces Ligures. AUS. Eid. 19.

Appenninicola bellator filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.
Æn. 11.

Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least whilst fortune favour'd his deceit.)

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes. Æn. 11.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.—*Dryden.*

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore, on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New-street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: but instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but, as they are now, they only show us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the Villa Imperiale, at a middle distance from Genoa, without any thing of this paint upon it, consists of a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first, that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in Europe, that can show a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the commonwealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its preserver. In the doge's palace are the rooms where the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendor and magnificence in particular persons' houses than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town in Italy, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old *rostrum* of a Roman ship, that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of

n, fashioned at the end like a boar's head; I have seen it represented on medals, and the *Columna Rostrata* in Rome. I saw, Genoa, Signor Micconi's famous collection shells, which, as Father Buonani the Jesuit s since told me, is one of the best in Italy. know nothing more remarkable, in the vernment of Genoa, than the bank of St. eorge, made up of such branches of the venues as have been set apart and appro-iated to the discharging of several sums at have been borrowed from private per-ns, during the exigencies of the common-ealth. Whatever inconveniences the state s laboured under, they have never enter-ined a thought of violating the public credit, of alienating any part of these revenues to her uses, than to what they have been thus signed. The administration of this bank for life, and partly in the hands of the chief tizens, which give them a great authority the state, and a powerful influence over e common people. This bank is generally ought the greatest load on the Genoese, nd the managers of it have been represent-d as a second kind of senate, that break the niformity of government, and destroy, in ome measure, the fundamental constitution f the state. It is however very certain, that e people reap no small advantages from it, s it distributes the power among more par-icular members of the republic, and gives e commons a figure: so that it is no small heck upon the aristocracy, and may be one eason why the Genoese senate carries it rith greater moderation towards their sub-ects than the Venetians.

It would have been well for the republic f Genoa, if she had followed the example f her sister of Venice, in not permitting her obles to make any purchase of lands or ouses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For, at present, the greatest among the Ge-oese are in part subjects to the monarchy f Spain, by reason of their estates that lie n the kingdom of Naples. The Spaniards ax them very high upon occasion, and are o sensible of the advantage this gives them ver the republic, that they will not suffer a Neapolitan to buy the lands of a Genoese, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For his reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the Spaniard owes the Genoese, they are under a necessity, at pre-ent, of being in the interest of the French, and would probably continue so, though all he other states of Italy entered into a league against them. Genoa is not yet secure from a bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the insult of the French, they have built a mole with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for, having but little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from Naples, Sicily, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from Lombardy, which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with pro-visions. Their fleet, that formerly gained so many victories over the Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks, and Spaniards; that made themselves masters of Crete, Sardinia, Ma-jorca, Minorca, Negropont, Lesbos, Malta; that settled them in Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodosia, and several towns on the eastern confines of Europe, is now reduced to six galleys. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of France sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republic at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer-season. The republic of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen king. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but at the same time may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of govern-ment, and is a tacit acknowledgement, that monarchy is more honourable. The old Ro-mans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politics to inspire their people with a contempt of kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

From Genoa we took chaise for Milan, and by the way stopped at Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the convent of Austin monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the saint, that gives the name to their order. King Luitprand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corpse, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are canons regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the saint, nor is it yet recognized by the pope. The monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the monks told us, began to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are buried the Duke of Suffolk, and the Duke of Lorrain, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pa-

via. Their monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

Capto a Milite Cæsareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus Dux Lotharingiæ, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cænobio et ambitu per annos 57. sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elisabethâ ob Catholicum fidem ejectus, beneficentia tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis principibus posuit 5. Sept. 1562. et post suum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.

This pretended Duke of Suffolk was Sir Richard de la Poole, brother to the Earl of Suffolk, who was put to death by Henry the Eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of Duke of Suffolk, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great Duke of Suffolk under the reign of Henry the Sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of Pavia, and was magnificently interred by the Duke of Bourbon, who, though an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is buried in the same place with the following inscription.

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui Episcopus Dei, ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. xxxi. peregrinatus ab Invictiss. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiæ præmiis oruatus moritur anno a partu Virginis, M.D.C. xi. Men. Septembris.

In Pavia is a university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of Borromee, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place calls Charles the Fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.

Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus, which runs by it, and is now called the Tesin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The Bishop of Salisbury says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know, therefore, why Silius Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lente trahit amne liquorem;
Viz credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. Lib. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows, [shows:
And through the crystal stream the shining bottom
Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;
So wondrous slow amidst the shady groves,
And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream, but in Italy one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains, that make their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the Tesin is only an outlet of that vast lake, which the Italians now call the Lago Maggiore.

I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of Carthusians, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a Gothic structure.

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: for the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smutted with dust, and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsullied than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church, indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history-pieces, and several little images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are, indeed, a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a St. Bartholomew, new flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: it is esteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inscribed this verse on the pedestal, to show the value they have for the workman.

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

There is, just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromee, where I saw his body, in episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock crystal. His chapel is

lorned with abundance of silver-work: he as but two and twenty years old when he as chosen archbishop of Milan, and forty-k at his death; but made so good use of so ıort a time, by his works of charity and unificence, that his country bless his me-ory, which is still fresh among them. He as canonized about a hundred years ago: ıd, indeed, if this honour were due to any ıan, I think such public-spirited virtues may y a juster claim to it, than a sour retreat om mankind, a fiery zeal against hetero-oxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whim-cal penances, which are generally the qualications of Roman saints. Miracles, indeed, re required of all who aspire to this dignity, ecause they say, a hypocrite may imitate a int in all other particulars, and these they ttribute, in a great number, to him I am peaking of. His merit, and the importunity f his countrymen, procured his canonization efore the ordinary time; for it is the policy f the Roman church not to allow this honour, rdinarily, till fifty years after the death of ıe person who is candidate for it; in which ime it may be supposed that all his contem-oraries will be worn out, who could contra-ict a pretended miracle, or remember any nfirmity of the saint. One would wonder hat Roman Catholics, who are for this kind f worship, do not generally address them-elves to the holy apostles, who have a more nquestionable right to the title of saints han those of a modern date; but these are t present quite out of fashion in Italy, where here is scarce a great town which does not ay its devotions, in a more particular man-ıer, to some one of their own making. This enders it very suspicious, that the interests f particular families, religious orders, con-ents, or churches, have too great a sway in heir canonizations. When I was at Milan I aw a book, newly published, that was dedi-ated to the present head of the Borromean amily, and entitled, "A Discourse on the hu-nility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Barromee."

The great church of Milan has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar, like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the Blessed Virgin, (for it begins with her birth and ends with her coronation in heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of episode,) is finely cut in marble by Andrew Biffy. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as Daniel, Jonas, and Abraham. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman Becket, as, indeed, there are very few treasuries of relics in Italy, that have not a tooth or a bone of this saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amassed together in this and several other churches of Milan. I was told, that in Milan there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the Celestines is a picture in fresco of the marriage of Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures: they show the gates of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the Emperor Theodosius, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacreing the inhabitants of Thessalonica. That emperor was however so far from being displeased with the behaviour of the saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel, lately re-edified, where the same saint baptised St. Austin. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel, and on this occasion, that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pulpit and confessional, very finely inlaid with *lapis-lazuli*, and several kinds of marble, by a father of the convent. It is very lucky for a religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical geniuses, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in Roman Catholic countries, which are all texts of scripture, and regard either the penitent or the father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem—Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui—Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi—Soluta erunt in Cœlis—Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam—Vade, et ne dinceps pecca—Qui vos audit, me audit—Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati—Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ—Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in viâ æternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I saw the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men, I met with no Englishman, except bishop Fisher, whom Henry the Eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are, indeed, the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to seen in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

——Plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum
Si qui Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos plutcum servare Cleanthas.
Juv. Sat. 2.

Chrysippus' statue decks thy library.
Who makes his study finest, is most read;
The dolt, that with an Aristotle's head
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
Strait sets up for a Stagyrite himself. *Tate.*

In an apartment behind the library are

several rarities often described by travellers, as Brugeal's elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in Latin of Josephus, which the bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vincius, which King James the First could not procure, though he proffered for it three thousand Spanish pistoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering: I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of crystal, that inclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though, perhaps, they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Pere Mabillon is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighborhood of Vendome, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan, the bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictine convent, which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that Claudian has celebrated in about half a score epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex;
Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,
Et conservatæ plus meruistis aquæ.

Deep in the snowy Alps a lump of ice
By frosts was harden'd to a mighty price;
Proof to the sun, it now securely lies,
And the warm dog-star's hottest rage defies:
Yet still unripen'd in the dewy mines,
Within the ball a trembling water shines,
That through the crystal darts its spurious rays,
And the proud stone's original betrays;
But common drops, when thus with crystal mixt,
Are valued more than if in rubies fixt.

As I walked through one of the streets of Milan, I was surprised to read the following inscription, concerning a barber that had conspired with the commissary of health, and others, to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a pillar, superscribed, *Colonne Infame*. The story is told in handsome Latin, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi hæc Area patens est,
Surgebat olim Tonstrina
Jo' Jacobi Mora:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario
Et cum aliis Conspirationis,
Dum pestis atrox sæviret,
Lethiferis unguentis hue et illuc asperseis
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,
Excelso in Plaustro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringi
Rotæque intextos post horas sex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,
Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,
Publicatis bonis
Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus jussit:
Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo æquari,
Ac nunquam in posterum refici,
Et erigi Columnam,
Quæ vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix Infame solum
Commaculet!
M. D. C. XXX. *Kal. Augusti.*
Præside Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore I.
Justitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptistâ Visconti.

The citadel of Milan is thought a strong fort in Italy, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the duchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of Milan; as the Persians used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from Milan there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty-six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay: there are two parallel walls which beat the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father Bartholin has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains. Indeed, if a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the Alps at one end, and the long range of Appenines, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and commonwealths in the oldest accounts we have of it; till the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of Milan, as in several others in Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the French. One may, however, observe a kind of awkward-

ness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The French are always open, familiar and talkative: the Italians, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious and reserved. In France every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: the Italians, notwithstanding their natural fieriness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch, that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: in France it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: besides that, the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young gentleman in France that does not fence, dance, and ride in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The Italians, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain, therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is still something more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as mirth is more apt to make proselytes than melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them, for these late years, given very far into the modes and freedoms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is, certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of Italy, who run more into news and politics than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the king of France. The Savoyards, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The Milanese and Neapolitans remember the many insults he has offered to the house of Austria, and particularly to their deceased king, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection. The Genoese cannot forget his treatment of their doge, and his bombarding their city. The Venetians will tell you of his leagues with the Turks; and the Romans, of his threats to Pope Innocent the Eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state and change of circumstances may have sweetened these reflections to the politer sort, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That, however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of public blessings, that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to Milan: I shall here set down the description Ausonius has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti. Tum duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulenæque Moneta,
Et regio Hercules celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristylia signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut omnia formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,
And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, bless'd with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse;
A Circus and a theatre invites
Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.
Moneta consecrated buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace;
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
And intermingled temples rise between;
Here circling colonnades the ground inclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:
Profusely graced the happy town appears,
Nor Rome itself her beauteous neighbour fears.

BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

From Milan we travelled through a very pleasant country to Brescia, and by the way crossed the river Adda, that falls into the Lago di Como, which Virgil calls the lake Larius, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the Po, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: for as they were once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the Spaniards do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. Brescia is famous for its iron works. A small day's journey more brought us to Verona. We saw the lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda: it was so rough with tempets when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.

Here vex'd by winter storms Benacus raves,
Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Mincio.

———*Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat*
Mincius, et tenera prætexit arundine ripas.
Virg. Georg. iii. v. 14.

Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays;
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink.
Dryden.

The river Adige runs through Verona; so much is the situation of the town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus's time.

———*Verona Athesi circumflua.* *Lib.* 8.

Verona by the cirkling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

———*Venetosque erectior amnes*
Magna voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
Cæruleus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
Mincius, inque novem consurgens ore Timavus.
Sexto Cons. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound:
Her dropping locks the silver Tessin rears,
The blue transparent Adda next appears,
The rapid Adige then erects her head,
And Mincio rising slowly from his bed,
And last Timavus, that, with eager force
From nine wide mouths, comes gushing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's Benacus.

———*Umbrosa vestit qua littus oliva*
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu.
De Bel. Get.

The Larius here, with groves of olives crown'd,
An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at Verona the famous amphitheatre, that, with a few modern reparations, has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have Claudian before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;
Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.
In. Ruf. lib. 2.

So rushes on his foe the grisly bear,
That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
Bent on his knee, the savage glares around;
Scar'd with the mighty crowd's promiscuous sound;
Then, rearing on his hinder paws, retires,
And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in Verona, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch, erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in Italy worth taking notice of. The Italians fall as far short of the French in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must however be said, to the honour of the Italians, that the French took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of Verona, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of Verona, that of St. George is the handsomest: its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the saint, done by Paul Veronese; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the tomb of Pope Lucius, who lies buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their bishops: the inscription says, that there was between him and his maker, *Summa necessitudo, summa similitudo.* The Italian epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From Verona to Padua we travelled through

a very pleasant country: it is planted thick with rows of white mulberry trees, that furnish food for great quantities of silk-worms with their leaves, as the swine and poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at the same time, as so many stays for their vines, which hang all along, like garlands, from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lie fields of corn, which, in these warm countries, ripens much better among the mulberry shades than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing Lombardy the seat of war, which must have made miserable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of Flanders, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at Vicenza, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to Padua. St. Anthony, who lived about five hundred years ago, is the great saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church: for it is the way of those that are in any single danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe, they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature,

They sell at Padua the life of St. Anthony, which is read with great devotion: the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

"Non curando gli Heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca ill fiume Marecchia, chiamo da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero a sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l' acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s' accommodaro per sentir la parola di Dio. Cio venduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, et per altretanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature cosi comincio loro a parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, cari et amati pesci) si scuopere la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bonta della maesta divina; perche se bene siette chiamati Rettili, mezzi fra pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, et horridi al vedere; con tutto cio in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bonta di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo Sacramento; credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' omnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete, voi che non sa misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia a caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo a Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri e Sacramenti: percio siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi ha dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi ha fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi a voi piu che sale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede havete l' acqua, elemento diafano, transparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro; et dalle piu basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete cio che sopra acqua o si fa, o nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di Lince, o di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite cio che vi giova, et aggrada; et fuggite cio che vi nuoce, havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le specie vostre, fase, oprate et caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrastro alcuno; ne algor d' inverno, ne calor di state vi offende, o nuoce; siasi per sereno, o turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi ne frutto, ne danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, o scarsa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, e subissi il mondo, che a voi cio poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l' Autunno, et assideri li inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trappassar del' hore ne correr de giorni, ne volar de mesi, ne fuggir d' anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar destagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma sempre

sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maesta di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza; poi che fra tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; ne provasti i danni, che egli face al monde; e tutto questo ch' io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi a lodar Dio, a ringratiare sua divina maesta di tanti e cosi singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua a ringratiar il vostro Benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete, sembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bonta sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficii, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, con gesti di profonda Humilta, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinarona la testa, blandiro co'l corpo quasi approvando cio che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio."

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and, at last, addressed himself to them in the following words:

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings; for, notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of *reptiles*, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tossed among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you in a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an Infinite Goodness. The holy scripture has always made use of you as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

"Do you think that without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that, next to the paschal lamb, he took pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that, when the Redeemer of the World was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottos, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes: you have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom every thing that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

"The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge? You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such par-

ticular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since, for all this, you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

"He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed Father St. Antonio."

The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

Several other the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument in a very fine *basso relievo*.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. Anthony in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor peasant, who fancied the saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio condidiori delicio,
Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,
Celsissimo sacræ sapientiæ thelo,
Prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, Lepræ, Dæmonis,
Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
Ægrotorum et naufragantium salvatori
Præsentissimo, tutissimo.
Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, Mirabili,
Ter Sancto,
Antonio Paduano,
Pietissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
Protectori et Sospitatori suo, &c.

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in Italy. The church of St. Justina, designed by Palladio, is the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed, by many artists, one of the finest works in Italy. The long nef consists of a row of five cupolas, the cross one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. Justina hangs over the altar, and is a piece of Paul Veronese. In the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone, superscribed *Lapis Vituperii*. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pounds, and is set by the bailiffs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone, in a full hall, clears himself of any farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that nobody has submitted to these four and twenty years. The university of Padua is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sun-set. There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republic. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in Venice itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to see that nobody wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants, indeed, are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of Livy and Antenor is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of Antenor put me in mind of the latter part of Virgil's description, which gives us the original of Padua:

Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti:
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia: nunc placidâ compostus pace quiescit.
Æn. 1.

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
And there in quiet lies.

From Padua I went down the river Brent in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

VENICE.

Having often heard Venice represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the *terra firma*, nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the constant flux and reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the Hollanders want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they

have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little islands, that lie at the entrance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet, with bomb-vessels, hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of galleys and men of war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could, therefore, suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets, which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *terra firma*; and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father Coronelli, the state's geographer, of the truth of this particular; and they all assured me, that the sea rises as high as ever, though, the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the shallows, but that they are in no danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down, like so many little islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them, for the deep canals run between them, which the Venetians are at a great expense to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of Italy, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the Levant, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these conveniences, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition, for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandizes. Their nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. The merchants, who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass, and silk, formerly the best in Europe, are now excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The state is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and, as a noble Venetian, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a free port, for they look with an evil eye upon Leghorn, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for Italy. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think the great duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a gondola with two oars, at Venice, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses, with a large equipage, in another country; besides that it makes all carriages extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than Venice. One would indeed wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the Venetians, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding, and the like exercises to employ them without doors. But as the nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in Venice. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in Europe, from the hands of the best masters of the Lombard school; as Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret. The last of these is in greater esteem at Venice than in other parts of Italy. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaister, made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards worked into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining, and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows itself too visibly in many of their finest pictures. Though the Venetians are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their commonwealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the republic, they

are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many eulogiums that are given to the Doge Pisauro, who had been ambassador in England, his epitaph says, *In Anglia Jacobi Regis obitum mira calliditate celatum mira sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of Venice are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at Venice, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The arsenal of Venice is an island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their galleys and men of war, most of them full, as well as workhouses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it where the arms are laid, makes a great show and was, indeed, very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old-fashioned and unwieldy in a very great number, and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience in comparison of those that are now in use. The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred galleys, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this state to affect so many conquests on the *terra firma*, which has only served to raise the jealousy of the Christian princes, and, about three hundred years ago, had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the commonwealth: whereas, had they applied themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the islands of the Archipelago in their hands, and, by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most seamen of any other state in Europe. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen so strong a bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the Ottoman empire.

This republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Creme, Brescia, and Bergame, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the Venetians lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into Albania, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the Venetians are under articles with the emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions, that has been formerly dismembered from the empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him farther. The pope disputes with them their pretensions to the Polesin, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the kingdom of Cyprus. It is surprising to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a kingdom that is in the hands of the Turk.

Among all these difficulties the republic will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon force; for it is certain the Venetian senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though, at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the republic is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the *terra firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secresy that reigns in their public councils. The senate is generally as numerous as our house of commons, if we only reckon the sitting members, and yet carries its resolutions so privately, that they are seldom known till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, till he was actually seized, and in the hands of justice.

The noble Venetians think themselves equal at least to the electors of the empire, and but one degree below kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: yet it is observed of them that they discharge themselves with a great deal of

dexterity in such embassies and treaties as are laid on them by the republic; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of kings and princes, of which the ministers of other nations are only the representatives. Monsieur Amelot reckons in his time, two thousand five hundred nobles, that had voices in the great council, but, at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the Venetians, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the Venetian nuns famous for the liberties they allow themselves. They have operas within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate, and are very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is indeed one of the Cornaras, that not long ago refused to see any under a prince.

The carnival of Venice is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice, than in those of other countries, and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of a eunuch, especially when they may choose a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue, during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. "Si leva Cesare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A'lo Scampo." The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself, by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the opera of St. Angelo, that was acted at the same time. The king of the play endeavours at a rape, but the poet being resolved to save the heroine's honour, has so ordered it, that the king always acts with a great case-knife stuck in his girdle, which the lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are particular to the poets, but among the Italians there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects: and it is probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as

that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But it is no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes upon the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantalone, and Coviello. The doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that, with a deep voice, and a magisterial air, breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up with blunders and absurdities; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantalone is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the Cid, acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman *personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of showing some of their characters in masks from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antique statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature, the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him: so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the Venetians. There is a set of artisans, who, by the help of several poles, which they lay across each other's shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows, rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of Claudian, which show that the Venetians are not the inventors of this trick.

Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
Pendula librato vestigia saltu.
CLAUD. de Pros. et Olyb. Cons.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row
Points to the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the Veneti in the old poets, the city of Venice is too modern to find a place among them. Sannazarius's epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his poems.

—Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italum Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet! Lib. 3. el. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
And as a world within herself is found.
Hail, queen of Italy! for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal Rome!
Nations and seas are in thy states enroll'd,
And kings among thy citizens are told.
Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
She sits a sov'reign, unenslav'd, and free;
By thee, the rude barbarian chas'd away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

Ne tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
Ne Tu, quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis.
Lib. 2. el. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
Whose circling walls the seven fam'd hills inclose;
And thou, whose rival tow'rs invade the skies,
And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

At Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which it empties itself into the Adriatic,

——Quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis,
Virg. Georg. 4.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of Italy.

Lucan's description of the Po would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populea fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
Succendit Phaeton flagrantibus æthera loris;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perusta,
Hunc habuisse pares Phœbeis ignibus undas.
Lib. 2.

The Po, that rushing with uncommon force,
O'ersets whole woods in its tumultuous course,
And rising from Hesperia's watery veins,
Th' exhausted land of all its moisture drains
The Po, as sings the fable, first convey'd
Its wond'ring current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaeton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with reviving streams supplied,
When all the rest of the whole earth were dried,
And nature's self lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
Ægypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
Ister, casuros in quælibet æquora fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.
Idem.

Nor would the Nile more watery stores contain,
But that he stagnates on his Libyan plain:
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams, and, swelling as he flows
In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus. What makes the poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the Po as great as it is; for before its fall into the gulf, it receives into its channel the most considerable rivers of Piedmont, Milan, and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the gulf. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the *phenomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quaque jacet littus dubium, quod terra, fretumque
Vindicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus auferi.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet,
Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuet horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
Quærite, quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
Ut superi voluere, late.—— Lib. 1.

Wash'd by successive seas, the doubtful strand
By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
Moving the world of waters to and fro;
Or waning moons their settled periods keep
To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
Or the tir'd sun, his vigour to supply,
Raises the floating mountains to the sky,
And slakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
Do you who study nature's works decide:
Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire, [quire.
Nor into what the gods conceal, presumptuously in-

At Ferrara I met with nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more soldiers to defend it, than the pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The Benedictines have the finest convent of the place. They showed us in the church Ariosto's monument: his epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentia consilio, eloquentia præstantissimus.*

I came down a branch of the Po, as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna. All this space lies miserably uncultivated till you come near Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides of the road very marshy, and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from Martial's

Meliusque ranæ garriant Ravennates.
Virg. G. lib. 2.

Ravenna's frogs in better music croak.

and the description that Silius Italicus has given us of it.

Quaque gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludosæ perscindunt stagna Ravennæ.
Lib. 8.

Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide
With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the

haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of Ravenna has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the Pharos, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which, notwithstanding, are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though it is probable they took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the Venetian Campanello, and is probably the high tower mentioned by Pliny, lib. 36. cap. 12.

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little church called the Rotunda. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in Gothic characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows itself to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwrecked perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus:

——Raniæ domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

Both with the same indulgent master bless'd,
On the same day their liberty possess'd:
A shipwreck slew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common friends their fun'rals to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was, is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made freemen on the same day. If, therefore, we suppose they had been formerly shipwrecked with their master, and that he made them free at the same time, the epigram is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty as should have the good luck to save themselves. The chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four feet in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little cupola a great tomb of porphyry, and the statues of the twelve apostles; but in the war that Louis the Twelfth made on Italy, the tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the cupola, though the inhabitants say it was cracked by thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, "That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Cæsar." There is a convent of Theatins, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a dove, and to have settled on one of the candidates for the bishopric. The dove is represented in the window, and in several places of the church, and is in great reputation all over Italy. I should not indeed think it impossible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and, by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favouring a competitor, especially if he had many friends among the electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: but they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. As. Trid. concilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.* The statue of Alexander the Seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brass, has the posture that is always given the figure of a pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square, on a high pillar, is set the statue of the Blessed Virgin, arrayed like a queen with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the Holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the Italians, that one often sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glued to the canvas over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of Benedictines I saw three huge chests of marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and his sister Placidia. From Ravenna I came to Rimini, having passed the Rubicon by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Cæsar passed it according to Lucan:

Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausonitis disterminat arva colonis:
Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes. Lib. 1.

While summer lasts, the streams of Rubicon
From their spent source in a small current run,
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And Italy from neighb'ring Gaul divide;
But now, with winter storms increas'd, they rose,
By wat'ry moons produced, and Alpine snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolv'd away.

This river is now called Pisatello.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow: a marble bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A triumphal arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an amphitheatre. The Suggestum, on which it is said that Julius Cæsar harangued his army after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic: it is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient Suggestums, as I have often observed on medals, as well as on Constantine's arch, were made of wood, like a little kind of stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to fasten the boards together. We often see on them the emperor, and two or three general officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made speeches, or distributed a congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a confirmation to the learned Frabetti's conjecture on Trajan's pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the camps, intrenchments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were, in reality, only of earth, turf, or the like materials; for there are on the pillar some of these Suggestums which are figured like those on medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from Rimini stands the little republic of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of nobody else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great governments, and form from it an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

THE REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.

The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Appenines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants, as well as the historians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name: so that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their

whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100, they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where it is very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the popes' and emperors' names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they assisted Pope Pius the Second against one of the Malatestas, who was then Lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of the mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great council, in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the council of sixty. The arengo, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statue says he shall pay, *sine aliqua diminutione aut gratia*. In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two thirds of this council. Besides, that no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recorder of London under the lord mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst the republic was torn into the divisions of the Guelphs and Gibelines. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth: and that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person, who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the schoolmaster. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is despatched from the republic to any foreign state he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigourous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.

PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. TO ROME.

FROM Rimini to Loretto the towns of note are Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, and Ancona. Fano received its name from the Fane or

temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal arch erected there to Augustus: it is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of Pesaro is handsomely designed. Ancona is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The Port was made by Trajan, for which he has a triumphal arch erected to him by the seaside. The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea-vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves itself from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the Italians and voyage-writers call these of Rimini, Fano, and Ancona, triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the Romans between such honorary arches erected to emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly triumphal arches. This at Ancona was an instance of gratitude to Trajan for the port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned, were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may, however, observe the wisdom of the ancient Romans, who, to encourage their emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the medals that are stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of Galba's with a triumphal arch on the reverse, that was made by the senate's order for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The medal which was made for Trajan in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona is very common. The reverse has on it a port with a chain running across it, and betwixt them both a boat, with this inscription,

S.P.Q.R OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.

I know Fabretti would fain ascribe this medal to another occasion, but Bellorio, in his additions to Angeloni, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At Loretto I inquired for the English Jesuits' lodgings, and, on the staircase that leads to them, I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in England, as the two Garnets, Oldcorn, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the Holy House and treasury are surprisingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its princes continues in its present fervour. The last offering was made by the Queen Dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this treasury, since it lies so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But, besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would indeed be an easy thing for a Christian prince to surprise it, who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims, to secure a gate for him: for there have been sometimes to the number of 100,000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But it is probable the veneration for the Holy House, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the Catholic princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is, indeed, an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead, and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the holy see; as an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the Protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together, in so many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing country in Europe. The [illegible] of the Holy House is nobly designed, [illegible] executed by the great masters of Italy, that flourished about a hundred years ago. The statues of the Sibyls are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large crucifix, very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and, amidst all the ghastliness of the visage, has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brass, with many scripture stories rising on them in *basso relievo*. The pope's

tatue, and the fountain by it, would make a oble show in a place less beautified with so nany other productions of art. The spiery, the cellar and its furniture, the great evenues of the convent, with the story of he Holy House, are too well known to be ere insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this mposture, they seem to have taken the hint f it from the veneration that the old Ronans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which tood on Mount Capitol, and was repaired rom time to time as it fell to decay. Virgil has given a pretty image of this little hatched palace, that represents it standing n Manlius's time, 327 years after the death of Romulus:

In summo custos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat:
Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo. Æn. lib. 8.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood
To guard the temple, and the temple's god:
Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw.——— *Dryden.*

From Loretto, in my way to Rome, I passed through Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino, and Foligni. In the last there is a convent of nuns, called la Contessa, that has in the church an incomparable Madonna of Raphael. At Spoletto, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an aqueduct of a Gothic structure, that conveys the water from Mount St. Francis to Spoletto, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in Europe. They reckon, from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it, 230 yards. In my way hence to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets, for a particular quality in its waters, of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus, and Mevania that stood on the bank [illegible] are famous for the herds of victims w[illegible]ch they furnished all Italy:

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves. Prop. lib. 2.

Hinc albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos.
Georg. 2. Virg.

There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

———*Patulis Clitumnus in arvis*
Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros.
Sil. Ital. lib. 2.

———*Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis*
Explicat——— Luc. lib. 1.

———*Atque ubi latis*
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,
Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi——— Idem. lib. 6.

———*Nec si vacuat Mevania vellet,*
Aut præstent niveos Clitumni novalia taros,
Sufficiam——— Stat. Syl. lib. I.

Pinguior Hispullâ trahoretur taurus et ipsâ
Mole piger, non fœtimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret et è grandi cervix ferienda ministro.
Juv. Sat. 12.

A bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,
One of Hispulla's huge prodigious size:
Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,
But of Clitumnus whitest sacred breed:
The lively tincture of whose gushing blood
Should clearly prove the richness of his food;
A neck so strong, so large, as would command
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.
Mr. Congreve.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote Claudian.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called Interamna, for the same reason that a part of Asia was named Mesopotamia. We enter at the gate of the Three Monuments, so called, because there stood near it a monument erected to Tacitus the historian, with two others to the emperors Tacitus and Florianus, all of them natives of the place. These were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of some gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was shown a square marble, inserted in the wall, with the following inscription:

Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipii Anno post
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.

Ad Cnæum Domitium Ahenobarbum. ——— *Coss.*
providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris Augusti nati ad Æternitatem
Romani nominis sublato hoste perniciosissimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum. P. S. F. C. that is, *pecunia sua fieri curavit.*

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of Sejanus. After the name of Ahenobarbus there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *Coss.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus was consul under the reign of Tiberius,* and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the emperor Claudius; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not, therefore, improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed, like a dish, at one end; but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon, that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granite, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous cascade about three miles from Terni. It is

* Vide Fast. Consul. Sicul.

formed by the fall of the river Velino, which Virgil mentions in the seventh Æneid.—*Rosea rura Velina.*

The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to Virgil's *rosea rura*, (dewy countries.) The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this cascade, than in all the water-works of Versailles, and could not but wonder, when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old poets, especially in Claudian, who makes his Emperor Honorius go out of his way to see the river Nar, which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots herself into hell: for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the cascade is not far off that part of Italy, which has been called *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Est locus Italiæ medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens:
Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
Invisum numen terras cœlumque levabat. Æn. 7.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, Amsanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood;
Which, falling from on high, with bellowing sound
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal gate the fury flies, [skies.
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring
Dryden.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a fury to make her *exit*, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage: so that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old Roman names:

Tartarean intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit et longè Trivia lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini. Æn. 7.

The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Dryden.

He makes the sound of the Fury's trumpet run up the Nera to the very sources of Velino, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When Virgil has marked any particular quality in a river, the other poets seldom fail of copying after him.

——————*Sulphureus Nar.* AUSON.

——————*Narque albescentibus undis*
In Tibrim properans—————— SIL. IT. Lib. 1.

——————*Et Nar vitiatus odore*
Sulfuro——————
CLAUD. de Pros. et Olyb. Cons.

——————The hoary Nar,
Corrupted with the stench of sulphur, flows,
And into Tiber's streams th' infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of Narni. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except Augustus' bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in Italy. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though, by reason of its great height, it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that Martial [illegible]ns, though Mr. Ray takes them to [illegible] remains of an aqueduct.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Nernia quinto,
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi pontis frui! Lib. 2.

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;
So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From Narni I went to Otricoli, a very mean, little village, that stands where the castle of Ocriculum did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of the old Ocriculum, that lie near the banks of the Tiber. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing

laces, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and, upon inquiry, found it to be Mount Soracte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S, St. Oreste.

The fatigue of our crossing the Appennines, and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through; for, not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing to the Via Flaminia, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down Claudian's account of the journey that Honorius made from Ravenna to Rome, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

——Antiquos muros egressa Ravenna
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
Fluminaeos, certis ubi legibus advena Norus
Æstuat, et pronae puppes nunc amne secundo
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Descrit, oceani lunaribus aemula damnis;
Latior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
Despicitque vagus prorupta valle Metaurus,
** Quâ mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,*
Admisitque viam secto per viscera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxeque minantes
Appenninigenae cultas pastoribus aras:
Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quae laetis praebent armenta triumphis
Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis†
Praeterent: tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
Lentus erat; si quis gradum majore citasset,
Commistis fer[illegible] aquis camque omnibus una
Sit natura va[illegible]ulles ut corporis umbras
Ostendant: haec [illegible] novam jactantia sortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Colos dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali celatur aqua, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice sub densâ sylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis
Molibus, et quicquid tanto praemittitur urbi,
De 6 Cons. Hon.

They leave Ravenna, and the mouths of Po,
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And spreading round in one continued lake,
A spacious hospitable harbour make.
Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port:
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives them in her ancient fane enshrin'd;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow;
Till to Clitumno's sacred streams they come,
That send white victims to almighty Rome;
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughter'd hecatombs around them bleed.
At Narni's lofty seats arrived, from far
They view the windings of the hoary Nar;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers pass'd,
Old Tiber and his nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome th' admiring nations leads;
While stately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,
And show the world's metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the geography of Italy than any other of the Latin poets, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in Umbria, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which Macrobius has objected to Virgil, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which Homer's catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than Virgil's.

——Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Ætis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tinearque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perstringit mænia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.—— Sil. It. lib. 8.

Since I am got among the poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravenna,
Cùm possim multo vendere pluris aquam.
Mar. lib. 5.

Lodg'd at Ravenna, (water sells so dear,)
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.
Idem.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio.—— Sil. It. lib. 8.

The wool when shaded with Ancona's dye,
May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so, when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Upon my arrival at Rome, I took a view of St. Peter's and the Rotunda, leaving the rest till my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to con-

* A highway made by Vespasian, like the Grotto Obscuro, near Naples.

† This fountain not known.

sider what I saw. St. Peter's seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprised to find that the dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shown itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the Rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shown how the ancient figure and ornaments of the Pantheon have been changed into what they are at present. This author, who is now esteemed the best of the Roman architects, has lately written a treatise on Vespasian's amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the Christian temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of magnificence; and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the rotund. I must confess the eye is better filled at first entering the rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in architecture, than what a man meets with in St. Peter's, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward, he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes one of the beautifullest vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the architects themselves never thought of, as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old highways, that lead from Rome, one sees several little ruins on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient Romans generally buried their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.
Juv. S. 1.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our Christian epitaphs that are to be seen only in churches, or churchyards, begin often with a *Siste Viator—Viator precare salutem, &c.* probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions, that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it, without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which, for a great length, was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from Rome to Naples I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman emperors: and, notwithstanding the removal of the imperial seat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome than are now in all Italy. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This desolation appears no where greater than in the pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in Europe. Their prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expense, and is neither encumbered with wife, children, or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally

free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the Neapolitans above the rest of the Italians. There is still a benefit the pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other countries that belong to foreign princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of Rome on several occasions, as are many of the cardinals and prelates, that bring considerable sums into the pope's dominions. But, notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil is uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shows itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of increasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old, and decrepid. The many hospitals, that are every where erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with men's souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of Nepotism that Rome owes its present splendor and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons; as we may observe, though the bulk of the Roman people was more rich and happy in the times of the commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the emperors. It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plough up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: whereas, were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and, in a little time, perhaps, bring more money into the pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples was in seeing the fields, towns and rivers that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisi, when one passes this way; for, by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baia, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minus est gravis Appia tardis—— Hor.

Lucan has described the very road from Anxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Anxur. It is not indeed the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both poets.

Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et qua Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,*
Qua sublime nemus, Scythicæ qua regna Dianæ;
Quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam
Excelsa de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.
Lib. 3.

He now had conquer'd Anxur's steep ascent,
And to Pontina's watery marshes went,
A long canal the muddy fen divides,
And with a clear unsullied current glides;

* A canal the marks of it still seen.

Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And crossing through the consecrated shades
Ascends high Alba, whence with new delight
He sees the city rising to his sight.

In my way to Naples I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Liris and Vulturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Vulturno. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

——Rura quæ Liris quieta
Mordet æqua, taciturnus amnis. Hor. lib. 1. Od. 20.

Liris——qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.
Sil. It. lib. 4.

——Miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas——
Idem, lib. 8.

Where the smooth streams of Liris stray,
And steal insensibly away,
The warlike Arpine borders on the sides
Of the slow Liris, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

Vulturnusque rapax——
Cl. de Pr. et Ol. Con.

Vulturnusque celer—— Luc. lib. 2. 28.

——Fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum—— Sil. It. lib. 8.

The rough Vulturnus, furious in its course,
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans.

O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!
Mart. lib. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lies cover'd with a smooth unsinking sand!

Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine recessus
Et propius Baias littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineosque lacus
Dum colui, &c.——

On the cool shore, near Baia's gentle seats,
I lay retir'd in Anxur's soft retreats,
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chillness all around;
The grasshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.
Hor. S. 5. l. 1.

Monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur.
Sil. It. l. 4.

——Scopulosi verticis Anxur. Idem, l. 4.

Capuæ Luxum vide apud—— Idem, l. 11.

Murranus came from Anxur's show'ry height,
With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
Seated on hills——

I do not know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near Terracina, increase still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who passed this way more than once, has observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon them. Silius Italicus has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the Campania Felice.

Jam vero quos dives opum, quos dives aversum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis sedibus Oeci
Servabant; Sinuessa tepens, fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amycle,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque
Antiphatæ compressa freto, stagnisque palustri
Liternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cume,
Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæa multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non pervia Nola.
Alliphe, et Clanio contemta semper Acerra.
Sarrastes etiam populus totasque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos sulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
Ore gigantæo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,
Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita Typhœa
Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus servare secundis
Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore.
Sil. It. lib. 8.

NAPLES.

My first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the holy-week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the apostles, which are carried up and down on this occasion with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of Anjou to the crown of Spain, in which the viceroy bore his part at the left hand of Cardinal Cantelmi. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. Januarius, which liquified at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman church, and that Monsieur Paschal has hinted at among the rest, in his Marks of the true Religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

——Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flamma sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit: credeat Judæus apella,
Non ego—— Sat. 5. l. 1.

t Gaatia next arriv'd, we laugh'd to see
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,
That in the sacred temple needs would try
Without a fire th' unheated guns to fry;
Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen iesthood had the same kind of secret among em, of which the Roman Catholics are now asters.

I must confess, though I had lived above year in a Roman Catholic country, I was rprised to see many ceremonies and superstitions in Naples, that are not so much thought of in France. But as it is certain ere has been a kind of secret reformation ade, though not publicly owned, in the Roan Catholic church, since the spreading of e Protestant religion, so we find the several tions are recovered out of their ignorance, proportion as they converse more or less ith those of the reformed churches. For is reason the French are much more enghtened than the Spaniards or Italians, on casion of their frequent controversies with e Hugonots; and we find many of the oman Catholic gentlemen of our own couny, who will not stick to laugh at the superstions they sometimes meet with in other ations.

I shall not be particular in describing the randeur of the city of Naples, the beauty f its pavement, the regularity of its buildgs, the magnificence of its churches and onvents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or he delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of eisure and exactness. If a war should break ut, the town has reason to apprehend the xacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven galleys, a mole, nd two little castles, which are capable of indering an enemy's approaches. Besides hat, the sea which lies near it is not subject o storms, has no sensible flux or reflux, and s so deep, that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flatoofed, to walk upon, so that every bomb hat fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at Naples as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of Italy; for the viceroys take care to send into Spain every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of Apollo and Minerva, placed on each side of Sannazarius's tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in bas relief, Neptune among the satyrs, to show that this poet was the inventor of piscatory eclogues. I remember Hugo Grotius describes himself, in one of his poems, as the first that brought the Muses to the sea-side; but he must be understood only of the poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that Sannazarius mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expense.

——Niveis tibi si solemnia templa
Sarta damus; si maneuras tibi ponimus aras
Excisa in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ inexercitumque labori
Diva mone—— Lib. 1.

Thou bright celestial goddess, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With fairest flowers and freshest garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring rocks, whence Margelline spies
The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise;
Guide thou the pious poet, nor refuse
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The cupolas of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of Medina Cidonia, in his viceroyalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It stands so on the side of a mountain that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of Naples is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Surrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the isle of Caprea, the sea enters by a strait of about three miles wide. This island stands as a vast mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies longways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this island and the promontory of Miseno. The bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old geographers, probably from this, its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of his Æneids, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour, which he has made in his first book; for the Libyan port is but the Neapolitan bay in little:

Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.
Æn. lib. 1

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jetting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.—*Dryden.*

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though, by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage Vitruvius would have to the front of his palace, of seeing the setting sun.

One would wonder how the Spaniards, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of Naples, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the barons, who are the harshest tyrants in the world to those that are under them. The vassals indeed are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the viceroy, who, to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the crown are, notwithstanding, much more rich and happy than the vassals of the barons: insomuch that when the king has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the king, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the Spaniards have taken to grind the Neapolitans, and yet to take off the odium from themselves, has been by erecting several courts of justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said, that when Innocent the Eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the marquis answered him, that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had them at his service. These gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending: for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers, to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the genius of this people changed since Statius's time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ jurgia legis;
Morum jura viris solum et sine fascibus æquum.
SIL. lib. 3.

By love of right and native justice led,
In the straight paths of equity they tread;
Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,
Unpractis'd in the wrangliags of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the Neapolitans, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The gabels of Naples are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and, indeed, on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank, or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not Masianello's rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butchers meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibbier are tax free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the king of Spain has had occasion for money, he has borrowed it of the rich Neapolitans, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in Europe which pays greater taxes, and, at the same time, no prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the money they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their state, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their prince; but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in Naples the people could not bear it. The Spaniard however reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons, of the greatest wealth and power in Naples, are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the king of Spain will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told, too, there is a law of Charles the Fifth, something like our statute of Mortmain, which has lain dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active prince. The inhabitants of Naples have been always very notorious for leading a life

laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise artly out of the wonderful plenty of their untry, that does not make labour so necesry to them, and partly out of the temper the climate, that relaxes the fibres of their dies, and disposes the people to such an le, indolent humour. Whatever it proeeds from, we find they were formerly as mous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the anients tell us one of the sirens was buried in his city, which thence received the name of 'arthenope.

——————*Improba siren*
Desidia—————— Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2.

Sloth, the deluding siren of the mind.

——————*Et in otia natam*
Parthenopen—————— Ov. Met. l. 15.

——————*Otiosa Neapolis.* Hor. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd,
To luxury and ease unbends the mind

Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris,
Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis
Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloias, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.
Sil. It. lib. 12.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites;
The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd,
A siren, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas
The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.

Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax secura locis, et desidis otia vitæ.
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sil. lib. 3.

These are the gentle seats that I propose;
For not cold Scythia's undissolving snows,
Nor the parch'd Libyan sands thy husband bore,
But mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;
Removed from noise and the tumultuous war,
Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,
And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

THE ANTIQUITIES AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES THAT LIE NEAR THE CITY OF NAPLES.

At about eight miles distance from Naples lies a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call Virgil's tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this poet was buried at Naples, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards Vesuvio. By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of Pausilypo. The common people of Naples believe it to have been wrought by magic, and that Virgil was the magician; who is in greater repute among the Neapolitans for having made the grotto than the Æneid.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James's Park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since Seneca gave so bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of Naples. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the Sibyl's grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at Chateaudun in France, I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the German universities. He had staid a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts upon this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of freestone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of Pausilypo lie the remains of Puteoli and Bajæ, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The Lucrine lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs

having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. Mount Gaurus, from one of the fruitfullest parts in Italy, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains smoking with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of Italy, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the Roman commonwealth, embellished by many of the Roman emperors, and celebrated by the best of their poets, has now nothing to show but the ruins of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for Caligula's bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by Julius Capitolinus in the life of Antoninus Pius, who was the repairer of this mole. *Imp. Cæsari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Aet. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portus*, Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum sumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and, after a little lying in it, looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the borders of it, as Horace* has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near Puzzuola, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries. † But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia, which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legible, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which it represents the genius. There are two medals of Tiberius stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitibus Asæ Restitutis.* The emperor is represented in both sitting, with a *patera* in one hand, and a spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which, in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that nobody would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal itself lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the amphitheatre, the ancient reservoirs of water, the Sibyl's grotto, the *Centum Camere*, the sepulchre of Agrippina, Nero's mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about Naples and Rome, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottos, catacombs, rotundas, high ways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings, for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of Italy. We are therefore immediately surprised when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a Gothic cathedral in England, that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of Venus, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in stucco, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked Jupiters and Gladiators, Tritons and Centaurs, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of Naples are the catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open niches, as an eminent author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them, I find they were each of them stopped up; without doubt, as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the niche, the rest having been broken down. St. Pro-

* Lib. 2. Od. 18. Lib. 3. Od. 1. Lib. 3. Od. 24. Epist. l. 1.

† Vid. Grenovium, Fabretti, Bullifon, &c.

nius's sepulchre seems to have a kind of mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. It is probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would, indeed, wonder to find such a multitude of niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Bajæ was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Bajani Soles, and the Mollis Lucrinus; as, on the contrary, Tibur, Tusculum, Preneste, Alba, Cajetta, Mons Circeius, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
*Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine colini**
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemæi pectora monstri:
Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.
Ergo sacri fontes, et litora sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Hurculeos colles gelida vos vincite bruma,
Nunc Tibur tinis cedite frigoribus.
MAR. lib. 1. Ep. 116.

While near the Lucrine lake, consum'd to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where streams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And Baja with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with Nereids dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now the Tivoli that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about Naples are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow: a dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gunpowder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a dog was expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. Connor made a discourse in one of the academies at Rome upon the subject of this grotto, which he has since printed in England. He attributes the death of animals, and the extinction of lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole atmosphere? And for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin vial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all farther doubt, I borrowed a weather-glass, and so fixed it in the grotto, that the stagnum was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the quicksilver sunk after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it, finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very gluey or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the grotto. Its unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in water, because it wraps itself in the same manner about the flame, and, by its continuity, hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it, however, are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of gunpowder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

* Vide Hor. lib. 2. Od. 6.

It would be endless to reckon up the different baths, to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call Cicero's Bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour arising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. It is true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the arch about a mans's head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of Agnano, Avernus, and the Lucrin, have now nothing in them particular. The Monte Novo was thrown out by an eruption of fire, that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The Sulfatara is very surprising to one who has not seen Mount Vesuvio. But there is nothing about Naples, now, indeed, in any part of Italy, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain stands at about six English miles distance from Naples, though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those who survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new-ploughed land, but as you come near it, you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable cavities and interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed, uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the scorium of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think, therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps, that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained, in the melted matter, rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain, we discovered the top of it to be a wide, naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were it not made up of such a loose, crumbling earth, as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with saltpetre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of Vesuvio, that goes shelving down on all sides till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red, and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly, we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely, had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the midst of them, so that it increases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A gentleman of Naples told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off in their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in calm, warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of Naples, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with snow, which they here use instead of ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in *fresco*, and every body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch, that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country. To prevent this, the king has sold the monopoly of it to certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sunshine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on asses to the sea side, where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that, from time to time, supply the whole city of Naples. While the banditti continued their disorders in this kingdom, they often put the snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the Latin poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall, therefore, conclude it with the general map which Silius Italicus has given us of this great bay of Naples. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from Naples to Rome.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Sulfuso virus cœlo, Stygiique per urbes
Religione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces
Laxat et horrendas aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum
Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine cæspes
Ostentant; tellus atra exhalante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exibilat antris,
Interdumque cavos luctatus rumpere opdas,
Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, laceratæque viscera terræ
Mandit, et excesos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole Gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, et spiramine anhelo
Torreri late campos, quotiesque minantur
Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cœlum.
Apparet procul lacrimæ, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem promit lapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem, et siquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
Monstrantur Vesevæ juga, atque in vertice summo
Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ
Mons circum, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia saxa.
Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipse littore Baulos.
Lib. 12.

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,
Averno now with milder virtues bless'd;
Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:
Clouds of unwholesome vapours, rais'd on high.
The fluttering bird entangled in the sky,
Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
An awful horror, and religious dread.
Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
That mingles with the baleful streams below,
And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
Opens a dismal passage to the dead,
Who, pale with fear, the rending earth survey,
And startle at the sudden flash of day.
The dark Cimmerian grotto then he paints,
Describing all its old inhabitants,
That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd;
Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke
And covered all the blasted plain with smoke:
Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
Eating their way, and undermining all,
Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
Here, as 'tis said, the rebel giants lie,
And when to move th' incumbent load they try,
Ascending vapours on the day prevail,
The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
Next to the distant isle his sight he turns,
That o'er the thunderstruck Tiphœus burns:
Enraged, his wide-extended jaws expire,
In angry whirlwinds, blasphemies, and fire,
Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,
Again to challenge Jove, and fight the gods.
On Mount Vesuvio next he fix'd his eyes,
And saw the smoking tops confus'dly rise;
(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
A second Ætna to the view present.
Miseno's cape and Baull last he view'd,
That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake Averno in Hannibal's time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his poem; because Agrippa, who lived between Hannibal and Silius, had cut down the woods that inclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.

THE ISLE OF CAPREA.

Having stayed longer at Naples than I at first designed, I could not dispense with myself from making a little voyage to the Isle of Caprea, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of Augustus for some time, and the residence of Tiberius for several years. The island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock, vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea side: it has, however, the greatest town in the island, that goes under the name of Ano-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the isle rises up in precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with vines, figs, oranges, almonds, olives, myrtles, and fields of corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little landscape imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the bishop's palace, and two or three convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the side of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with masons' work, though, at present, they appear overgrown with grass. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth, was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high, and arched at top: I have not, indeed, seen the remains of any ancient Roman buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms, I am mentioning, stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing-places or reservoirs of water. An old hermit lives at present among the ruins of this palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found medals and pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a gentleman of the island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of Surrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvio; that mountain, probably, which, after the first eruption, looked like a great pile of ashes, was, in Tiberius's time, shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think Martial's epigram may here serve as a comment to Tacitus.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plus Bacchus amavit:
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi funditè:
Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.
Lib. 2. Ep. 88.

Vesuvio cover'd with the fruitful vine,
Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
And his own native Nisa less admir'd;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
The frisking Satyrs on the summits dance'd;
Alcides here, here Venus grac'd the shore,
Nor lov'd her fav'rite Lacedæmon more.
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
The gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared to those, who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a palace; unless we may suppose that the Pharos of Caprea stood there, which Statius takes notice of in his poem that invites his wife to Naples, and is, I think, the most natural among the Silvæ.

Nec desunt varia circùm oblectamina vitæ,
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ,
Dulce sit, iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
Telebeumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
Lumina noctivaga tollit Pharis æmula lunæ,
Caræque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo. Lib. 1.

The blissful seats with endless pleasures flow,
Whether to Baja's sunny shores you go,
And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
Or the dark grot of the prophetic maid,
Or steep Miseno from the Trojan nam'd,
Or Gaurus for its flowing vintage fam'd,
Or Caprea, where the lantern fix'd on high
Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
While by its beams the wary sailor steers,
Or where Surrentum, clad in vines, appears.

They found in Ano-Caprea, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors; but what recommended it most to Tiberius, was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which are generally so very steep,

at a handful of men might defend them
ainst a powerful army.

We need not doubt but Tiberius had his
ferent residences, according as the seasons
the year, and his different sets of pleasure
quired. Suetonius says, *duodecim villas
idem nominibus ornavit.* The whole
and was probably cut into several easy
cents, planted with variety of palaces, and
orned with as great a multitude of groves
d gardens as the situation of the place
uld suffer. The works under ground
ere, however, more extraordinary than
ose above it; for the rocks were all un-
rmined with highways, grottos, galleries,
gnios, and several subterraneous retire-
ents, that suited with the brutal pleasures
the emperor. One would, indeed, very
uch wonder to see such small appearances
the many works of art, that were formerly
be met with in this island, were we not
ld that the Romans, after the death of
iberius, sent hither an army of pioneers on
urpose to demolish the buildings, and de-
ce the beauties of the island.

In sailing round Caprea we were enter-
ined with many rude prospects of rocks
d precipices, that rise in several places
alf a mile high in perpendicular. At the
ottom of them are caves and grottos, formed
y the continual breaking of the waves upon
em: I entered one which the inhabitants
ll *Grotto Obscuro*, and after the light of
e sun was a little worn off my eyes, could
e all the parts of it distinctly, by a glim-
ering reflection that played upon them from
e surface of the water. The mouth is
w and narrow, but, after having entered
retty far in, the grotto opens itself on both
des in an oval figure of a hundred yards
om one extremity to the other, as we were
ld, for it would not have been safe mea-
uring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils
esh water from every part of it, which fell
pon us as fast as the first droppings of a
ower. The inhabitants and Neapolitans
ho have heard of Tiberius's grottos, will
ave this to be one of them, but there are
everal reasons that show it to be natural.
'or besides the little use we can conceive of
uch a dark cavern of salt waters, there are
o where any marks of the chisel; the sides
re of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees
many of the like hollow spaces worn in the
ottoms of the rocks, as they are more or
ess able to resist the impressions of the wa-
er that beats against them.

Not far from this grotto lie the *Sirenum
scopuli*, which Virgil and Ovid mention in
Eneas's voyage; they are two or three sharp
ocks that stand about a stone's throw from
he south-side of the island, and are gener-
lly beaten by waves and tempests, which
re much more violent on the south than on
he north of Caprea.

*Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca assidue longè sale saxa sonabant.*
Æn. lib. 6.

*Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.*
Dryden.

I have before said that they often find medals in this island. Many of those they call the *Sphintriæ*, which Aretin has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in Patin's edition of Suetonius, illustrated by medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of Tiberius, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which Suetonius calls *monstrosi concubitus repertores*, and on the other the number of the medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on the emperor, because raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the Upper Empire, besides the *Sphintriæ*, that lie under any suspicion of it. The first is one of Marcus Aurelius, where, in compliment to the emperor and empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of Venus caressing Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars.

*——Quoniam belli fera munera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Reficit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris.*
Lucr. lib. I.

The Venus has Faustina's face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

*Tu scabie fruaris mali quod in aggere redit,
Qui tegitur, parmâ et galeâ——* Juv. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to mind Faustina's fondness for the gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of satire. But besides, that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dared to affront the wife of Aurelius, and the mother of Commodus, or that they could think of giving offence to an empress whom they afterwards deified, and to an emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other medal is a golden one of Gallienus, preserved in the French king's cabinet; it is inscribed *Gallienæ Augustæ, Pax Ubique*, and was stamped at a time when the emperor's father was in bondage, and the empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure, if raillery had once entered the old Roman coins, we should have been overstocked with

medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at the lessening of each other's character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These medals of Tiberius were never current money, but rather of the nature of medallions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. Suetonius tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, libris que Elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in opera edenda exemplar impetratæ schemæ deesset.* The *Elephantis* here mentioned is probably the same Martial takes notice of for her book of postures.

In Sabellum.

Fœcundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ.
Quales, &c. ——— Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in Augustus's cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Venerisque figuras
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco.
De Trist. lib. 2.

There are several of the *sigilla*, or seals, Suetonius speaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient *intaglios*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt, that these coins were rather made by the emperor's order, than as a satire on him, is because they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his unnatural lusts:

———*Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit*
Incesto possessa seni? ———
Cl. de 4to Cons. Hon.

Who has not heard of Caprea's guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old emperor?

FROM NAPLES TO ROME, BY SEA.

I took a felucca at Naples to carry me to Rome, that I might not be forced to run over the same sights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyage-writers have not so particularly described. As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from Naples to Rome, described by Virgil. It is, indeed, much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out by capes, islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount Pausilypo makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: at a small distance from it lies the little island of Nisida, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole island looks like a large terrace-garden. It has two little ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that Lucan mentions.

———*Tali spiramine Nesis*
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis. Lib. 6.

Nesis' high rocks such Stygian air produce,
And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From Nisida we rowed to Cape Miseno. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by Agrippa, who made this the great port for the Roman fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of Ravenna held the ships designed for the Adriatic and Archipelago. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre, or monument, to those that survey it from the land, which, perhaps, might occasion Virgil's burying Misenus under it. I have seen a grave Italian author, who has written a very large book on the *Campania Felix*, that from Virgil's description of this mountain, concludes it was called Aerius before Misenus had given it a new name.

At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,
Monte sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.
Æn. lib. 6.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old Misenum, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the Piscina Mirabilis. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others more probably suppose them to be Nero's baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of Procita, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis de Vasto.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of Ischia, that stands farther out into the sea. The ancient poets call it *Inarime*, and lay Typhæus under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the earth is cold, and overrun with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are, indeed, several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke, but it is probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this island is plentifully stocked. I observed about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the steam of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of Ischia lies a round lake, of about three quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow

tract of land. It was formerly a Roman port. On the north end of this island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procita. Virgil makes them both shake at the fall of part of the Mole of Bajæ, that stood at a few miles distance from them.

Qualis in Euboico Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea illa cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Constructam jaciunt pelago: sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;
Miscent se maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis Imperiis imposta Typhœo. Æn. 9.

Not with less ruin than the Bajan mole
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Trembles high Prochyta, and Ischia roars;
Typhæus roars beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
Dryden.

I do not see why Virgil, in this noble comparison, has given the epithet of *alta* to Procita, for it is not only no high island in itself, but is much lower than Ischia, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I should think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did Virgil make use of so equivocal a syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this place, the lame imitation Silius Italicus has made of the foregoing passage.

Haud aliter struoto Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cærula pulsu
Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquora montem. Lib. 4.

So vast a fragment of the Bajan mole,
That fix'd amid the Tyrrhene waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,
Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,
And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
That in his angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning, going to Cumæ through a very pleasant path, by the Mare Mortuum, and the Elysian Fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. Cumæ is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since Lucan's time, if the poem to Piso be his.

——*Acidalia quæ condidit Alite muros*
Euboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful Naples lie,
That may for multitudes with Cumæ vie.

They show here the remains of Apollo's Temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same Virgil describes in his sixth Æneid, as built by Dædalus, and that the very story which Virgil there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe, sacravit
Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum, Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnossia tellus, &c.
Æn. lib. 6.

To the Cumean coast at length he came.
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscribed to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeo's death, and offrings to his ghost.
Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete;
And next to those the dreadful urn was placed,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast.
Dryden.

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up within less than a hundred yards of the entrance by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the Sibyl's grotto. It lies, indeed, in the same line with the entrance near the Avernus, is faced alike with the *opus reticulatum*, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as perhaps thought it a better shelter against the sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expense. As for the mosaic, and other works, that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in latter ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the Cimmerians is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as Strabo relates it; but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. Homer's description of the Cimmerians, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern:

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells;
Hid in th' unwholesome covert of the night,
They shun the approaches of the cheerful light:
The sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets
Unhappy mortals!—— *Odyss.* lib. 10.

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneïa nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam Cajeta dedisti:
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperiâ in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat.
Æn. 7.

And thou, O matron, of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Dryden.

I saw at Cajeto the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chapel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the evangelist, *Ecce terræ-motus factus est magnus.* I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long be-

fore the time of the Latin writers, or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at Monte Circeio, which Homer calls Insula Æea, whether it be that it was formerly an island, or that the Greek sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain, joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which perhaps gave the first rise to the howlings of wolves, and the roarings of lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. Virgil's description of Æneas passing by this coast can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of Cajeta's funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis
Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quietrunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
Assidue resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et sera sub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea saeva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent,
Neptunus centis implevit vela secundis:
Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vexit.
Æn. lib. 7.

Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with seals display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose, by night
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun)
A dangerous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast;
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Dryden.

Virgil calls this promontory Æeæ Insula Circes in the third Æneid, but it is the hero, and not the poet, that speaks. It may, however, be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an island in Æneas's time. As for the thick woods, which not only Virgil but Homer mention in the beautiful description that Plato and Longinus have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil that leans that way.

The next place we touched upon was Nettuno, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles distance from it lie the ruins of Antium, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and, what are always the last parts that perish in a ruin, many subterraneous grottos and passages of a great length. The foundations of Nero's port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the same emperor has a medal struck in his own name for the port of Ostia, which, in reality, was a work of his predecessor Claudius. The last pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand duke, to divert his holiness from his project of making Civita Vecchia a free port. There lies between Antium and Nettuno a cardinal's villa, which is one of the pleasantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the Fortunæ Antiates, and Martial the Sorores Antii. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti, and others, are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the goddesses who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which, indeed, may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows, at least, they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two deities,

first line relating indifferently to either. at which I have marked speaks to the dess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to Nemesis of the good, and the other to goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis he wicked.

Diva gratum quæ regis Antium;
nsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.

sat goddess, Antium's guardian power,
hose force is strong, and quick to raise
e lowest to the highest place;
Or, with a wondrous fall,
To bring the haughty lower,
d turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c. *Creech.*

f we take the first interpretation of Fortunes for the double Nemesis, the pliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the stanza clearer than commentators usu- make it, for the *clavi trabales, cunei, us, liquidumque plumbum*, were actu- used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth the Tiber, into which we entered with e danger, the sea being generally pretty gh in the parts where the river rushes it. The season of the year, the muddi- s of the stream, with the many green s hanging over it, put me in mind of the ightful image that Virgil has given us, en Æneas took the first view of it.

tque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
rospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœnæ
ortlcibus rapidis et multa flavus arena,
e mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
mperat, et lætus fluvio succedit opaco.
Æn. lib. 7.

he Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood;
etwixt the trees the Tiber took its course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
nd roll'd his yellow billows to the sea;
bout him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon the side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
Dryden.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of port of Ostia, what its figure was when stood whole and entire. I shall, therefore, down the medal, that I have before men- ned, which represents it as it was formerly. It is worth while to compare Juvenal's de- iption of this port with the figure it makes the coin.

Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenumque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
Italiam; non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit——
Juv. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty mole she gets,
Our Tyrrhene Pharos, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wondrous Nature ne'er design'd.
Dryden's Juv.

The seas may very properly be said to be inclosed (*inclusa*) between the two semicircular moles that almost surround them. The Colossus, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the Pharos in the second line. The two moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the Pharos, are very poetically described by the

——*Porrectaque brachia, rursus*
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
Italiam:——

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, till their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of Neptune sits. The poet's reflection on the haven is very just, since there are few natural ports better land-locked, and closed on all sides, than this seems to have been. The figure of Neptune has a rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbour for navigation, as he is represented himself at the entrance of it, to show it stood in the sea. The dolphin distinguishes him from a river god, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other medals. What is meant we may learn from the Greek epigram on the figure of a Cupid that had a dolphin in one hand and a flower in the other.

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κατέχει δελφῖνα καὶ ἄνθος,
Τῇ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν τῇδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper emblem graces either hand,
In one he holds the sea, in one the land.

Half a day more brought us to Rome, through a road that is commonly visited by travellers.

ROME.

It is generally observed, that modern Rome stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently, one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of Rome: it being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of, who observes how far several buildings that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reason the present face of Rome is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the low

grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in Rome two sets of antiquities, the Christian and the Heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient authors; for a man who is in Rome can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a Latin poet or historian. Among the remains of old Rome, the grandeur of the commonwealth shows itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walls, and bridges of the city. On the contrary, the magnificence of Rome, under the emperors, is seen principally in such works as were rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in baths, amphitheatres, circuses, obelisks, triumphant pillars, arches and mausoleums; for what they added to the aqueducts was rather to supply their baths and naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them. These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of Grævius, that it is very difficult to make any new discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is, however, so much to be observed in so spacious a field of antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing of its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs, and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen deities, and the descriptions that the Latin poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the ancienter of the two, I question not but the Roman poets were the copiers of the Greek statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the statuaries took their subjects from the poets. The Laocoon is too known an instance among many others that are to be met with at Rome. In the villa Aldobrandina are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the Cæstus, who are probably the Dares and Entellus of Virgil; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient Cæstus, that it only consisted of many large throngs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old poets hint at several parts of sculpture, that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that, therefore, such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the author's contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of Juvenal that his commentators have not taken notice of: the first runs thus,

Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nudo
Barbato ——— Sat. 6.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard.
Dryden.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some other statue of this god, with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at Rome, than it can to us, who have no such idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a temple dedicated to the young Jupiter, called *Templum Væjovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis*.* Juvenal, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of Hercules holding up Antæus from the earth:

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æqual
Herculis Antæum procul à tellure tenentis. Sat. 1.

His long crane-neck and yellow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules
Lifting Antæus ——— *Dryden.*

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated statues of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some public place or highway near Rome? And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which Juvenal here describes, on antique intaglios and medals; nay, Propertius has taken notice of the very statues:

——— *Luctantum in pulvere signa*
Herculis Antæique ——— Lib. 3. eg. 1.

Antæus here and stern Alcides strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy:

Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, quæ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manent: humor in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus. Od. 13.

* Vide Ovid de Fastis, lib. 3. Ecl. 7.

While Telephus's youthful charms,
His rosy neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart enraged by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats:
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, d we not observe in the old Roman statues, at these two parts were always bare, and :posed to view, as much as our hands and ce are at present. I cannot leave Juvenal ithout taking notice that his

Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.
Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight. *Dryden.*

'as not anciently so great an hyberbole as it now, for I have seen old Roman rings so ery thick about, and with such large stones ı them, that it is no wonder a fop should eckon them a little cumbersome in the sumner season of so hot a climate.

It is certain that satire delights in such llusions and instances as are extremely atural and familiar. When, therefore, we ee any thing in an old satirist that looks orced and pedantic, we ought to consider ow it appeared in the time the poet writ, nd whether or no there might not be some articular circumstances to recommend it to he readers of his own age, which we are now leprived of. One of the finest ancient statues n Rome is a Meleager with a spear in his and, and the head of a wild boar on one side f him. It is of Parian marble, and as yelow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient *basso relievos*, and on the sides of the sarcophagi, r funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the rms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the Pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the Christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman.

——*Quibus aspirantibus orti*
Te, Meleagre, coluni—— MANIL. lib. 1.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth satire of Juvenal, in a much better light than if we suppose that the poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans:

——*Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri*
Spumet aper—— Juv. Sat. 5.

A boar entire, and worthy of the sword
Of Meleager, smokes upon the board. *Bowles.*

In the beginning of the ninth satire, Juvenal asks his friend, why he looks like Marsya when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole tristis
Occurris fronte obducta, seu Marsya victus?

Tell me why, saunt'ring thus from place to place,
I meet thee, Nævolus, with a clouded face?
Dryden's Juvenal.

Some of the commentators tell us, that Marsya was a lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the satyr, Marsyas, who contended with Apollo; which I think is more humorous than the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of Apollo flaying Marsya in the midst of the Roman Forum, as there are still several ancient statues of Rome on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth satire of Juvenal, that I could never tell what to make of, till I had got the interpretation of it from one of Bellorio's ancient *basso relievos*.

Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque cassis
Romuleæ simulachra feræ mansuescere jussæ
Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hasta,
Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti.
Juv. Sat. 11.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threat'ning death to each resisting foe.
Dryden's Juv.

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old Roman soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus: the second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so intelligible. Some of the commentators tell us, that the god here mentioned is Mars, that he comes to see his two sons sucking the wolf, and that the old sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *pendentis*; some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *alto relievo*, as in the foregoing translation. Lubin supposes that the god Mars was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that *pendentis* ought to be *perdentis*; but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the word is certainly as follows: The Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets the

first history of Romulus, who was begot by the god of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending on the priestess Ilia, or, as others call her, Rhea Silvia. The occasion required his body should be naked:

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos
Cepit, ut huic urbi semina magna dares.
Ov. de Fast. lib. 3.

Then too, our mighty sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,
When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charm'd,
That Rome's high founder bore———

Though on other occasions he is drawn, as Horace has described him, *Tunica cinctum adamantina.* The sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medalists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin, in which sense the word *pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique *basso relievo*, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of Antoninus Pius, as a compliment to that emperor, whom, for his excellent government and conduct of the city of Rome, the senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas mane petebat aquas:
Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.
Dum sedet, umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ
Fecerunt somnos, et leve murmur aquæ;
Blanda quies victis furtim subrepit ocellis,
Et cadit a mento languida facta manus.
Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
Et sua divinâ furca fefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam scilicet intra
Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.
Ov. de Fast. lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast,
To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair:
While thus she rested on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadows stray'd,
In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye,
And by so tempting an occasion press'd:
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in Seneca the tragedian:

———*Primus emergit solo*
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus——— Sen. Œdip. Act. 3.

———First Zetus rises through the ground,
Bending the bull's tough neck with pain,
That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the poet had here in view the posture of Zetus in the famous group of figures, which represents the two brothers binding Dirce to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical instruments that are to be seen in the hands of the Apollos, muses, fauns, satyrs, bacchanals, and shepherds, which might certainly give a great light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern music. It would, perhaps, be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than are now in use. By the appearance they make in marble, there is not one string-instrument that seems comparable to our violins, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the plectrum, so that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible swellings and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern music. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The Syringa, for example, has sometimes four, and sometimes more pipes, as high as to twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their harps, and of stops on their Tibiæ, which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who, from a verse, perhaps, in Virgil's Eclogues, or a short passage in a classic author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of their pipes, strings, and stops. It is, indeed, the usual fault of the writers of antiquities, to straiten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and, if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a passage: as the learned German author, quoted by Monsieur Bardelot, who had probably never seen any thing of a household god, more than a canopus, affirms roundly, that all the ancient lares were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the system-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of antiquity that are still to be seen in Rome. How many dresses are there for each particular deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient urns, lamps, lachrymary vessels, priapuses, household gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described within an

ncient author, and would probably be all so, ere they still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam Dacier, from some old cuts f Terence, fancies that the larva or persona f the Roman actors, was not only a vizard r the face, but had false hair to it, and ame over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at Rome, I remember have seen but two that are the figures of ctors, which are both in the Villa Matthei. One sees on them the fashion of the old ock and larva, the latter of which answers he description that is given of it by this earned lady, though I question not but everal others were in use; for I have seen he figure Thalia, the comic muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, ometimes with about half the head, and a ittle friz, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in Phædrus, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces:

Personam tragicam forti vulpes viderat:
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!
Lib. 1. fab. 7.

As wily Renard walk'd the streets at night,
On a tragedian's mask he chanc'd to light,
Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain!

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phædrus, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks:

Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo. Lib. 3. Ep. 43.

Why shouldst thou try to hide thyself in youth?
Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth,
And, laughing at so fond and vain a task,
Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the Villa Borghese is the bust of a young Nero, which shows us the form of an ancient Bulla on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as Macrobius describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet; so that, without establishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the artist or wearer. There are many figures of gladiators at Rome, though I do not remember to have seen any of the Retiarius, the Samnite, or the antagonist to the Pinnirapus. But what I could not find among the statues, I met with in two antique pieces of mosaic, which are in the possession of a cardinal. The Retiarius is engaged with the Samnite, and has had so lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot, yet his antagonist recovered himself out of the toils, and was conqueror, according to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the Pinnirapus, who is armed like the Samnite, and not like the Retiarius, as some learned men have supposed: on the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two Pinnæ, that stand upon either side like the wings in the Petasus of a Mercury, but rise much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the Roman antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old Romans were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient *basso relievos*, statues, and medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of architecture which were borrowed from it. A heathen ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilios that attended the different kinds of sacrifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For, not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior Antonio Politi's collection, a patera without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as Macrobius describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed perhaps several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the discus, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated Castor at Don Livio's, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss:

Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusûs
Tollere Tænarides orbem properabat——
——De Hyacinthi disco. Ov. Met. lib. 10.

Th' unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a multitude of clothed statues at Rome, I could never discover the several different Roman garments, for it is very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides, that the Roman garments did not differ from each other, so much by the shape as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chisel. I observed, in abundance of bas reliefs, that the *cinctus gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that Ferrarius has made of it. *Cinctus gabinus non aliud fuit quam cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio subducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque et strictiorem reddidit. De re Vestiar.* L. 1. c. 14. Lipsius's de-

scription of the Samnite armour seems drawn out of the very words of Livy; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at Rome, dressed in this kind of armour, gives a much different explication of Livy from what Lipsius has done. This figure was superscribed *BA. TO. NI.* from whence Fabretti* concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator Bato, who, after having succeeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor Caracalla. The manner of punctuation after each syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince Cesarini, I saw busts of all the Antonine family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from Albano, in a place where is supposed to have stood a villa of Marcus Aurelius. There are the heads of Antoninus Pius, the Faustina's Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, a young Commodus, and Annius Verus, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old Rome are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for, doubtless, there are greater treasures of this nature under ground than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old authors, as the places where such particular statues and obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the palatine mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of Rome:

Ecce Palatine crevit reverentia montis,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus late populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse Larem, nullosque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris.
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis——

CLAUD. de Sexto Consulat. Honorii.

The Palatine, proud Rome's imperial seat,
(An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In supplicating crowds, to learn their doom:
To Delphi less th' inquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
This sure the pompous mansion was design'd
To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
Inferior temples rise on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace stand,
While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidst her guardian gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the Prince Farnese, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up till he sees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in Rome who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and, after having made essays into it, as they do for coal in England, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been before hand with them. However, they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown two spaces of ground, where part of Nero's golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers, are several very ancient trees which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. It is a pity there is not something like a public register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water; besides what the insolence of a brutish conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-shore of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks: nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proferred the pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, till they had cleared the old for its reception. The pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people;

* Vid. Fabr. de Columna Trajani.

hough I do not see why such a design might ot be executed now with as little danger as n Augustus's time, were there as many hands mployed upon it. The city of Rome would eceive a great advantage from the underaking, as it would raise the banks and deepn the bed of the Tiber, and by consequence ree them from those frequent inundations o which they are so subject at present; for he channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below r above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found, there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular deities and emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and admirers. Thus Ceres, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the gods or goddesses, as several of the Roman empresses took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent emperor, Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only these, but of such as had no relation, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying Cleopatra, the Narcissus, the fawn leaning against the trunk of a tree, the boy with a bird in his hand, the Leda and her swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always looked upon figures of this kind as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture, and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the Venus de Medicis, the Silenus with the young Bacchus in his arms, the Hercules Farnese, the Antinous, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the Venus of Medicis than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. It has always been usual for sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *basso relievos*. I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young Roman lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The sculptor had chosen the rape of Proserpine for his device, where in one end you might see the god of the dead (Pluto) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin (Proserpine), and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several Sarcophagi, that have inclosed the ashes of men and boys, maids or matrons; for, when the thought took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the sculptors applied it promiscuously. I know there are authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprised to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a Priapus, and in the Villa Pamphilia is seen a satyr coupling with a goat. There are, however, many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the *basso relievos* without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called Homer's Apotheosis, and consists of a group of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above another by four or five different ascents. Jupiter sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as Homer himself represents him, presides over the ceremony:

Ευρον δ' ἐνρόσπα χρονίδην ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων
Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειρόδος Ουλύμποιο.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine Muses, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the poet. Homer himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the Iliad, or actions of Achilles, as the other has an *aplustre* to represent the Odyssey, or voyage of Ulysses. About the poet's feet are creeping a couple of mice, as an emblem of the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind the chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper attributes, and putting a garland on the poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an altar, with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new god, and behind the victim a train of the several virtues that are represented in Homer's works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the Constable Colonna, but never shown to those who see the palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at Rome, I could not but take

particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the Roman antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of Donatus; as the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, the arches of Drusus Germanicus, and Septimius Severus, the temples of Janus, Concord, Vesta, Jupiter Tonans, Apollo and Faustina, the Circus Maximus, Agonalis, and that of Caracalla, or, according to Fabretti, of Galienus, of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Alexander Severus's bath; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *meta sudans* and *pons ælius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of medals; the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious; nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of Monsieur Vaillant, esteemed more authentic by the present Roman medalists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of medals with a very curious one, as large as a medallion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the Emperor Trajan, the reverse has on it the Circus Maximus, and a view of the side of the Palatine mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous temple of Apollo, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This medal I saw in the hands of Monseigneur Strozzi, brother to the duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger, who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the great pieces of architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, Nero's golden house, the Moles Adriani, the Septizonium of Severus, the Baths of Dioclesian, &c. But since it was the custom of the Roman emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on medals, more extraordinary than those that are: we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient statues, who compare them with medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in history and antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decipher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at Rome, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the kings and consuls, emperors and empresses, the deities and virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learned by any other means. In the Villa Pamphilia stands the statue of a man in woman's clothes, which the antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an hermaphrodite; but a learned medalist in Rome has lately fixed it to Clodius, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the *bona dea* in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a medal of the Clodian family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback. The oldest medal that the first appears upon is one of Commodus, the second on one of Faustina, the third on one of Antoninus Pius, and the last on one of Lucius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these statues were extremely celebrated among the old Romans, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family, for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of Marcus Aurelius's face, for I have seen this reverse on a medallion of Don Livio's cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior Marc. Antonio. It is generally objected, that Lucius Verus would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of Marcus Aurelius. But it is very well known that an emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose Lucius Verus would omit no opportunity of doing honour to Marcus Aurelius, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the empire. The famous Antinous in the Belvidere must have been made too about this age, for he died towards the middle of Adrian's reign, the immediate predecessor of Antoninus Pius. This entire figure, though not to be found in medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur La Chausse, the author of the Museum Romanum, showed me an Antinous that he has published in his last volume, cut in a cornelian, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a Mercury, and is the finest *intaglio* that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in Rome more surprising than the amazing variety of ancient pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old; for, not to mention what a huge column of granite, serpentine, or porphyry, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from Egypt to Rome, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion and polish. It is well known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is indeed a Milanese at Rome who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of porphyry worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months continual application before he could bring it into that form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of mines and quarries. The most valuable pillars about Rome, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental jasper in St. Paulina's chapel at St. Maria Maggiore; two of oriental granite in St. Pudenziana; one of transparent oriental jasper in the Vatican library; four of Nero-Bianco in St. Cecilia Transtevere; two of Brocatello, and two of oriental agate in Don Livio's palace; two of Giallo Antico in St. John Lateran, and two of Verdi Antique in the villa Pamphilia. These are all entire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among these old pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of Livia's portico. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of St. Maria in Campitello, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole in the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light, passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old Roman pillars, Monsieur Desgodetz, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of Egypt, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to Rome: others say that the ancients, knowing architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the Italians call the *gusto grande*, than of any negligence in the architect; for they say the ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevatious from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an Ionic pillar in the Santa Maria Transtevere, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that Palladio learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, those of Trajan and Antonine. There could not be a more magnificent design than that of Trajan's pillar. Where could an emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece in Antonine's pillar is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that Jupiter here makes among the clouds, put me in mind of a passage in the Æneid, which gives just such another image of him. Virgil's interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it nothing but the air which is here meant by Jupiter:

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hœdis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cœlo cava nubila rumpit.
Æn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry kids arise;
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.
Dryden.

I have seen a medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The emperor is entitled on it Germanicus, (as it was in the wars of Germany that this circumstance happened,) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the Heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayer of their

legion. *Fulmen de cælo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluvia impetrata cum siti laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

Claudian takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason for it:

——Ad templa vocatus,
Clemens Marcs, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctus
Exuit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem
Decidit: hunc doros trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
Subsedit galea, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
Tunc, contenta poli, mortalis nescia toli
Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos; seu, quod ror, omne tonantis
Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.
De Sexto Cons. Hons.

So mild Aurelius to the gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
When Latium from unnumber'd foes was freed:
Nor did he then by his own force succeed;
But with descending show'rs of brimstone fir'd,
The wild barbarian in the storm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horseman rag'd,
And spurr'd the steed, in equal flames engag'd:
Another pent in his scorch'd armour glow'd,
While from his head the melting helmet flow'd;
Swords by the lightning's subtle force distill'd,
And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd:
No human arm its weak assistance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the battle fought;
Whether dark magic and Chaldean charms
Had fill'd the skies, and set the gods in arms;
Or good Aurelius (as I more believe)
Deserv'd whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. Dacier, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of Marcus Aurelius, has taken notice, either of the fore-mentioned figure on the pillar of Marcus Antoninus, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of Claudian.

It is pity the obelisks in Rome had not been charged with several parts of the Egyptian histories of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of Constantine is not only the noblest of any in Rome, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from Trajan's arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of Rome, who were then most of them Heathens. There is however something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the emperor's vision. *Imp. Cæs. Fl. Constantino Maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod* instinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quam de omni ejus factione uno tempore justis Rempublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit.* There is no statue of this emperor at Rome with a cross to it, though the ecclesiastical historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son Constantius, where he is crowned by a victory on the reverse with this inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ☧. This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, show us that architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprised not to find the cross in Constantine's arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of Jerusalem on that of Titus, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river Jordan. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of Solomon's temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes as are to be met with in several of the Roman churches and chapels; for, having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and, at the same time, so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of Rome, the last still endeavouring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present pontificate, if the wars and confusions of Italy will give them leave; for, as the pope is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, so at Rome any of these arts immediately thrive under the encouragement of the prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on Rome, with a letter of King Henry the Eighth to Anne of Bulleyn, transcribed out of the famous manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of Salisbury assures us is written with the king's own hand:

"The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own, praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise I long for it; howbeit, I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would

ive now. As touching your sister's mother, have consigned Walter Welsh to write to y Lord Manwring my mind therein, where- r I trust he shall not have power to disseid; r surely whatever is said, it cannot so stand ith his honour, but that he must needs take s natural daughter in her extreme neces- ty. No more to you at this time, my own arling, but that with a whistle I wish we ere together one evening; by the hand of ours, "HENRY."

These letters are always shown to an En- ishman that visits the Vatican library.

OWNS WITHIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME.

I SPENT three or four days on Tivoli, rescati, Palestrina, and Albano. In our ay to Tivoli I saw the rivulet of Salforata, rmerly called Albula, and smelt the stench at arises from its waters some time before saw them. Martial mentions this offensive nell in an epigram of the fourth book, as he es the rivulet itself in the first:

Quod siccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. 4. Ep. 4.

The drying marshes such a stench convey,
Such the rank steams of reeking Albula.

Itur ad Herculeas gelidas quà Tiburis arcus,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.
Lib. 1. Ep. 5.

As from high Rome to Tivoli you go,
Where Albula's sulphureous waters flow.

The little lake that gives rise to this river, ith its floating islands, is one of the most xtraordinary natural curiosities about Rome. t lies in the very flat of Campania, and, as is the drain of these parts, it is no wonder at it is so impregnated with sulphur. It as at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that pon throwing in a stone the water boils for considerable time over the place which has een stirred up. At the same time are seen ttle flakes of scurf rising up, that are pro- ably the parts which compose the islands, r they often mount of themselves, though e water is not troubled.

I question not but this lake was formerly uch larger than it is at present, and that e banks have grown over it by degrees, in e same manner as the islands have been rmed on it. Nor is it improbable, but that, the process of time, the whole surface of may be crusted over, as the islands enlarge emselves, and the banks close in upon em. All about the lake, where the ground dry, we found it to be hollow by the tram- ing of our horses' feet. I could not dis- over the least traces of the Sibyl's Temple nd Grove, which stood on the borders of is lake. Tivoli is seen at a distance lying long the brow of a hill. Its situation has iven Horace occasion to call it Tibur Supi- um, as Virgil, perhaps for the same reason, ntitles it Superbum. The villa de Medicis, ith its water-works, the cascade of the Te- verone, and the ruins of the Sibyl's Temple, (of which Vignola has made a little copy at St. Peters de Montorio,) are described in every Itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the Roman Campania, where the eye loses itself on a smooth, spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally rise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves, and valleys. But the most en- livening part of all, is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the val- ley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did it not sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio:

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larisæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Lib. 1. Od. 7.

Not fair Larissa's fruitful shore,
Nor Lacedæmon charms me more,
Than high Albunea's airy walls
Resounding with her water-falls,
And Tivoli's delightful shades,
And Anio rolling in cascades,
That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the conduits, pipes, and canals, that were made to distribute the wa- ters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and moun- tains, the Teverone falls into the valley be- fore mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and, after many turnings and windings, glides peaceably into the Tiber. In which sense we are to under- stand Silius Italicus's description, to give it its proper beauty:

Sulphureis gelidus quà serpit lenitèr undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud Anio's boist'rous clamours cease,
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
To his old sire, the Tiber——

At Frescati I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of Versailles in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the Campania was set thick with

towns, villas, and plantations. Cicero's Tusculum was at a place called Grotto Ferrate, about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it to Frescati. Nardini says, there was found among the ruins at Grotto Ferrate a piece of sculpture, which Cicero himself mentions in one of his familiar epistles. In going to Frescati we had a fair view of Mount Algido.

On our way to Palæstrina we saw the Lake Regillis, famous for the apparition of Castor and Pollux, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the Romans and the son-in-law of Tarquin. At some distance from it we had a view of the Lacus Gabinus, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for Rome, seeing it had occasion for so many aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood; for, by this means, they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expense of such an engine as that of Marli. Thus the Claudian aqueduct ran thirty-eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source, and the low situation of Rome. Palæstrina stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it *Altum*, and Horace, *Frigidum Præneste*. Statius calls it *Præneste Sacrum*, because of the famous temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is, a very beautiful mosaic pavement, the finest I have ever seen in marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a rhinoceros, of elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes, which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old Roman mosaic, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the Italians call *smalt*. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the workman pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of mosaic than they did formerly.

In our excursion to Albano we went as far as Nemi, that takes its name from the Nemus Dianæ. The whole country thereabouts is still overrun with woods and thickets. The lake of Nemi lies in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which, perhaps, together with the clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of Diana's looking-glass:

——————*Speculumque Dianæ.* Virg.

Prince Cæsarini has a palace at Jensano, very near Nemi, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from Jensano to Albano, we passed through La Ricca, the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi. There is nothing at Albano so remarkable as the prospect from the Capuchin's garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole Campania, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the same time of the Alban lake, which lies just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that emcompass it, looks like the area of some vast amphitheatre. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. Albano keeps up its credit still for wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at Tivoli:

——————*Albani pretiosa senectus.* Juv. Sat. 13.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delvi multâ veteris fuligine testæ. Idem. Sat. 5.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine,
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.
Bowles.

——————*Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ.*
Mar. lib. 5. Ep. 1.

Albanæ——————*Olivæ.*
Idem, lib. 9. Ep. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the Romans, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as Baja was the general winter rendezvous:

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga vergis aquosi
Laxat, et Icariis cælum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam densæ rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens aut Tuscula protegit umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant. Sil. 4. 1.

Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ. Mar. lib. Ep. 22.

All shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat;
Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie,
To Palestrina some for shelter fly,
Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To Tusculum or Algido repair;
Or in moist Tivoli's retirements find
A cooling shade and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present, Rome is never fuller of nobility than in summer time; for

he country towns are so infested with unwholesome vapours, that they dare not trust hemselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the Campania would be now as healthful as it was ormerly, were there as many fires burning n it, and as many inhabitants to manure the oil. Leaving Rome about the latter end of October, in my way to Sienna, I lay the first ight at a little village in the territories of he ancient Veii:

Hæc tum nomina erant; nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where hey once stood; so, literally, is that noble prophesy of Lucan fulfilled, of this and other places of Latium:

——Gentes Mars iste futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coacta
Invitus——— Lib. 7.

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
And swallow'd up in dark oblivion lie:
Almighty Latium, with her cities crown'd,
Shall like an antiquated fable sound;
The Velan and the Gabian tow'rs shall fall,
And one promiscuous ruin cover all,
Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
The place where once the very ruins lay:
High Alba's walls, and the Lavinian strand,
(A lonely desert, and an empty land)
Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the lake Bacca, that gives rise to the Cremera, on whose banks the Fabii were slain.

Tercentum numera..at avos, quos turbine Martis,
Abstulit una dies, cùm fors non æqua labori
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas.
Sil. It. lib. 1.

Fabius a num'rous ancestry could tell,
Three hundred heroes that in battle fell,
Near the fam'd Cremera's disast'rous flood,
That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the lakes of Vico and Bolsena. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in the circuit, and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of islands, that are perhaps the two floating isles mentioned by Pliny, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is easy enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Rome. At one end of this lake stands Montefiascone, the habitation of Virgil's Æqui Falisci, Æn. 7. and on the side of it the town of the Volsinians, now called Bolsena:

Aut pecitis nemorosa inter juga Volsinii.
Juv. Sat. 3.

———Volsinium stood
Cover'd with mountains, and inclosed with wood.

I saw in the churchyard of Bolsena an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a sarcophagus) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to Aquapendente, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little brook which separates the pope's dominions from the great duke's. The frontier castle of Radicofani is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the pope's dominions; for, instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful valleys, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw nothing but a wild, naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the Italian proverb, that "The pope has the flesh, and the great duke the bones of Italy." Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a convent.

SIENNA, LEGHORN, PISA.

SIENNA stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which, in the time of the commonwealth, were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they only been instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was so much money consumed on these Gothic cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single cathe-

dral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and scripture stories; and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and overrun with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over against this church stands a large hospital, erected by a shoe-maker, who has been beatified, though never sainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed, *sutor ultra crepidam*. I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, and the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last republic that fell under the subjection of the Duke of Florence, so is it still supposed to retain many hankerings after its ancient liberty; for this reason, when the Keys and Pageants of the duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. John Baptist's day, I was told that Sienna comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those who follow, to show the reluctancy it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. Catharine of Sienna, who is the great saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature. A traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in Italy.

From Sienna we went forward to Leghorn, where the two ports, the bagnio, and Donatelli's statue of the great duke, amidst the four slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in Italy, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it, to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expense to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the great duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the duke of Tuscany receives from this single place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a free port. But it is very well known how the great duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand Jews, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our English factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. It is true, the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very ice-merchant at Leghorn pays above a thousand pound sterling annually for his privilege, and the tobacco-merchant ten thousand. The ground is sold by the great duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave Leghorn. All the wines, oils, and silks, that come down from the fruitful valleys of Pisa, Florence, and other parts of Tuscany, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the sea into the Arno gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, lawsuits, daughters' portions, &c. increase, in all which the great duke comes in for a considerable share. The Lucquese, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days' warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other prince in Italy can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is, doubtless, very considerable. It is well known how the Pisans and Florentines long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their commonwealths. The town of Leghorn has accidently done what the greatest fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the inhabitants of Florence. This does not only weaken those places, but, at the same time, turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honour and liberty, to the thoughts of traffic and merchandise: and as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits

other way. It is no wonder, therefore, at the great duke has such apprehensions the pope's making Civita Vecchia a free rt, which may in time prove so very ejudicial to Leghorn. It would be thought improbable story, should I set down the veral methods that are commonly reported have been made use of during the last ntificate, to put a stop to this design. The eat duke's money was so well bestowed in e conclave, that several of the cardinals suaded the pope from the undertaking, d at last turned all his thoughts upon the tle port which he made at Antium, near ettuno. The chief workmen that were to ve conveyed the water to Civita Vecchia, ere bought off, and when a poor capuchin, ho was thought proof against all bribes, d undertaken to carry on the work, he ed a little after he had entered upon it. he present pope, however, who is very ell acquainted with the secret history, and e weakness of his predecessor, seems reolved to bring the project to its perfection. e has already been at vast charges in nishing the aqueduct, and had some hopes at, if the war should drive our English erchants from Sicily and Naples, they ould settle here. His holiness has told me English gentlemen, that those of our ation should have the greatest privileges of ny but the subjects of the church. One of ur countrymen, who makes a good figure t Rome, told me the pope has this design xtremely at his heart; but that he fears e English will suffer nothing like a resient, or consul, in his dominions; though, at e same time, he hoped the business might s well be transacted by one that had no ublic character. This gentleman has so usied himself in the affair, that he has ofended the French and Spanish cardinals, somuch that Cardinal Janson refused to ee him, when he would have made his pology for what he had said to the pope on his subject. There is one great objection o Civita Vecchia, that the air of the place s not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of inhabitants, the air of eghorn having been worse than this before he town was well peopled.

The great profits that have accrued to the Duke of Florence, from his free port, have et several of the states of Italy on the same roject. The most likely to succeed in it ould be the Genoese, who lie more convenient than the Venetians, and have a more viting form of government than that of the hurch, or that of Florence. But as the ort of Genoa is so very ill guarded against torms, that no privileges can tempt the merhants from Leghorn into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports free, est it should draw to it most of their commerce and inhabitants, and by consequence uin their chief city.

From Leghorn I went to Pisa, where there s still the shell of a great city, though not alf furnished with inhabitants. The great church, baptistery, and leaning tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of Sienna. Half a day's journey more brought me into the republic of Lucca.

THE REPUBLIC OF LUCCA.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written, in letters of gold, *Libertas*.

This republic is shut up in the great duke's dominions, who, at present, is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna. The occasion is as follows:

The Lucquese plead prescription for hunting in one of the duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three sportsmen of the republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their countrymen, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The great duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a farther satisfaction, would have the governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the Lucquese to be siezed that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the republic. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The king of Spain, who is protector of the commonwealth, received information from the great duke of what had passed, who approved of his proceedings, with orders to the Lucquese, by the governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The republic, thinking themselves ill used by their protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to Prince Eugene to desire the emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The great duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present,

that may end in the ruin of the commonwealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant, however, to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Lucquese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the great duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say, they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute prince in Europe are as proud of their monarch as the Lucquese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is possible the great duke may bargain for the republic of Lucca, by the help of his great treasures, as his predecessors did formerly with the emperor for that of Sienna. The great dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their protector, but because they are well assured, that, should the Lucquese be reduced to the last extremity, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a state for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak state within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the French king, support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best-peopled state of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick despatch of all public affairs: but in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the commonwealth, to its maturity and perfection.

FLORENCE.

I HAD the good luck to be at Florence when there was an opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Destinies: and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for, that in all these particulars, he believes as the holy mother church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per tutto questo drama trovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vèro, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful palaces in Florence; and, as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxemburg, at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis, and, for that reason, perhaps, the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found, in the court of this palace, what I could not meet with any where in Rome; I mean, an antique statue of Hercules lifting up Antæus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the Tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But it is the famous gallery of the old palace, where are, perhaps, the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lassel, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the emperors and empresses, there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind. Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Ælius Verus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Eliogabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Pupienus. I have put Agrippa among the emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of medals, as some that follow among the empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. Domitia, Agrippina wife of Germanicus, Antonio, Matidia, Plotina, Mallia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her bust Julia Severi, Aquilia Severa, Julia Mæsa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in medals are also rare in marble, and, indeed, one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the emperors' reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on a figure of a deceased emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation, however, does not always hold. An Agrippa, or Caligula,

for example, is a common coin, but a very extraordinary bust; and a Tiberius a rare coin, but a common bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this emperor's statues after his death. The *Tiberius in Tiberim* is a known instance.

Among the busts of such emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is, in the same gallery, a very beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also in porphyry the head of a Faun, and of the god Pan. Among the entire figures, I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the consul, with the ring on his finger, reminded me of Juvenal's *majoris fondera gemmæ*. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of, *Ut potui-huc veni musis et fratre relicto*. I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild boar, the gladiator, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures, there is a fine one of Morpheus in touchstone. I have always observed, that this god is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Dr. Lister has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with poppy in his hands:

——— Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum tabula pinguntur Amorum
Talia erat, sed ne faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras.
Ov. Met. lib. 10.

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A leaden quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

It is probable they chose to represent the god of sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure:

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divum,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque,
&c.
Silv. lib. 5.

Tell me, thou best of gods, thou gentle youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hush'd at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of thy night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of sleep, that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the Ethiopians; which shows us that the statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black statues of the Nile, which are cut in a kind of touchstone:

Usqui coloratis amnis devexus ab India.
Virg. Georg. 4.

At one end of the gallery stands two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a cabinet of antiquities, made up chiefly of idols, talismans, lamps, and hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass:

I. A little image of Juno Sispita, or Sospita, which perhaps is not to be met with any where else but on medals. She is clothed in a goat's skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this goddess in the following words: *Hercle inquit quam tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprina, cum hasta, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique model of the famous Laocoon and his two sons, that stands in the Belvidera at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maimed. It was by the help of this model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocoon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo, or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt, however, whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A Corona Radialis, with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say, in allusion to the signs of the zodiac, and others to the labours of Hercules.

——Ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen——

Virg. Æn. libe 12.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.

Dryden.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in ivory, amber, crystal, marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shown last stands the celebrated Venus of Medicis. The statue seems much less than life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: it is, notwithstanding, as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for, from the bigness of any one part it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air, and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek epigrams:

Τυμνὴν οἶδε Πάρις μὲ καὶ Ἀγχίσης καὶ Ἀδωνις.
Τοὺς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνους. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πόθεν;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All these I frankly own without denying:
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old Roman statues several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman slave whetting his knife and listening, which, from the shoulders upwards, is incomparable. The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here likewise a very curious bust of Annius Verus, the young son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other busts of him at Rome, though his medals are exceeding rare.

The great duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old inscriptions, urns, monuments, and the like sets of antiquities. I was shown several of them, which are not yet put up. There are two famous inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the highway, and of Fabius the dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw, too, the busts of Tranquillina, mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herennius, son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the Villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argenteria, the tabernacle of St. Lawrence's chapel, and the chamber of painters. The chapel of St. Lawrence will be perhaps the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth, when completed; but it advances so very slowly, that it is not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial place is finished.

The great duke has lived many years separate from the duchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The cardinal, his brother, is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the dukedom of Tuscany. The great prince has been married several years without any children, and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the prince, his younger brother, (as the finding out a lady for him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by her former husband,) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medicis in Naples: the head of it has been owned as a kinsman by the great duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the princes, his sons, die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture, the common wealth, that are thrown under the great duchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Lawrence, of which there is a printed catalogue. I looked into the Virgil which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c., and the twenty-two lines in the second Æneid, beginning at *Jamque adeo super unus eram*. I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varius, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Æneid, and represents the hero in a passion, that is, at least not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of Priam's murder; for, without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the hero could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant, and Priam unrevenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it:

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa Lacænæ,
Culpatusve Paris—— Æn. 1.

Florence, for modern statues, I think, ex-

cels even Rome, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from Florence to Bologna runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Apennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silius Italicus's description of Hannibal's march:

Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum. crescit labor, ardua supra
Sese aperit, fessis et nascitur altera moles. Lib. 3.

From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
But still by new ascents the mountain grew;
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the Latin poets have given us of the Apennines. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country:

———*Nubifer Apenninus.* Ov. Met. lib. 2.

———*Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.*
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus stringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.
CLAUD. de Sexto Cons. Hon.

———*Mole nivali*
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus.
SIL. IT. lib. 2.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
Piniferum calo miscens caput Apenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celso
Canus apex structâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ.
Lib. 4. Id.

Umbrosis mediam quâ collibus Apenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiusque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti.
LUC. lib. 2.

In pomp the shady Apennines arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like Italy erects the sight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,
And see the billows rise on either side;
At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high Ancona's shores extends:
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continued streams the double sea supply.

BOLOGNA, MODENA, PARMA, TURIN, &c.

AFTER a very tedious journey over the Apennines, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little Rhine. Following the course of this river, we arrived in a short time at Bologna:

———*Parvique Bononia Rheni.* SIL. ITAL. 8.

Bologna water'd by the petty Rhine.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver medal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed Id. Mar. for the Ides of March, the famous date of Cæsar's murder. The second was a picture of Raphael's in St. Giouanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul and St. John; and, on the other, of Mary Magdalene and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new staircase that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the season of the year, made me pass through the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a license of the duke of Parma to enter the theatre and gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering place; and yet, if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old inscriptions, idols, busts, medals, and the like antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a *Pescennius Niger* on a medallion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this emperor trifled away his time till he lost his life and empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus.* There are two of Otho, the reverse a Serapis; and two of Messalina and Poppæa in middle brass, the

reverses of the Emperor Claudius. I saw two medallions of Plotina and Matidia, the reverse to each a *Pietas;* with two medals of Pertinax, the reverse of one *Votu Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Custodibus;* and another of Gordianus Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent, and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The duke of Parma, however, is much richer than the duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well-cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who equal them; when, at the same time, they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect in these small governments a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large over-grown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty empires and monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty states and principalities, that, like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper governors; so that the care of the prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state, aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects' cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to outvie those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little commonwealths; as, on the contrary, there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities. I left the road of Milan, on my right hand, having before seen that city; and, after having passed through Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaeton into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some botanical critics, who tell us the poets have not rightly followed the traditions of antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaeton into poplars, who ought to have been turned into larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree that sheds a gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the Po. The change of Cycnus into a swan, which closes up the disasters of Phaeton's family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovid have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the Eridanus, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it:

——Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbrare virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fulvaque sub gremio cœlatis nobilis astris.
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctus
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis flexibus errans,
Clara noti convera rigat.——

CLAUDIAN, De Sexto Cons. Honorii

His head above the floods he gently rear'd
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
No interwoven reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set th' unhappy Phaeton to view:
The flaming chariot and the steeds it show'd,
And the whole fable in the mantle glow'd
Beneath his arm an urn supported lies
With stars embellish'd and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the Heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the constellation wrote his tale.
A swan in memory of Cycnus shines;
The mourning sisters weep in wat'ry signs;
The burning chariot, and the charioteer,
In bright Bootes and his wane appear;
Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
That wash'd the body of his blasted son.

The river Po gives a name to the chief street of Turin, which fronts the duke's palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length. There is one convenience in this city that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises

from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for, at a few minutes' warning, they have a little river running by the wall of the house that is burning. The court of Turin is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in Italy; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even the rest of the Italians. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and, notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the French armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through Piedmont and Savoy, at a time when the duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the French.

I came directly from Turin to Geneva, and had a very easy journey over mount Cennis, though about the beginning of December, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighhourhood rising over it. The inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alps and Apennines; for, as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial basins; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fucinus by the emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Naumachia and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our journey through the Alps, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alps, as I did the last with those of the Apennines. The poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alps are quite different from the Apennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cuncta gelu canaque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas nesciit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A supera tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbra.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
Sola fugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpina posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.
SIL. IT. lib. 3.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach them how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heaven's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green
But hoary winter unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms,
Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

GENEVA AND THE LAKE.

Near St. Julian in Savoy the Alps begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which, in respect of the other parts of the Alps, may pass for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the Leman lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single state, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lie beyond the Arve, as far as to the Ecluse. The King of France is master of the whole country of Gex; and the canton of Berne comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lie in the heart of these three states. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are however at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they inclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. It is to the last of these winds that the inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for, as the Alps surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of basin, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well

watered, did not the north wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alps have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down, in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up a horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of Mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other, huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Toward the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different states bordering on it, the kingdom of France, and the duchy of Savoy, the canton of Berne, the bishopric of Sion, and the republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the canton of Berne, with this magnificent preface; "Whereas, we have been informed of several abuses committed in our ports and harbours on the lake," &c.

I made a little voyage round the lake, and touched on the several towns that lie on its coasts, which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the lake from Geneva belongs to the Duke of Savoy, and is extremely well-cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of woods, vineyards, meadows, and corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine, however, on this side the lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the sun. We here passed by Yvoire, where the duke keeps his galleys, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and, they say, about six or seven thousand inhabitants. The lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. As a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where there is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the genius of the inhabitants. There are vistas in it of a great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular misshapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the Carthusians belonged formerly to the Hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an anti-pope, who called himself Felix the Fifth. He had been Duke of Savoy, and, after a very glorious reign, took on him the habit of a hermit, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia;* and the French, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several ecclesiastics before he turned hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen pope by the council of Basil, who took upon them to depose Eugenio the Fourth. This promised fair at first, but, by the death of the emperor, who favoured Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenio, the greatest part of the church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our anti-pope, however, was still supported by the Council of Basil, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, but on the following conditions, that Amadeo should be the first cardinal in the conclave; that the pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual cardinal legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the archbishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Bress, &c. and lastly, that all the cardinals of his creation should be recognized by the pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Ripaille, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonan they showed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the lake the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the

ountains several sharp rocks that stand bove the rest; for, as these mountains have een doubtless much higher than they are present, the rains have washed away abunance of the soil, that has left the veins of ones shooting out of them; as in a decayed ody the flesh is still shrinking from the ones. The natural histories of Switzerland alk very much of the fall of these rocks, nd the great damage they have sometimes one, when their foundations have been ouldered with age, or rent by an earthuake. We saw in several parts of the lps, that bordered upon us, vast pits of now, as several mountains that lie at a reater distance are wholly covered with it. fancied the confusion of mountains and holows, I here observed, furnished me with a ore probable reason than any I have met ith for those periodical fountains in Switerland, which flow only at such particular ours of the day; for, as the tops of these ountains cast their shadows upon one anoher, they hinder the sun's shining on several arts at such certain times, so that there are everal heaps of snow, which have the sun ing upon them two or three hours together, nd are in the shade all the day afterwards. f, therefore, it happens that any particular ountain takes its rise from any of these reervoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to ow on such hours of the day as the snow egins to melt: but as soon as the sun leaves again to freeze and harden, the fountain ries up, and receives no more supplies till bout the same time the next day, when the eat of the sun again sets the snows a runing that fall into the same little conduits, races, and canals, and by consequence break ut and discover themselves always in the ame place. At the very extremity of the ake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, rought along with it a prodigious quantity f water; the rivers and lakes of this couny being much higher in summer than in inter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned en could fall into so great an absurdity, as believe this river could preserve itself unixed with the lake till its going out again Geneva, which is a course of many miles. was extremely muddy at its entrance hen I saw it, though as clear as rock-water its going out. Besides, that it brought in uch more water than it carried off. The ver, indeed, preserves itself for about a uarter of a mile in the lake, but is afterards so wholly mixed, and lost with the aters of the lake, that one discovers noing like a stream till within about a quarr of a mile of Geneva. From the end of e lake to the source of the Rhone is a valy of about four days' journey in length, hich gives the name of Vallesins to its inabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop Sion. We lodged the second night at ille Neuve, a little town in the canton of erne, where we found good accommodaens, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoy, another town in the canton of Berne, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the Duchess of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisle made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the door,

Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches, with the following epitaph:

SISTE GRADUM ET RESPICE

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propria nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis anno 23. Tribunis Militum, paulo post exercitus prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugna intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoria clemens et mansuetus, patriæ liberetatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus causa ab eadem patria 32 annis exterris, meliorique fortuna dignus apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription:

DEPOSITORIUM

Andreæ Broughton, Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patria sua, peregrinatione ejus finita, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. ætatis suæ 84.

The inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high court of justice, which passed sentence on the royal martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the lake, after Geneva. We saw the wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of Schomberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a republic, but is now under

the canton of Berne, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a bailiff, who is sent them every three years from the senate of Berne. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that, not many years ago, it happened that a cobbler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alps. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the canton of Berne, and made over to it by the treaty of Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The *colonia equestris*, that Julius Cæsar settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues, and, as I walked in the town, I observed, in the walls of several houses, the fragments of vast Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no author that mentions this colony, yet it is certain, by several old Roman inscriptions, that there was such a one. Lucan, indeed, speaks of a part of Cæsar's army that came to him from the Leman lake in the beginning of the civil war.

Deceruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles' distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Cæsar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length, from Mount Jura to the borders of the lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the lake is Versoy, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the king of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the lake. There are, near Geneva, several quarries of free-stone that run under the lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square inclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times, as one sails over them. As the lake approaches Geneva it grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its name into the Rhone, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alps, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and, notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alps, whatever windings it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, which is a republic so well known to the English. It lies at present under some difficulties, by reason of the emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the states of Holland. The occasion of the emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the king of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, per annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their king in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The republic fancies itself hardly treated by the emperor, since it is not any action of the state, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend, however, to have put a stop to them, and, by that means, are in hopes again to open their commerce into the empire.

FRIBOURG, BERNE, SOLEURRE, ZURICH, ST GAUL, LINDAW, &c.

From Geneva I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a canton: its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by staircases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience, however, gives them a very great commodity, in case a fire breaks out in any

ırt of the town, for, by reason of several servoirs on the tops of these mountains, by e opening of a sluice they convey a river to what part of the town they please. hey have four churches, four convents of omen, and as many for men. The little ıapel, called the Salutation, is very neat, ıd built with a pretty fancy. The college Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerıd. There is a great deal of room in it, ıd several beautiful views from the differıt parts of it. They have a collection of ctures representing most of the fathers of eir order, who have been eminent for their ety or learning. Among the rest, many nglishmen whom we name rebels, and they artyrs, Henry Garnet's inscription says, at when the heretics could not prevail ith him, either by force or promises, to ıange his religion, they hanged and quarred him. At the Capuchins I saw the cargatoire, which I took the more notice because I do not remember to have met ith any thing of the same in other counies. It is a square place, boarded in, and lled with a vast quantity of large snails, ıat are esteemed excellent food when they re well dressed. The floor is strewed bout half a foot deep with several kinds of lants, among which the snails nestle all the inter season. When Lent arrives, they pen their magazines, and take out of them ıe best meagre food in the world, for there no dish of fish that they reckon comparale to a ragout of snails.

About two leagues from Fribourg we went. ı see a hermitage, that is reckoned the greatıt curiosity of these parts. It lies in the rettiest solitude imaginable, among woods ıd rocks, which, at first sight, dispose a ıan to be serious. There has lived in it a ermit these five and twenty years, who with is own hands has worked in the rock a retty chapel, a sacristy, a chamber, kitchen, ellar, and other conveniences. His chimey is carried up through the whole rock, ı that you see the sky through it, notwithanding the rooms lie very deep. He has ıt the side of the rock into a flat for a garen, and, by laying on it the waste earth that e has found in several of the neighbouring arts, has made such a spot of ground of it ı furnishes out a kind of luxury for a heritit. As he saw drops of water distilling om several parts of the rock, by following ıe veins of them, he has made himself two r three fountains, in the bowels of the mounıin, that serve his table, and water his little arden.

We had very bad ways from hence to lerne, a great part of them through woods f fir-trees. The great quantity of timber ıey have in this country makes them mend ıeir highways with wood instead of stone. could not but take notice of the make of everal of their barns I here saw. After aving laid a frame of wood for the foundaion, they place at the four corners of it four ıuge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Berne was, their public walks by the great church. They are raised extremely high, and, that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England, from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them; yet, about forty years ago, a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues distance from the town, though, by reason of their height and their colour, they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is perhaps the most magnificent of any Protestant church in Europe, out of England. It is a very bold work, and a masterpiece in Gothic architecture.

I saw the arsenal of Berne, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is, indeed, no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war, after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lie in his way; for, besides the idea it gives him of the forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its history. Thus in that of Geneva, one meets with the ladders, petards, and other utensils, which were made use of in their famous escalade, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French, in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of Berne you have the figure and armour of the count who founded the town, and of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewise saw the figure and armour of him that headed the peasants in the war upon Berne, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show too abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great Duke of Burgundy himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the counsel meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the peasants' insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull. The priest is veiled after

the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the third Æneid:

Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Berne is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is, indeed, no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds in horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Berne and Soleurre there is a monument erected by the republic of Berne, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this: "One Cussinus, an Englishman, to whom the Duke of Austria had given his sister in marriage, came to take her from him among the Swiss by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the canton of Berne."

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a great sum of money to the Jesuits' church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars, which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes: they seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole fortification of Soleurre is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Compte.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the canton of Berne, to the little town of Meldingen. I was surprised to find, in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the country of Vaud, on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them, in this respect, as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevy, and, after about half a day's land-carriage, convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Berne, Soleurre, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many rivers and lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The canton of Berne is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field; though the soldiers of the Catholic cantons, who are much poorer, and, therefore, forced to enter oftener into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at Meldingen, which is a little Roman Catholic town, with one church, and no convent. It is a republic of itself under the protection of the eight ancient cantons. There are in it a hundred burgeois, and about a thousand souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight cantons, their protectors. They have three councils; the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. The chief of the state are the two avoyers: when I was there, the reigning avoyer, or the doge of the commonwealth, was son to the inn-keeper where I was lodged; his father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pounds a year. The several councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in Switzerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his master gives the town a pension of twenty pounds sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful republic firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the great cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the lake,

nd is reckoned the handsomest town in witzerland. The chief places shown to trangers are the arsenal, the library, and he town-house. This last is but lately nished, and is a very fine pile of building. The frontispiece has pillars of a bleautiful lack marble streaked with white, which is ound in the neighbouring mountains. The hambers for the several councils, with the ther apartments, are very neat. The whole building is, indeed, so well designed, hat it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childsh Latin sentences, that consist often in a ingle of words. I have, indeed, observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got out of anagram and acrostic. The library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room, furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge map of the country of Zurich, drawn with a pencil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The arsenal is better than that of Berne, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from Zurich we entered on the territories of the Abbot of St. Gaul. They are four hours' riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men, well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Switz. He is always chosen out of the abbey of Benedictines at St. Gaul. Every father and brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by the pope. The last abbot was Cardinal Sfondrati, who was advanced to the purple about two years before his death. The abbot takes the advice and consent of his chapter, before he enters on any matter of importance; as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief lay-officer is the grand *maitre d'hotel*, or high-steward of the household, who is named by the abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other judges and distributers of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little Protestant republic, wholly independent of the abbot, and under the protection of the cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich burgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state, is its linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its inhabitants. The whole country about them furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have excellent artisans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that, coming in the dusk of the evening, we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near ten thousand souls, of which there are sixteen hundred burgeois. They choose their councils and burgomasters out of the body of the burgeois, as in the other governments of Switzerland, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the states that employ them. The abbey and the town bear a great aversion to one another; but, in the general diet of the cantons, their representatives sit together, and act by concert. The abbot deputes his grand *maitre d'hotel*, and the town one of its burgomasters.

About four years ago the town and abbey would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his cross erected through the town, with a train of three or four thousand peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the convent than the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his cross in that manner. The burgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the convent. The procession, to escape the fury of the citizens, durst not return by the way it came, but, after the devotions of the monks were finished, passed out at a back-door of the convent, that immediately led into the abbot's territories. The abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the cantons, their protectors, interposed as umpires in the quarrel, condemning the town, that had appeared too forward in the dispute, to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting, at the same time, that, as soon as any procession entered their walls, the priest should let the cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, till he came within the precincts of the abbey. The citizens

could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand peasants, for so many the abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestants, subjects of the abbey, who, they say, make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their prince for that of their religion. The town of St. Gaul has an arsenal, library, town-houses, and churches, proportionable to the bigness of the state. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the cantons time to come to their assistance. The abbey is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge nef with a double aisle to it. At each end is a large choir. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church are lists of saints, martyrs, popes, cardinals, archbishops, kings, and queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their birth, sanctity, or miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the Roman Catholic religion; nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-interests of convents, the abuse of indulgences, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and, in short, the superstition, credulity, and childishness, of the Roman Catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the king of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the town and abbey of St. Gaul comes in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of Anjou for king of Spain. The town and abbey of St. Gaul carry a bear for their arms. The Roman Catholics have this bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great apostle of Germany, found all this country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it, on a very cold day, he chanced to meet a bear in his way. The saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The bear served him to the best of his ability, and, at his departure, was commanded by the saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time," says the monk, "the bear lived irreproachably, and observed, to his dying day, the orders that the saint had given him."

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reign in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted a union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their states would immediately break in upon the rest; or, were the states so many principalities, they might often have an ambitious sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But, as the inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy, phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest, who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alps is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of states; for, as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the Alps are commonwealths, so, indeed, it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see, only in a neighbouring government, the ill consequences of having a despotic prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for, notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people, among the latter, are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several antons of Switzerland, to banish from among em every thing that looks like pomp or perfluity. To this end the ministers are lways preaching, and the governors putting t edicts against dancing, gaming, enterinments, and fine clothes. This is become ore necessary in some of the governments, nce there are so many refugees settled mong them; for though the Protestants in rance affect ordinarily a greater plainness d simplicity of manners than those of the me quality who are of the Roman Catholic ommunion, they have, however, too much f their country gallantry for the genius and nstitution of Switzerland. Should dressg, feasting, and balls, once get among the antons, their military roughness would be uickly lost, their tempers would grow too ft for their climate, and their expenses outm their incomes; besides, that the materials r their luxury must be brought from other ations, which would immediately ruin a ountry that has but few commodities of its wn to export, and is not overstocked with oney. Luxury, indeed, wounds a republic its very vitals, as its natural consequences e rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the ore money a man spends, the more must e endeavour to augment his stock; which, last, sets the liberty and votes of a comonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign ower that is able to pay the price of them. Ve see no where the pernicious effects of xury on a republic more than in that of the ncient Romans, who immediately found itlf poor as soon as this vice got footing among em, though they were possessed of all the ches in the world. We find in the beginngs and increases of their commonwealth, range instances of the contempt of money, ecause, indeed, they were utter strangers to e pleasures that might be procured by it; in other words, because they were wholly norant of the arts of luxury. But as soon they once entered into a state of pleasure, liteness, and magnificence, they fell into a ousand violences, conspiracies, and divions, that threw them into all the disorders aginable, and terminated in the utter subrsion of the commonwealth. It is no wonr, therefore, the poor commonwealths of itzerland are ever labouring at the suppession and prohibition of every thing that ay introduce vanity and luxury. Besides, e several fines that are set upon plays, mes, balls, and feastings, they have many stoms among them which very much conbute to the keeping up of their ancient nplicity. The burgeois, who are at the ad of their governments, are obliged to apar at all their public assemblies in a black oak and a band. The women's dress is ry plain, those of the best quality wearing thing on their heads generally but furs, hich are to be met with in their own couny. The persons of different qualities in th sexes are, indeed, allowed their differt ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of Berne, for example, are known by the crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holiday clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out, till the second or third generation: so that it is common enough to see a countryman in the doublet and breeches of his great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is, therefore, looked upon as the court of the Alps, whither the Protestant cantons often send their children, to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevois have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the French Protestants, who make up almost a third of their people. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great council, a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court to the king of France at present, may some time or other give him an inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little states abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little commonwealth of Geneva, in which I had more time to inform myself of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the little council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the public revenue, at a small expense of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of Geneva, that so the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the inns and public houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by

which means is raised the most considerable branch of the public revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than it is bought up: so that the greatest income of the commonwealth, which pays the pensions of most of its officers and ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at taverns and public houses.

It is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the republic, for as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and, by heaping up vast sums from year to year, might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their republic. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interests to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the states of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the French king, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success, of the English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French king; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have, indeed, the exercise of their religion, and their ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same prince refused even those of the church of England, who followed their master to St. Germains, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland, I cannot but observe, that the notion of witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the canton of Berne there were some put to death during my stay at Geneva. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that, if a cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapped up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds, indeed, the same humour prevail in most of the rocky, barren parts of Europe. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and, perhaps, too easy to get rid of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politics at present is the prince of Conti's succession to the duchess of Nemours in the government of Neufchatel. The inhabitants of Neufchatel can by no means think of submitting themselves to a prince who is a Roman Catholic, and a subject of France. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of Orange, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to Neufchatel. But, notwithstanding it was so much his interest to manage his Protestant subjects in that country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made over his principality in a very little time for a sum of money to the king of France. It is, indeed, generally believed the prince of Conti would rather still have kept his title to Orange, but the same respect which induced him to quit his government, might, at another time, tempt him to give up that of Neufchatel on the like conditions. The king of Prussia lays in his claim for Neufchatel, as he did for the principality of Orange, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a free commonwealth, after the death of the Duchess of Nemours, if the Swiss will support them. The Protestant cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the duchess dies while the king of France has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French king to establish his authority on this side Mount Jura, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the Franche Compte to be seized on, and a fort to be built within cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much in the Protestant cantons. The professors of it call themselves Pietists, and, as enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what re-

ards the practice of Christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much om the conversation of the world. To sink emselves into an entire repose and tranillity of mind. In this state of silence to tend the secret illapse and flowings in of e Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds ith peace and consolation, joys or raptures. o favour all his secret intimations, and give emselves up entirely to his conduct and rection, so as neither to speak, move, or t, but as they find his impulse on their uls. To retrench themselves within the nveniences and necessities of life. To ake a covenant with all their senses, so far to shun the smell of a rose or violet, and turn away their eyes from a beautiful rospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, hat the world calls innocent pleasures, lest ey should have their affections tainted by y sensuality, and diverted from the love him who is to be the only comfort, repose, ope, and delight, of their whole beings. his sect prevails very much among the rotestants of Germany, as well as those of witzerland, and has occasioned several licts against it in the duchy of Saxony. he professors of it are accused of all the l practices which may seem to be the conequence of their principles, as that they scribe the worst of actions, which their own icious tempers throw them upon, to the ictates of the Holy Spirit; that both sexes, nder pretence of devout conversation, visit e another at all hours, and in all places, ithout any regard to common decency, often laking their religion a cover for their imoralities; and that the very best of them re possessed with spiritual pride, and a conempt for all such as are not of their own ect. The Roman Catholics, who reproach e Protestants for their breaking into such multitude of religions, have certainly taken e most effectual way in the world for the eeping their flocks together; I do not mean e punishments they inflict on men's perons, which are commonly looked upon as e chief methods by which they deter them om breaking through the pale of the church, ough certainly these lay a very great reraint on those of the Roman Catholic pertasion. But I take one great cause, why ere are so few sects in the church of Rome, be the multitude of convents, with which ey every where abound, that serve as reeptacles for all those fiery zealots who ould set the church in a flame, were not ey got together in these houses of devotion. ll men of dark tempers, according to their egree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may nd convents fitted to their humours, and eet with companions as gloomy as themlves. So that what the Protestants would ll a fanatic, is, in the Roman church, a regious of such or such an order; as I have een told of an English merchant at Lisbon, ho, after some great disappointments in the orld, was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gaul I took horse to the lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the cantons of Berne and Zurich proposed, at a general diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the cantons, the Roman Catholic party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed, at the same time, the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the lake to Lindaw, and, in several parts of it, observed abundance of little bubbles of air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the lake. Lindaw is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulme and Memminghen. They flatter themselves that, by cutting their bridge, they could hold out against his army: but, in all probability, a shower of bombs would quickly reduce the burgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our merchants, by no means to venture ourselves in the Duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Augsburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through Tyrol, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TYROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

After having coasted the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tyrol, and, following the course of the river Inn, we came to Inspruck, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital city of the Tyrol.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the archdukes who were counts of Tyrol: the palace where they used to keep their court is rather convenient than magnificent.

The great hall is, indeed, a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I here saw the largest menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an opera. They showed us also a very pretty theatre. The last comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits, for the entertainment of the queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Hanover to Vienna. The compliment which the Fathers made her majesty, on this occasion, was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the court; for, the arms of Hanover being a horse, the Fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the queen by Bucephalus, that would let nobody get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse, that acted this notable part, is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace, which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they showed us the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful statue in brass of an Archduke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of water-nymphs and river-gods, well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of jetteaus, at a small expense, in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late duke of Lorrain had this palace, and the government of the Tyrol, assigned him by the emperor, and his lady, the queen dowager of Poland, lived here several years after the death of the duke, her husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one, which reaches to the church of the Capuchin convent, where the Duke of Lorrain used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They showed us in this convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was archduke and count of Tyrol, about fourscore years ago. This prince, at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this convent with all the rigour and austerity of a Capuchin. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers, wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fretwork, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the convent uninhabited, and show in it the altar, bed, and stove, as likewise a picture and a stamp of this devout prince. The church of the Franciscan convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor Maximilian the First, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his grandson Ferdinand the First, who probably looked upon this emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For, as by his own marriage he annexed the Low Countries to the house of Austria, so, by matching his son to Joan of Arragon, he settled on his posterity the kingdom of Spain, and, by the marriage of his grandson, Ferdinand, got into his family the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary, for the ashes of the emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful bas-relief representing the actions of this prince. His whole history is digested into twenty-four square pannels of sculpture in bas-relief. The subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the Eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues, much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the fathers of the convent tell us represents King Arthur, the old British king. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question, therefore, but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused Catharine, sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the First. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern architecture, but, at the same time, that the architect has shown his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The portal, for example, consists of a composite order unknown to the ancients; the ornaments, indeed, are taken from them, but so put together, that you see the volutas of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and the uovali of the Doric, mixed without any regularity on the same capital. So the vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with too many little tricks in sculpture. It is, indeed, supported with single columns, instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in Gothic cathedrals; but, at the same time, these columns are of no regular order, and, at least, twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces, which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shown the little Notre-dame, that is handsomely designed, and topped with a cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tyrol against the victorious arms of Gustavus

ıdolphus, who could not enter this part of ıe empire, after having overrun most of ıe rest. The temple was, therefore, built y the contributions of the whole country. ıt about half a league's distance from Insruck stands the castle of Amras, furnished ith a prodigious quantity of medals, and ıany other sorts of rarities both in nature nd art, for which I must refer the reader) Monsieur Patin's account in his Letter to ıe Duke of Wirtemburg, having myself ad neither time nor opportunity to enter ıto a particular examination of them.

From Inspruck we came to Halle, that es at a league distance on the same river. 'his place is particularly famous for its ılt-works. There are, in the neighbourood, vast mountains of a transparent kind f rock not unlike alum, extremely solid, nd as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. 'our or five hundred men are always at ork in the mountains, where, as soon as ıey have hewn down any quantities of the ck, they let in their springs and reservoirs mong their works. The water eats away nd dissolves the particles of salt which are ıixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long roughs and canals, from the mines, to the ɔwn of Halle, where it is received in vast isterns and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hunred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred ound weight. This would raise a great evenue to the emperor, were there here ıch a tax on salt as there is in France. At resent he clears but two hundred thousand rowns a year, after having defrayed all the harges of working it. There are in Switerland, and other parts of the Alps, several f these quarries of salt that turn to very ttle account, by reason of the great quanities of wood they consume.

The salt-works at Halle have a great conenience for fuel, which swims down to them n the river Inn. This river, during its ourse through the Tyrol, is generally shut p between a double range of mountains hat are most of them covered with woods f fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are mployed in the hewing down of the largest f these trees, that, after they are barked nd cut into shape, are tumbled down from he mountains into the stream of the river, hich carries them off to the salt-works. ıt Inspruck they take up vast quantities for he convents and public officers, who have a ertain portion of it allotted them by the mperor; the rest of it passes on to Halle. 'here are generally several hundred loads float; for they begin to cut above twentyıve leagues up the river above Halle, and here are other rivers that flow into the Inn, hich bring in their contributions. These ılt-works, and a mint that is established at he same place, have rendered this town, otwithstanding the neighbourhood of the apital city, almost as populous as Inspruck ıself. The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Halle we took a boat to carry us to Vienna. The first night we lay at Rottenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still a close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuffstain, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town, almost inaccessible on all sides: this being a frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, where we entered, after about an hour's rowing from Kuffstain. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of the river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes, on each side of us, a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir-trees, so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tyrol not being able to feed the inhabitants. This long valley of the Tyrol lies inclosed on all sides by the Alps, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three councils residing at Inspruck, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of justice. As these courts regulate themselves, by the orders they receive from the imperial court, so, in many cases, there are appeals from them to Vienna. The inhabitants of the Tyrol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and, at the same time, border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c. a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: besides, that their country is poor, and that the emperor draws considerable incomes out of his mines of salt and metal. They are these mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The emperor has forts and citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the Tirol, which

their fleets and armies, in the nearness and conveniency of their situation, and in the number of friends and well-wishers which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For these reasons, our wars with France have always affected us in our most tender interests, and concerned us more than those we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to say, this kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of so great consequence as that which now lies upon our hands. Our all is at stake, and irretrievably lost if we fail of success. At other times, if a war ended in a dishonourable peace, or with equal loss, we could comfort ourselves with the hopes of a more favourable juncture, that might set the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had still the prospect of forming the same alliance, or perhaps strengthening it with new confederacies, and by that means of trying our fortune a second time, in case the injustice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At present, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every British heart must tremble at the thought of. There are no second trials, no wars in reserve, no new schemes of alliance to which we can have recourse. Should the French king be able to bear down such an united force as now makes head against him, at a time when Spain affords him no greater assistance; what will he do when the trade of the Levant lies at his mercy; when the whole kingdom of Spain is supplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the Indies flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worse, when this additional strength must arise in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the states that now make war upon him? It is no wonder, therefore, that our late king, of glorious memory, who, by the confession of his greatest enemies, was a prince that perfectly understood the interest of Europe, should in his last speech recommend to his parliament the declaring war against France in those memorable words: "You have yet an opportunity, by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient vigour of the English nation: but I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another."

We have already a dreadful proof of the increase of power that accrues to France from its conjunction with Spain. So expensive a war as that which the French monarchy hath been carrying on in so many and so remote parts at once, must long since have drained and exhausted all its substance, had there not been several secret springs that swelled their treasury from time to time in proportion as the war has sunk it. The king's coffers have been often reduced to the lowest ebb, but have still been seasonably refreshed by frequent and unexpected supplies from the Spanish America. We hear, indeed, of the arrival but of very few ships from those parts; but as in every vessel there is stowage for immense treasures, when the cargo is pure bullion, or merchandise of as great a value: so we find by experience they have had such prodigious sums of money conveyed to them by these secret channels, that they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is distressed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. During the last four years, by a modest computation, there have been brought into Brest above six millions of pounds sterling in bullion. What then shall we suppose would be the effect of this correspondence with America, might the wealth of those parts come to them in squadrons of men-of-war, and fleets of galleons? If these little by-currents, that creep into the country by stealth, have so great a force, how shall we stem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? And this certainly will be our case, unless we find a means to dissolve the union between France and Spain. I have dwelt the longer on this consideration, because the present war hath already furnished us with the experiment, and sensibly convinced us of the increase of power which France has received from its intercourse with the Spanish West Indies.

As there are many who look upon every thing which they do not actually see and feel as bare probability and speculation; I shall only touch on those other reasons, of which we have already had some experience, for our preventing this coalition of interests and designs in the two monarchies.

The woollen manufacture is the British strength, the staple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and estates must sink together, and all the cash of the nation be consumed on foreign merchandise. The French at present gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and, since the accession of the Spanish monarchy, supply, with cloth of their own making, the very best mart we had in Europe. And what a melancholy prospect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of Spanish wool, to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themselves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in those places where was the greatest consumption of our woollen works, and the most considerable gain for the British merchant? Notwithstanding our many seasonable recruits from Portugal and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and must at last be reduced to the greatest exigencies, if this great source be dried up, and our traffic with Spain continue under its present discouragement.

The trade of the Levant must likewise flourish or decay in our hands, as we are

friends or enemies of the Spanish monarchy. The late conquest of Naples will very little alter the case, though Sicily should follow the fate of her sister kingdom. The strait's mouth is the key of the Levant, and will be always in the possession of those who are kings of Spain. We may only add, that the same causes which straiten the British commerce, will naturally enlarge the French; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languish in the same degree as their commerce gathers or loses strength. And if so powerful and populous a nation as that of France become superior to us by sea, our whole is lost, and we are no more a people. The consideration of so narrow a channel betwixt us, of such numbers of regular troops on the enemy's side, of so small a standing force on our own, and that, too, in a country destitute of all such forts and strong places as might stop the progress of a victorious army, hath something in it so terrifying, that one does not care for setting it in its proper light. Let it not, therefore, enter into the heart of any one that hath the least zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honour or safety of his country, or a well-wish for his friends or posterity, to think of a peace with France till the Spanish monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the house of Bourbon disabled from ever giving the law to Europe.

Let us suppose that the French king would grant us the most advantageous terms we can desire; without the separation of the two monarchies they must infallibly end in our destruction. Should he secure to us all our present acquisitions; should he add two or three frontier-towns to what we have already in Flanders; should he join the kingdoms of Sicily and Sardinia to Milan and Naples; should he leave king Charles in the peaceable possession of Catalonia; should he make over to Great Britain the town and harbour of Cadiz, as well as that of Gibraltar, and at the same time resign his conquests in Portugal; it would all be of no effect towards the common safety of Europe, while the bulk of the Spanish continent and the riches of America remain in the possession of the Bourbon family.

Boccalini, when he weighs the states of Europe in his political balance, after having laid France in one scale, throws Spain into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counterpoise. The Spaniards upon this, says he, begun to promise themselves the honour of the balance, reckoning that if Spain of itself weighed so well, they could not fail of success when the several parts of the monarchy were lumped in the same scale. Their surprise was very great, when, upon the throwing in of Naples, they saw the scale rise, and was greater still when they found that Milan and Flanders had the same effect. The truth of it is, these parts of the Spanish monarchy are rather for ornament than strength. They furnish out vice-royalties for the grandees, and posts of honour for the noble families; but in a time of war are incumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and exposed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we, therefore, continue in the possession of what we have already made ourselves masters, with such additions as have been mentioned, we should have little more than the excrescences of the Spanish monarchy. The strength of it will still join itself to France, and grow the closer to it by its disunion from the rest. And in this case, the advantages which must arise to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the Spanish dominions, would, in a very few years, not only repair all the damages they have sustained in the present war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its most flourishing periods.

The French king hath often entered on several expensive projects, on purpose to dissipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immense sums on architecture, gardening, water-works, painting, statuary, and the like, to distribute his treasures among his people, as well as to humour his pleasures and his ambition; but if he once engrosses the commerce of the Spanish Indies, whatever quantities of gold and silver stagnate in his private coffers, there will be still enough to carry on the circulation among his subjects. By this means, in a short space of time he may heap up greater wealth than all the princes of Europe joined together; and in the present constitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the same thing. Let us therefore suppose, that after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring state; to revive the pretensions of Spain upon Portugal, or attempt the taking those places which were granted us for our security; what resistance, what opposition can we make to so formidable an enemy? Should the same alliance rise against him that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the states engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy, who is now able to keep them at a stand, will have received so many new accessions of strength?

But I think it is not to be imagined that in such a conjuncture as we here suppose, the same confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down so exorbitant a power. Some might be brought into his interests by money, others drawn over by fear, and those that are liable to neither of these impressions, might not think their own interest so much concerned as in the present war; or if any appeared in a disposition to enter into such a confederacy, they might be crushed separately before they could concert measures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the present alliance can be ascribed to nothing else but the clear and evident conviction which every member of it is under, that if it should once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing by all the joint efforts of such an union. Let us therefore agree on this as a fixed rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms against France till we have utterly disjoined her from the Spanish monarchy. Let this be the first step of a public treaty, the basis of a general peace.

Had the present war, indeed, run against us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of frenzy, or a mixture of obstinacy and despair, to be determined on so impracticable an undertaking. But on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and are come within view of the end that we have been so long driving at. We remain victorious in all the seats of war. In Flanders we have got into our hands several open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, dispossessed him of his strong holds, and ruined his allies in Germany. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but possessed ourselves of the kingdom of Naples, the dutchy of Milan, and the avenue of France in Italy. The Spanish war hath given us a haven for our ships, and the most populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In short, we have taken all the outlying parts of the Spanish monarchy, and made impressions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the French from all their advanced posts in Europe, and driven them into their last entrenchments. One vigorous push on all sides, one general assault, will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and surrender themselves at discretion. Another Blenheim or Ramilles will make the confederates masters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithstanding the advantages already gained are very considerable if we pursue them, they will be of no effect unless we improve them towards the carrying of our main point. The enemy staggers; if you follow your blow he falls at your feet; but if you allow him respite, he will recover his strength and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him several repeated wounds, that have enfeebled him and brought him low; but they are such as time will heal, unless you take advantage from his present weakness to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in Cæsar's character, and what comes home to our present purpose, that he thought nothing at all was done, while any thing remained undone. In short, we have been tugging a great while against the stream, and have almost weathered our point; a stretch or two more will do the work; but if instead of that we slacken our arms, and drop our oars, we shall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence we first set out.

After having seen the necessity of an entire separation of the kingdoms of France and Spain, our subject naturally leads us into the consideration of the most proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered ourselves with the prospect of reducing France to our own terms by the want of money among the people, and the exigences of the public treasury; but have still been disappointed by the great sums imported from America, and the many new expedients which the court hath found out for its relief. A long consumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance than disable France from maintaining sufficient armies to oppose it. An arbitrary government will never want money so long as the people have it; and so active a people will always have it, whilst they can send what merchandizes they please to Mexico and Peru. The French, since their alliance with Spain, keep thirty ships in constant motion between the western ports of France and the south seas of America. The king himself is an adventurer in this traffic, and, besides the share that he receives out of the gains of his subjects, has immense sums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may farther consider, that the French, since their abandoning Bavaria and Italy, have very much retrenched the expense of the war, and lay out among themselves all the money that is consumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the most probable way of bringing France to reason would be by the making an attempt upon the Spanish West Indies, and by that means to cut off all communication with this great source of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This, I must confess, carries so promising an appearance, that I would by no means discourage the attempt: but at the same time I think it should be a collateral project rather than our principal design. Such an undertaking, if well concerted and put into good hands, would be of infinite advantage to the common cause: but certainly an enterprise that carries in it the fate of Europe, should not turn upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befal a naval expedition.

Others there are that have long deceived themselves with the hopes of an insurrection in France, and are therefore for laying out all our strength on a descent. These, I think, do not enough consider the natural love which the gross of mankind have for the constitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflection, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been used from his infancy, as of cold climates, or barren countries, in which he hath been born or bred. Besides, there is a kind of sluggish resignation, as well as

poorness and degeneracy of spirit, in a state of slavery, that we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themselves out of it; as we find in history instances of persons who, after their prisons have been flung open, and their fetters struck off, have chosen rather to languish in their dungeons than stake their miserable lives and fortunes upon the success of a revolution. I need not instance the general fate of descents, the difficulty of supplying men and provisions by sea against an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which it is impossible to secure those conquests that are often made in the first onsets of an invasion. For these and other reasons I can never approve the nursing up commotions and insurrections in the enemy's country, which, for want of the necessary support, are likely to end in the massacre of our friends, and the ruin of their families.

The only means, therefore, for bringing France to our conditions, and what appears to me, in all human probability, a sure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert itself as much to annoy the enemy as they themselves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and in one summer overset the whole power of France.

The French monarchy is already exhausted of its best and bravest subjects. The flower of the nation is consumed in its wars; the strength of their armies consists at present of such as have saved themselves by flight from some or other of the victorious confederates, and the only proper persons to recruit them are but the refuse of those who have been already picked out for the service. Mareschal de Vauban, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of France, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions less at the peace of Ryswick, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath as yet lasted but six, yet considering that their armies are more strong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the present war; and that their losses sustained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a moderate computation, suppose that the present war hath not been less prejudicial than the foregoing one in the ravage which it hath made among the people. There is in France so great a disproportion between the number of males and females; and, among the former, between those who are capable of bearing arms and such as are too young, sickly, or decrepit for the service; and at the same time such vast numbers of ecclesiastics, secular, and religious, who live upon the labours of others, that when the several trades and professions are supplied, you will find most of those that are proper for war absolutely necessary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their superfluous hands, and every new levy they make must be at the expense of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand alliance have innumerable sources of recruits, not only in Britain and Ireland, the United Provinces and Flanders, but in all the populous parts of Germany, that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants. We may add, that the French have only Switzerland, besides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a single regiment: whereas the allies have not only the same resource, but may be supplied for money from Denmark and other neutral states. In short, the confederates may bring to the field what forces they please, if they will be at the charge of them: but France, let her wealth be what it will, must content herself with the product of her own country.

The French are still in greater straits for supplies of horse than men. The breed of their country is neither so good nor numerous as what are to be found in most of the countries of the allies. They had last summer about threescore thousand in their several armies, and could not, perhaps, bring into the field thirty thousand more, if they were disposed to make such an augmentation.

The French horse are not only few but weak in comparison of ours. Their cavalry in the battle of Blenheim could not sustain the shock of the British horse. For this reason our late way of attacking their troops sword in hand is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robust, and our horses of a stronger make than the French; and in such attacks it is the weight of the forces, supposing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The English strength turned very much to account in our wars against the French of old, when we used to gall them with our long-bows, at a greater distance than they could shoot their arrows; this advantage we lost upon the invention of fire-arms, but by the present method our strength as well as bravery may again be of use to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to send what numbers we are able into the field, because our generals at present are such as are likely to make the best use of them, without throwing them away on any fresh attempts or ill-concerted projects. The confederate armies have the happiness of being commanded by persons who are esteemed the greatest leaders of the present age, and are perhaps equal to any that have preceded them. There is a sort of resemblance in their characters, a particular sedateness in their conversation and behaviour, that qualifies them for counsel, with

a great intrepidity and resolution that fits them for action. They are all of them men of concealed fire, that doth not break out with noise and heat in the ordinary circumstances of life, but shows itself sufficiently in all great enterprises that require it. It is true, the general upon the Rhine hath not had the same occasions as the others to signalize himself; but if we consider the great vigilance, activity, and courage, with the consummate prudence, and the nice sense of honour which appears in that prince's character, we have great reason to hope, that as he purchased the first success in the present war, by forcing into the service of the confederates an army that was raised against them in the very heart of the empire, he will give one of the finishing strokes to it, and help to conclude the great work which he so happily begun. The sudden check that he gave to the French army the last campaign, and the good order he established in that of the Germans, look like happy presages of what we may expect from his conduct. I shall not pretend to give any character of the generals on the enemy's side; but I think we may say this, that in the eyes of their own nation they are inferior to several that have formerly commanded the French armies. If, then, we have greater numbers than the French, and at the same time better generals, it must be our own fault if we will not reap the fruit of such advantages.

It would be loss of time to explain any farther our superiority to the enemy in numbers of men and horse. We see plainly that we have the means in our hands, and that nothing but the application of them is wanting. Let us only consider what use the enemy would make of the advantage we have mentioned, if it fell on their side; and is it not very strange that we should not be as active and industrious for our security, as they would certainly be for our destruction? But before we consider more distinctly the method we ought to take in the prosecution of the war, under this particular view, let us reflect a little upon those we have already taken in the course of it for these six years past.

The allies, after a successful summer, are too apt, upon the strength of it, to neglect their preparations for the ensuing campaign, while the French leave no art nor stratagem untried to fill up the empty spaces of their armies, and to swell them to an equal bulk with those of the confederates. By this means our advantage is lost, and the fate of Europe brought to a second decision. It is now become an observation, that we are to expect a very indifferent year after a very successful one. Blenheim was followed by a summer that makes no noise in the war. Ramilles, Turin, and Barcelona were the parents of our last campaign. So many dreadful blows alarmed the enemy, and raised their whole country up in arms. Had we on our side made proportionable preparations, the war by this time had been brought to a happy issue. If, after having gained the great victories of Blenheim and Ramilles, we had made the same efforts as we should have done had we lost them, the power of France could not have withstood us.

In the beginning of the winter we usually get what intelligence we can of the force which the enemy intends to employ in the campaigns of the succeeding year, and immediately cast about for a sufficient number of troops to face them in the field of battle. This, I must confess, would be a good method if we were engaged in a defensive war. We might maintain our ground with an equal number of forces; but our business is not only to secure what we are already in possession of; we are to wrest the whole Spanish monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and, in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country by dint of arms. We should therefore put forth all our strength, and, without having an eye to his preparations, make the greatest push that we are able on our own side. We are told that the enemy at present thinks of raising threescore thousand men for the next summer; if we regulate our levies in that view, we do nothing: let us perform our utmost, as they do, and we shall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power at least to be four times as strong as the French; but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their superiority?

It seems, therefore, to be the business of the confederates to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horse; and by that means to outnumber the enemy in all rencounters and engagements. For the same reason it must be for the interest of the allies to seek all opportunities of battle, because all losses on the opposite side are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; besides that, the French do their business by lying still, and have no other concern in the war than to hold fast what they have already got into their hands.

The miscarriage of the noblest project that ever was formed in Europe, can be ascribed to nothing else but our want of numbers in the several quarters of the war. If our armies on all sides had begun to busy and insult the enemy, at the same time that the forces marched out of Piedmont, Toulon had been at present in the hands of the duke of Savoy. But could that prince ever have imagined that the French would have been at liberty to detach whole armies against him? or will it appear credible to posterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force of so many populous and powerful nations, France could send so great a part of its troops to one seat of the war, without suffering in any of the rest? Whereas it is well known, that if the duke of Savoy had continued before Toulon eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of sixty

thousand men, which was more than double the number of his own, and yet the enemy was strong enough every where else to prevent the confederates from making any impression upon them. However, let us fall into the right measures, and we may hope that the stroke is only deferred. The duke of Savoy hath secured a passage into Dauphiny, and if the allies make such efforts in all parts, as we may reasonably expect from them, that prince may still make himself master of the French dominions on the other side of the Rhone.

There is another part of our conduct which may perhaps deserve to be considered. As soon as we have agreed with the states-general upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negotiate with some or other of the German princes, who are in the same confederacy, to furnish out our quota in mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance; first, as it may have an ill influence on the resolutions of those princes in the diet of the empire, who may be willing to settle as small a quota as they can for themselves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and, in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have settled. This actually happened in the last campaign, when we are told the Germans excused themselves for their want of troops upon the Rhine, as having already put most of their forces into the British and Dutch service. Such an excuse, indeed, is very unjust, but it would be better to give them no occasion of making it; and on such occasions to consider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reason.

It might, therefore, be for our advantage, that all the foreign troops in the British pay should be raised in neutral countries. Switzerland in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great use to us; not only in respect of the reinforcements which we might draw from thence, but because such a draught of forces would lessen the number of those that might otherwise be employed in the French service. The bulk of our levies should nevertheless be raised in our own country, it being impossible for neutral states to furnish both the British and Dutch with a sufficient number of effective men; besides that the British soldiers will be more at the disposal of their general, and act with greater vigour under the conduct of one for whom they have so just a value, and whom they do not consider only as their leader, but as their countryman. We may likewise suppose, that the soldiers of a neutral state, who are not animated by any national interest, cannot fight for pay with the same ardour and alacrity as men that fight for their prince and country, their wives and children.

It may likewise be worth while to consider whether the military genius of the English nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring states, if it hath no occasion to exert itself. Minds that are altogether set on trade and profit, often contract a certain narrowness of temper, and at length become incapable of great and generous resolutions. Should the French ever make an unexpected descent upon us, we might want soldiers of our own growth to rise up in our defence; and might not have time to draw a sufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of Germany. It is generally said, that if king Charles the second had made war upon France in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it by the many veterans which were scattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to service in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we shall never have such another nursery of soldiers; but if the present war gives a more military turn to all other nations of Europe, than to our own, it is to be feared we may lose in strength what we gain in number. We may apply the same consideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in Scotland or Ireland, may not those two parts of the British monarchy, after the disbanding of the present army, be too powerful for the rest, in case of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at present. However, as these considerations do not concern the more essential part of our design, it is sufficient to have mentioned them.

The sparing of ourselves in so important a conjuncture, when we have but this single opportunity left for the preserving every thing that is precious amongst us, is the worst sort of management that we can possibly fall into. The good husbandry of one age may entail an endless expense upon all posterity. We must venture the sacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at present, if we will effectually secure both for the future. The British kingdom is so well stocked with people, and so much abounds in horse, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmost use of it, to humble France, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more disagreeable thought to the people of Great Britain than that of a standing army. But if a peace be made before the disunion of France and Spain, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a settled body of numerous forces indispensable for the safety of our country. We have it therefore in our choice, to raise such a strong reinforcement of troops as at present may be sufficient, in conjunction with those of the allies, for breaking the strength of the enemy; or, when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot such an army as will be necessary for preventing his attempts upon us.

It is to be hoped, that those who would be the most zealous against keeping up a constant body of regular troops after a general peace, will the most distinguish themselves for the promoting an augmentation of those which are now on foot; and by that means

take care that we shall not stand in need of such an expedient.

We are, indeed, obliged, by the present situation of our affairs, to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the French are retired within their lines, and have collected all their strength into a narrow compass, we must have greater numbers to charge them in their intrenchments, and force them to a battle. We saw, the last campaign, that an army of fourscore thousand of the best troops in Europe, with the duke of Marlborough at the head of them, could do nothing against an enemy that were too numerous to be assaulted in their camps, or attacked in their strong holds.

There is another consideration, which deserves our utmost attention. We know very well, that there is a prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to side with either party. I cannot presume to guess how far our ministers may be informed of his designs: but unless they have very strong assurances of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not opposing it, they cannot be too circumspect and speedy in taking their precautions against any contrary resolution. We shall be unpardonable, if, after such an expense of blood and treasure, we leave it in the power of any single prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the posture of our affairs in the last campaign, this prince could have turned the balance on either side; but it is to be hoped, the liberties of Europe will not depend any more on the determination of one man's will. I do not speak this because I think there is any appearance of that prince's uniting himself to France. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great sentiments of honour, I think it is not improbable we should draw him over to the confederacy, if we press him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his sense of glory, will both have their effect on a prince who hath already distinguished himself by being a patron of protestants, and guarantee of the Westphalian treaty. And if his interest hath any part in his actions, the allies may make him greater offers than the French king can do in the present conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the empire; doubtful successions, to which the king of Sweden seems to have very just petensions; and at the same time a great title not yet disposed of, and a seat of war on the Moselle, where none of our generals have signalized themselves. It would be presumption to be particular in any proposals on such an occasion; it is enough to have shown in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wisdom of the confederates may make use.

Common sense will direct us, when we see so warlike a prince at the head of so great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendship, or secure ourselves against the force of his arms. We are sure, whatever number of troops we raise, we shall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may spare us the expense of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parsimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is still a great popular objection, which will be made to every thing that can be urged on this subject. And, indeed, it is such a one as falls so much in with the prejudices and little passions of the multitude, that when it is turned and set off to advantage by ill-designing men, it throws a damp on the public spirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous resolutions for its honour and safety. In short, we are to be told, that England contributes much more than any other of the allies, and that therefore it is not reasonable she should make any addition to her present efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not see any tolerable colour for such a conclusion. Supposing, among a multitude embarked in the same vessel, there are several that in the fury of a tempest will rather perish than work for their preservation; would it not be madness in the rest to stand idle, and rather choose to sink together than do more than comes to their share? Since we are engaged in a work so absolutely necessary for our welfare, the remissness of our allies should be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than slacken them. If we must govern ourselves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity of the common enemy than the supineness and negligence of our friends.

We have, indeed, a much greater share in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The French king makes at us directly, keeps a king by him to set over us, and hath very lately augmented the salary of his court to let us see how much he hath that design at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, should they ever fall into his hands, would lose their religion or form of government, or interfere at present with him in matters of commerce. The Dutch, who are likely to be the greatest losers after the Britons, have but little trade to the Levant in comparison with ours, have no considerable plantations or commerce in the West Indies, or any woollen manufactures for Spain; not to mention the strong barrier they have already purchased between France and their own country.

But after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the same complaint, and fancies itself the greatest sufferer by the war. Indeed, in so common a pressure, let the weight be never so equally distributed, every one will be most sensible of that part which lies

n his own shoulders. We furnish, without ispute, more than any other branch of the lliance: but the question is, whether others o not exert themselves in proportion, accorling to their respective strength. The emeror, the king of Prussia, the elector of Hanover, as well as the states of Holland and the duke of Savoy, seem at least to come up to us. The greatest powers in Germany are borrowing money where they can get it, n order to maintain their stated quotas, and go through their part of the expense: and if any of the circles have been negligent, they have paid for it much more in their late contributions than what would have furnished out their shares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furnishing greater supplies to the war than it doth at present. To this we might answer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it should be an argument for enforcing rather than diminishing our present efforts against France. The sinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occasion far greater impositions than those which are now laid upon us. Whereas the seasonable expense of part of our riches, will not only preserve the rest, but by the right use of them procure vast additions to our present stock. It may be necessary for a person languishing under an ill habit of body to lose several ounces of blood, notwithstanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining mass, and draw into it fresh supplies.

But we can by no means make this concession to those who so industriously publish the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the same extent in Europe. France, notwithstanding the goodness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbours, both for the ocean and Mediterranean, and its present correspondence with the West Indies, is not to compare with Great Britain in this particular. I shall transcribe, word for word, the passage of a late celebrated French author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the reader to make the counterpart of the parallel between the two nations.

"According to all the inquiries that I have been able to make during several years, in which I have applied myself to this sort of remarks, I have observed, that about a tenth part of the people of this kingdom are reduced to beggary, and are actual beggars. That among the nine other parts, five are not in a condition to give alms or relief to those aforementioned, being very near reduced themselves to the same miserable condition. Of the four other remaining parts, three are very uneasy in their circumstances, and embarrassed with debts and lawsuits. In the tenth part I reckon the soldiers, lawyers, ecclesiastics, merchants, and substantial citizens, which cannot make up more than a hundred thousand families. And I believe I should not be mistaken, if I should say, that there are not above ten thousand of these families, who are very much at their ease: and if out of these ten thousand, we should take the men that are employed in public business, with their dependents and adherents, as also those whom the king supports by his bounty, with a few merchants, the number of those who remain will be surprisingly little." *Dixme Royale.*

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people; for so many the author reckons in that kingdom. How can we see such a multitude of souls cast under so many subdivisions of misery, without reflecting on the absurdity of a form of government that sacrifices the ease and happiness of so many reasonable beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at present.

If we run over the other nations of Europe that have any part in the present war, we shall only pass through so many different scenes of poverty. Spain, Portugal, and Savoy, are reduced to great extremities. Germany is exhausted to the last degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all she had left. Holland, indeed, flourishes above the rest in wealth and plenty: but if we consider the infinite industry and penuriousness of that people, the coarseness of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleasure and excess, it is no wonder, that notwithstanding they furnish as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not so many overgrown estates as in monarchies; the wealth of the country is so equally distributed, that most of the community are at their ease, though few are placed in extraordinary points of splendour and magnificence. But notwithstanding these circumstances may very much contribute to the seeming prosperity of the United Provinces, we know they are indebted many millions more than their whole republic is worth; and if we consider the variety of taxes and impositions they groan under at a time when their private dissensions run high, and some of the wealthiest parts of the government refuse to bear their share in the public expense, we shall not think the condition of that people so much to be envied as some amongst us would willingly represent it.

Nor is Great Britain only rich as she stands in comparison with other states, but is really so in her own intrinsic wealth. She had never more ships at sea, greater quantities of merchandise in her warehouses, larger receipts of customs, or more numerous commodities rising out of her manufactures than she has at present. In short, she sits in the midst of a mighty affluence of all the necessaries and conveniences of life. If our silver and gold diminishes, our public credit con-

tinues unimpaired, and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to supply ourselves. The old Roman general, when he heard his army complain of thirst, showed them the springs and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own case: the rout of a Spanish army would make us masters of the Indies.

If prince Eugene takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in Catalonia, and meets with that support from the alliance, which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair prospect of reducing Spain to the entire obedience of the house of Austria. The Silesian fund (to the immortal reputation of those generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that prince to make a conquest of Italy, at a time when our affairs were more desperate there, than they are at present in the kingdom of Spain.

When our parliament has done their utmost, another public-spirited project of the same nature, which the common enemy could not foresee nor prepare against, might, in all probability, set king Charles upon the throne for which he hath so long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the Spanish continent.

Let us, therefore, exert the united strength of our whole island, and by that means put a new life and spirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or increase their preparations according to the example that is set them. We see the necessity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reason, or rescue our country from the miseries that may befall it; and we find ourselves in a condition of making such an augmentation as, by the blessing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorously, we shall gain for ourselves and our posterity, a long, a glorious, and a lasting peace; but if we neglect so fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treasures, when it will be too late; and shall be tormented with one of the most melancholy reflections of an afflicted heart, that it was once in our power to have made ourselves and our children happy.

THE LATE

TRIAL AND CONVICTION

OF

COUNT TARIFF.*

THE whole nation is at present very inquisitive after the proceedings in the cause of Goodman Fact, plaintiff, and count Tariff, defendant; as it was tried on the eighteenth of June, in the thirteenth year of her majesty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I shall therefore give my countrymen a short and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, must in the first place premise some particulars relating to the person and character of the said plaintiff, Goodman Fact.

Goodman Fact is allowed by every body to be a plain-spoken person, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his aversion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters nobody. Yet so great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets himself to be heard. He never applies to the passions or prejudices of his audience: when they listen with attention and honest minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a suit of English broadcloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was substantial, honest, homespun ware. His cane, indeed, came from the East Indies, and two or three little superfluities from Turkey and other parts. It is said that he encouraged himself with a bottle of neat port, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the court by several thousands of weavers, clothiers, fullers, dyers, packers, calenders, setters, silk-men, spinners, dressers, whitsters, winders, mercers, throwsters, sugar-bakers, distillers, drapers, hosiers, planters, merchants, and fishermen; who all unanimously declared, that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend Fact did not gain his cause.

Every body was overjoyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in court, but several of his friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: for indeed he had not been seen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited against count Tariff was drawn up in the following articles:

I. That the said count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the plaintiff.

II. That the said count had tampered with the said plaintiff, and made use of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the said count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly-devised speeches, as a person in the French interest.

IV. That the said count had averred, in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the plaintiff speak in derogation of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders, and others; who were the persons whom the said plaintiff had always favoured in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favour.

V. That the said count had given a very disadvantageous relation of three great farms, which had long flourished under the care and superintendency of the plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers. That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these, and many other wicked devices, he would have starved many honest day-labourers; have impoverished the owner, and have filled his farm with beggars, &c.

VII. That the said count had either sunk or mislaid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars Goodman Fact was very short, but pithy: for, as I said before, he was a plain, homespun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had farther

* This humorous paper relates to the Tariff, as it is called, or treaty of commerce, declaring the duties of import and export, which the ministry had agreed to at the peace of Utrecht. A bill, which the commons had ordered to be brought in, for the confirmation of that treaty, occasioned great debates, and was at length thrown out by a small majority. This fate of the Tariff was thought to reflect no small disgrace on the makers of the peace, and was matter of great triumph to the whig party. See the particulars in Burnet, under the year 1713, and in Tindal's Continuation.—HURD.

so much of the quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed, that count Tariff endeavoured to browbeat the plaintiff all the while he was speaking. But though he was not so impudent as the count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the count's turn to speak, old Fact so stared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the count was very often struck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion to attest Goodman Fact's veracity than ever were seen in a court of justice. His cause was pleaded by the ablest men in the kingdom; among whom was a gentleman of Suffolk,* who did him signal service.

Count Tariff appeared just the reverse of Goodman Fact. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistcoat, curiously embroidered with flower-de-luces. He wore also a broad brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, and a pair of silver-clocked stockings. His speeches were accompanied with much gesture and grimace. He abounded in empty phrases, superficial flourishes, violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the French assurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would most certainly have carried his cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in the world besides Goodman Fact.

The count being called upon to answer to the charge which had been made against him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the Tariffs, viz. by railing and calling names.

He, in the first place, accused his adversary of *scandalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his superiors with sauciness and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at court, he was a little startled at this accusation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impossible for any of his family to be either saucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the court, that is, "To speak the truth, and nothing but the truth."

The count in the next place assured the court, that his antagonist had taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not FACT, but FACTION. The count was so pleased with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every sentence; calling his antagonist's assertions the reports of faction; his friends, the sons of faction; the testimonies of his witnesses, the dictates of faction: nay, with such a degree of impudence did he push this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a starving multitude, the clamours of faction.

* Sir Thomas Hanmer.

As soon as the count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the court, that Fact was not an Englishman by birth, but that he was of Dutch extraction, and born in Holland. In consequence of this assertion, he began to rally the poor plaintiff, under the title of Mynheer Van Fact; which took pretty well with the simpletons of his party, but the men of sense did not think the jest worth all their lands and tenements.

When the count had finished his speech, he desired leave to call in his witnesses, which was granted: when immediately there came to the bar a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in such a manner that it was impossible to see his face. He spoke in the spirit, nay, in the very language of the count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his assertions. Being asked his name, he said the world called him Mercator;† but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars which, for certain reasons, he was obliged to conceal. The court found him such a false, shuffling, prevaricating rascal, that they set him aside, as a person unqualified to give his testimony in a court of justice; advising him at the same time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering such notorious falsehoods as he had then published. The witness, however, persisted in his contumacy, telling them he was very sorry to find, that notwithstanding what he had said, they were resolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

There came up another witness,‡ who spoke much to the reputation of count Tariff. This was a tall, black, blustering person, dressed in a Spanish habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a golillio about his neck, and a long Toledo sticking out by his side; his garments were so covered with tinsel and spangles, that at a distance he seemed to be made up of silver and gold. He called himself Don Assiento, and mentioned several nations that had sought his friendship; but declared that he had been gained over by the count, and that he was come into these parts to enrich every one that heard him. The court was at first very well pleased with his figure, and the promises he made them; but upon examination found him a true Spaniard: nothing but show and beggary. For it was fully proved, that notwithstanding the boasts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon casting up his annual expenses, with the debts and encumbrances which lay upon his estate, he was worse than nothing.

† A ministerial paper, so called, written by Daniel de Foe, in vindication of the treaty of commerce.

‡ By this witness, is meant the Assiento contract, or grant, made by the king of Spain, for the importation of negroes into his American dominions, to the South-sea company; the supposed benefits of which contract, being part of the treaty of commerce, were much insisted upon by the ministerial advocates.—HUME.

There appeared another witness in favour f the count, who spoke with so much vioence and warmth, that the court begun to isten to him very attentively; till, upon iearing his name, they found he was a notoious knight of the post, being kept in pay, o give his testimony on all occasions where t was wanted. This was the Examiner;* a person who had abused almost every man in England, that deserved well of his country. He called Goodman Fact a liar, a seditious person, a traitor, and a rebel; and so much incensed the honest man, that he would certainly have knocked him down if he could have come at him. It was allowed by every body, that so foul-mouthed a witness never appeared in any cause. Seeing several persons of great eminence, who had maintained the cause of Goodman Fact, he called them idiots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheists, apostates, fiends, and devils; never did man show so much eloquence in ribaldry. The court was at length so justly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who spared no age, nor sex, nor profession, which had shown any friendship or inclination for the plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, it was high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness, overhearing the word pillory repeated twice or thrice, slunk away privately, and hid himself among the people.

After a full hearing on both sides, count Tariff was cast, and Goodman Fact got his cause; but the court sitting late, did not think it fit, at that time, to give him costs, or, indeed, to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time when the count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible how general a joy Goodman Fact's success created in the city of London; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped, and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

* The political periodical of that name.

THE EVIDENCES

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SECTION I.

I. General division of the following discourse, with regard to pagan and Jewish authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour. II. Not probable that any such should be mentioned by pagan writers who lived at the same time, from the nature of such transactions. III. Especially when related by the Jews. IV. And heard at a distance by those who pretended to as great miracles of their own. V. Besides that, no pagan writers of that age lived in Judæa or its confines. VI. And because many books of that age are lost. VII. An instance of one record proved to be authentic. VIII. A second record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.

THAT I may lay before you a full state of the subject under our consideration, and methodise the several particulars that I touched upon in discourse with you; I shall first take notice of such pagan authors as have given their testimony to the history of our Saviour; reduce these authors under their respective classes, and show what authority their testimonies carry with them. Secondly, I shall take notice of Jewish authors in the same light.*

II. There are many reasons why you should not expect that matters of such a wonderful nature should be taken notice of by those eminent pagan writers who were contemporaries with Jesus Christ, or by those who lived before his disciples had personally appeared among them, and ascertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life so full of miracles.

Supposing such things had happened at this day in Switzerland, or among the Grisons, who make a greater figure in Europe than Judæa did in the Roman empire, would they be immediately believed by those who live at a great distance from them? or would any certain account of them be transmitted into foreign countries within so short a space of time as that of our Saviour's public ministry? Such kinds of news, though never so true, seldom gain credit till some time after they are transacted and exposed to the examination of the curious, who, by laying together circumstances, attestations, and characters of those who are concerned in them, either receive or reject what at first none but eyewitnesses could absolutely believe or disbelieve. In a case of this sort, it was natural for men of sense and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at farthest to suspend their belief of it, until all things stood together in their full light.

III. Besides, the Jews were branded not only for superstitions different from all the religions of the pagan world, but in a particular manner rediculed for being a credulous people; so that whatever reports of such a nature came out of that country, were looked upon as false, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may farther observe, that the ordinary practice of magic in those times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles among the heathens, made them less attentive to such news from Judæa, till they had time to consider the nature, the occasion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many surprising events to allow them any consideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. Matthew, that the fame of our Saviour, during his life, went throughout all Syria, and that there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, Judæa, Decapolis, Idumæa, from beyond Jordan, and from Tyre and Sidon. Now had there been any historians of those times and places, we might have expected to have seen in them some account of those wonderful transactions in Judæa; but there is not any single author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of those countries.

VI. How many books have perished in which possibly there might have been mention of our Saviour? Look among the Romans, how few of their writings are come down to our times? In the space of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was such a multitude of writers in all kinds, how small is the number of authors that have made their way to the present age?

VII. One authentic record, and that the most authentic heathen record, we are pretty sure is lost. I mean the account sent by the governor of Judæa, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the custom in the Roman empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the prefects and viceroys of distant provinces to transmit to their sovereign a summary relation of every thing remarka-

* The author did not live to write this second part.

: in their administration. That Pontius late, in his account, would have touched so extraordinary an event in Judæa, is t to be doubted; and that he actually did, : learn from Justin Martyr, who lived out a hundred years after our Saviour's ath, resided, made converts, and suffered artyrdom at Rome, where he was engag- with philosophers, and in a particular nner with Crescens the Cynic, who could sily have detected, and would not fail to ive exposed him, had he quoted a record t in being, or made any false citation out of

Would the great apologist have chal- nged Crescens to dispute the cause of hristianity with him before the Roman nate, had he forged such an evidence? or ould Crescens have refused the challenge, uld he have triumphed over him in the tection of such a forgery? To which we ust add, that the Apology, which appeals this record, was presented to a learned nperor, and to the whole body of the Ro- an senate. This father, in his Apology, peaking of the death and suffering of our aviour, refers the emperor for the truth of hat he says to the acts of Pontius Pilate, hich I have here mentioned. Tertullian, ho wrote his Apology about fifty years fter Justin, doubtless referred to the same ecord, when he tells the governor of Rome, hat the emperor Tiberius, having received n account out of Palestine in Syria of the livine person who had appeared in that ountry, paid him a particular regard, and hreatened to punish any who should accuse he Christians; nay, that the emperor would ave adopted him among the deities whom hey worshipped, had not the senate refused o come into his proposal. Tertullian, who ives us this history, was not only one of the nost learned men of his age but, what adds greater weight to his authority in this case, was eminently skilful and well read in the aws of the Roman empire. Nor can it be aid, that Tertullian grounded his quotation pon the authority of Justin Martyr, because ve find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that author. Euse- bius mentions the same ancient record; but s it was not extant in his time, I shall not nsist upon his authority in this point. If it e objected that this particular is not men- ioned in any Roman historian, I shall use he same argument in a parallel case, and ee whether it will carry any force with it. Ulpian, the great Roman lawyer, gathered ogether all the imperial edicts that had been ade against the Christians. But did any ne ever say that there had been no such icts, because they were not mentioned in e histories of those emperors? Besides, ho knows but this circumstance of Tiberius as mentioned in other historians that have en lost, though not to be found in any still stant? Has not Suetonius many particulars f this emperor omitted by Tacitus, and He- dian many that are not so much as hinted by either? As for the spurious acts of Pilate, now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing; and had there not been a true and authentic record of this na- ture, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of Abgarus king of Edessa, relating to the letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, I may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in pagan history, an author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other authors who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. Grabe, in the second volume of his Spicilegium.

SECTION II.

I. What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by pagan authors. II. What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what pagan authors. III. How Celsus represented our Saviour's miracles. IV. The same representation made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable. V. What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from pagan writers.

We now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among pagan writers; and here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from pagans. I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from Judæa, as well as to those who were the followers and eyewitnesses of Christ.

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples. "That Augustus Cæsar had ordered the whole empire to be censed or taxed," which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to Bethlehem: this is mentioned by several Roman historians, as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion. "That a great light, or a new star, appeared in the east, which directed the wise men to our Saviour:" this is recorded by Chalcidius. "That Herod the king of Palestine, so often mentioned in the Roman history, made a great slaughter of innocent children," being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account: this character of him is given by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by Macrobius, a heathen author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it. "That our Saviour had been in Egypt:" this Celsus, though he raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country. "That Pontius Pilate was governor of Judæa; that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and crucified:" this is recorded by

Tacitus. "That many miraculous cures, and works out of the ordinary course of nature, were wrought by him:" this is confessed by Julian the apostate, Porphyry, and Hierocles, all of them not only pagans, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity. "That our Saviour foretold several things which came to pass according to his predictions;" this was attested by Phlegon in his annals, as we are assured by the learned Origen against Celsus. "That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness and a great earthquake:" this is recorded by the same Phlegon the Trallian, who was likewise a pagan, and freeman to Adrian the emperor. We may here observe, that a native of Trallium, which was not situate at so great a distance from Palestine, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the Jews in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the shake, of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this author. "That Christ was worshipped as a God among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him; that they received a sacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abstaining from sin and wickedness," conformable to the advice given by St. Paul; "that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in hymns:" this is the account which Pliny the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of Christ, and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity after the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. "That St. Peter, whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works," is owned by Julian the apostate, who therefore represents him as a great magician, and one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour. "That the devils or evil spirits were subject to them," we may learn from Porphyry, who objects to Christianity, that, since Jesus had begun to be worshipped, Æsculapius and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, Celsus himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in Christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain demons. Origin remarks on this passage, that the author doubtless hints at those Christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen, and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against Celsus. But at the same time he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of Jesus, to which were added several passages in his history, but nothing like any invocation to demons.

III. Celsus was so hard set with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true, yet, knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this, namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those Egyptian impostors, who would present their spectators with visionary entertainments, that had in them neither substance nor reality: which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthened and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such multitudes, who had doubtless sufficiently spread the fame of them, and was therefore in this place forced to resort to the other solution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to say, that a miracle which appeared to so many thousand eyewitnesses was a forgery of Christ's disciples, and therefore, supposing them to be eyewitnesses, he endeavours to show how they might be deceived.

IV. The uncontroverted heathens, who were pressed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving Jews, who had actually seen them, were driven to account for them after the same manner: for, to work by magic, in the heathen way of speaking, was in the language of the Jews to cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverse interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of those men, who, contrary to the dictates of their own hearts, started such an unreasonable objection, as a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and declared not only the guilt, but the punishment of so black a crime. At the same time he condescended to show the vanity and emptiness of this objection against his miracles, by representing that they evidently tended to the destruction of those powers, to whose assistance the enemies of his doctrine then ascribed them. An argument which, if duly weighed, renders the objection so very frivolous and groundless, that we may venture to call it even blasphemy against common sense. Would magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worship which was paid to stocks and stones, to give them an abhorrence of those evil spirits who rejoiced in the most cruel sacrifices, and in offerings of the greatest impurity; and, in short, to call upon mankind to exert their whole strength in the love and adoration of that one being, from whom they derived their existence,

and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happiness and continuance of it? Was it the business of magic to humanise our natures with compassion, forgiveness, and all the instances of the most extensive charity? Would evil spirits contribute to make men sober, chaste, and, temperate and, in a word, to produce that reformation, which was wrought in the moral world by those doctrines of our Saviour, that received their sanction from his miracles? Nor is it possible to imagine, that evil spirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correspondence and intercourse with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themselves to those rites and ceremonies, which had done them so much honour. We see the early effect which Christianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books which were filled with the secrets of magic, and made a sacrifice to Christianity by the converts mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. We have likewise an eminent instance of the inconsistency of our religion with magic, in the history of the famous Aquila. This person, who was a kinsman of the emperor Trajan, and likewise a man of great learning, notwithstanding he had embraced Christianity, could not be brought off from the studies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow-Christians: so that at length they expelled him their society, as rather choosing to lose the reputation of so considerable a proselyte, than communicate with one who dealt in such dark and infernal practices. Besides, we may observe, that all the favourers of magic were the most professed and bitter enemies to the Christian religion. Not to mention Simon Magus and many others, I shall only take notice of those two great persecutors of Christianity, the emperors Adrian and Julian the apostate, both of them initiated in the mysteries of divination, and skilled in all the depths of magic. I shall only add, that evil spirits cannot be supposed to have concurred in the establishment of a religion which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they possessed, and divested them of their influence on mankind: nor would I mention this particular, though it be unanimously reported by all the ancient Christian authors, did it not appear, from the authorities above cited, that this was a fact confessed by heathens themselves.

V. We now see what a multitude of pagan testimonies may be produced for all those remarkable passages which might have been expected from them, and indeed of several that, I believe, do more than answer your expectation, as they were not subjects in their own nature so exposed to public notoriety. It cannot be expected they should mention particulars which were transacted among the disciples only, or among some few even of the disciples themselves; such as the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of Christ after his resurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impossible for a heathen author to relate these things, because, if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his testimony would not have been thought of so much validity. Besides, his very report of facts so favourable to Christianity would have prompted men to say that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel case in Hecatæus, a famous Greek historian, who had several passages in his book conformable to the history of the Jewish writers, which, when quoted by Josephus as a confirmation of the Jewish history, when his heathen adversaries could give no other answer to it, they would need suppose that Hecatæus was a Jew in his heart, though they had no other reason for it, but because his history gave greater authority to the Jewish than the Egyptian records.

SECTION III.

I. Introduction to a second list of pagan authors who give testimony of our Saviour. II. A passage concerning our Saviour from a learned Athenian. III. His conversion from paganism to Christianity makes his evidence stronger than if he had continued a pagan. IV. Of another Athenian philosopher converted to Christianity. V. Why their conversion, instead of weakening, strengthens their evidence in defence of Christianity. VI. Their belief in our Saviour's history founded at first upon the principles of historical faith. VII. Their testimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's history. VIII. As related by the four Evangelists.

To this list of heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I shall add those authors who were at first heathens, and afterwards converted to Chistianity; upon which account, as I shall here show, their testimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this list of evidences, I shall confine myself to such learned pagans as came over to Christianity in the first three centuries, because those were the times in which men had the best means of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, and because among the great number of philosophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of Christian emperors, there might be several who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now suppose, that a learned heathen writer, who lived within sixty years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shown that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage: "But his works were always seen, because they were true; they were seen by those who were healed, and by those who were raised from the dead. Nay, these persons who were thus healed, and raised,

were seen not only at the time of their being healed, and raised, but long afterwards. Nay, they were seen not only all the while our Saviour was upon earth, but survived after his departure out of this world; nay, some of them were living in our days."

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of Christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous Athenian philosopher. These forementioned words, however, are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philosopher in Athens: but it will be said, he was a convert to Christianity. Now consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a pagan philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he wrote, or did not believe it; for, if so, would not they have told us he would have embraced Christianity? This was indeed the case of this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a proselyte, and died a martyr.

IV. Aristides was an Athenian philosopher at the same time, famed for his learning and wisdom, but converted to Christianity. As it cannot be questioned that he perused and approved the Apology of Quadratus, in which is the passage just now cited, he joined with him in an Apology of his own, to the same emperor, on the same subject. This Apology, though now lost, was extant in the time of Ado Vinnensis, A. D. 870, and highly esteemed by the most learned Athenians, as that author witnesses. It must have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts which make for the advancement of his own party. But we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons to whom we appeal were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of Christianity, the truth of which history was their motive to embrace Christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens; and had they not found reason to believe them, they would still have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under Christian parents, and trained up in the profession of that religion from a child, he generally guides himself by the rules of Christian faith, in believing what is delivered by the Evangelists; but the learned pagans of antiquity, before they became Christians, were only guided by the common rules of historical faith: that is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of those persons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of those persons; and being convinced upon all accounts that they had the same reason to believe the history of our Saviour as that of any other person, to which they themselves were not actually eyewitnesses, they were bound, by all the rules of historical faith and of right reason, to give credit to this history. This they did accordingly, and in consequence of it published the same truths themselves, suffered many afflictions, and very often death itself, in the assertion of them. When I say, that an historical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced these learned pagans to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives which conduced to it; as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his disciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous sufferings of their followers, with other considerations of the same nature: but whatever other collateral arguments wrought more or less with philosophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the history of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very basis and foundation of Christianity.

VII. To this I must farther add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, attested by particular pagan authors, the testimony of those I am now going to produce extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions, which are related of him and his disciples in the books of the New Testament.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangelists for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our blessed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of our most ancient Fathers in another view, refers to several passages in Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens of Alexandria, Origen, and Cyprian, by which he plainly shows, that each of these early writers ascribe to the four Evangelists by name their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall only add, that three of the five Fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were pagans converted to Christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in the knowledge of heathen learning and philosophy.

SECTION IV.

I. Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated; II. And of many who embraced it. III. Three eminent and early instances. IV. Multi-

tudes of learned men who came over to it. V. Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their conversion. VI. The names of several pagan philosophers who were Christian converts.

It happened very providentially to the honour of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark and illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. Several of these, therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid farewell to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

III. Of this sort we may reckon those three early converts to Christianity, who each of them was a member of a senate famous for its wisdom and learning. Joseph the Arimathean was of the Jewish sanhedrim, Dionysius of the Athenian areopagus, and Flavius Clemens of the Roman senate; nay, at the time of his death, consul of Rome. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve Aristides, his fellow-citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by Roman and Christian authors.

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known nations of the world came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, besides those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but subject them to every thing terrible or disagreeable in it. Tertullian tells the Roman governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, senate, and courts of judicature, were filled with Christians; as Arnobius asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, physicians, philosophers, despising the sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their rest in the Christian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of that Person whose doctrines they embraced? For, however consonant to reason his precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his divine mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life. This was the groundwork of the Christian religion; and if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk with it. This point, therefore, of the truth of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the writings of those, who from pagan philosophers became Christian authors, and who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Besides innumerable authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments of several pagan philosophers, which show them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the world, we find in Athens, Dionysius, Quadratus, Aristides, Athenagoras; and in Alexandria, Dionysius, Clemens, Ammonius, Arnobius, and Anatolius, to whom we may add Origen; for though his father was a Christian martyr, he became, without all controversy, the most learned and able philosopher of his age, by his education at Alexandria, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.

SECTION V.

I. The learned pagans had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; II. From the proceedings, III. The characters, sufferings, IV. And miracles of the persons who published it. V. How first these apostles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining persons to succeed them. VI. How their successors in the first three centuries preserved their tradition. VII. That five generations might derive this tradition from Christ, to the end of the third century. VIII. Four eminent Christians that delivered it down successively to the year of our Lord 254. IX. The faith of the four abovementioned persons, the same with that of the churches of the east, of the west, and of Egypt. X. Another person added to them, who brings us to the year 344, and that many other lists might be added in as direct and short a succession. XI. Why the tradition of the first three centuries more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the conversation of the primitive Christians; XII. From the manner of initiating men into their religion; XIII. From the correspondence between the churches; XIV. From the long lives of several of Christ's disciples, of which two instances.

It now therefore only remains to consider, whether these learned men had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; for unless this point can be made out, their testimonies will appear invalid, and their inquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we must consider, that many thousands had seen the transactions of our Saviour in Judæa, and that many hundred thousands had received an account of them from the mouths of those who were actually eyewitnesses. I shall only mention among these eyewitnesses the twelve apostles, to whom we must add St. Paul, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other disciples and followers of Christ had also their share in the publishing this wonderful history. We learn from the ancient records of Christianity, that many of the apostles and disciples made it the express business of their lives, travelled into the remotest parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the history and doctrines of their crucified master. And, indeed, were all Christian records of these proceedings entirely lost, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how else during the apostle's lives could Christianity have spread itself with such an amazing progress through the several nations of the Roman empire? How could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other.

III. Heathens, therefore, of every age, sex, and quality, born in the most different climates, and bred up under the most different institutions, when they saw men of plain sense, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, instead of wealth, pomp, or power, expressing in their lives those excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour, averring that they had seen his miracles during his life, and conversed with him after his death; when, I say, they saw no suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or worldly interest in their behaviour and conversation, and that they submitted to the most ignominious and cruel deaths, rather than retract their testimony, or even be silent in matters which they were to publish by their Saviour's especial command, there was no reason to doubt of the veracity of those facts which they related, or of the divine mission in which they were employed.

IV. But even these motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been sufficient to have brought about in so few years such an incredible number of conversions, had not the apostles been able to exhibit still greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few persons of an odious and despised country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shown undoubted credentials from the divine person who sent them on such a message. Accordingly we are assured, that they were invested with the power of working miracles, which was the most short and the most convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reason of all mankind, to the capacities of the wise and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the sick, and raised the dead, when it was published by those who themselves often did the same miracles in their presence, and in his name! Could any reasonable person imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with such powers to authorize a lie, and establish a religion in the world which was displeasing to him, or that evil spirits would lend them such an effectual assistance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the apostles had formed many assemblies in several parts of the pagan world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the gospel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not perish, they appointed, out of these new converts, men of the best sense, and of the most unblemished lives, to preside over these several assemblies, and to inculcate, without ceasing, what they had heard from the mouths of these eyewitnesses.

VI. Upon the death of any of those substitutes to the apostles and disciples of Christ, his place was filled up with some other person of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the same church, who, after his decease, was followed by another in the same manner, by which means the succession was continued in an uninterrupted line. Irenæus informs us, that every church preserved a catalogue of its bishops in the order that they succeeded one another, and, for an example, produces a catalogue of those who governed the church of Rome in that character, which contains eight or nine persons, though but a very small remove from the times of the apostles.

Indeed the lists of bishops, which are come down to us in other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the succession was quick in the first three centuries, because the bishop very often ended in the martyr: for when a persecution arose in any place, the first fury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abundantly testified, by their deaths and sufferings, that they did not undertake these offices out of any temporal views, that they were sincere and satisfied in the belief of what they taught, and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the apostles, as laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon the same principles. None can be supposed so utterly regardless of their own happiness as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to support any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single martyr among those many heretics, who disagreed with the apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present

and future happiness on their own chimerical operations, and did not only shun persecution, but affirmed, that it was unnecessary for their followers to bear their religion through such fiery trials.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this first age of apostles and disciples, with that second generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itself to the middle of the second century, and that several of the third generation from these last mentioned, which was but the fifth from Christ, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the ages and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apostles, I doubt not but in most of them there might be found five persons, who in a continued series would reach through these three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of those very few out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Christianity, I shall single out four persons eminent for their lives, their writings, and their sufferings, that were successively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. St. John, who was the beloved disciple, and conversed the most intimately with our Saviour, lived till A. D. 100. Polycarp, who was the disciple of St. John, and had conversed with others of the apostles and disciples of our Lord, lived till A. D. 167, though his life was shortened by martyrdom. Irenæus, who was the disciple of Polycarp, and had conversed with many of the immediate disciples of the apostles, lived, at the lowest computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewise cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great Origen was appointed regent of the catechetic school in Alexandria; and as he was the miracle of that age, for industry, learning, and philosophy, he was looked upon as the champion of Christianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not suffer martyrdom, as some think he did, he was certainly actuated by the spirit of it, as appears in the whole course of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to the torture, and had undergone trials worse than death. As he conversed with the most eminent Christians of his time in Egypt and in the east, brought over multitudes both from heresy and heathenism, and left behind him several disciples of great fame and learning, there is no question but there were considerable numbers of those who knew him, and had been his hearers, scholars, or proselytes, that lived to the end of the third century, and to the reign of Constantine the Great.

IX. It is evident to those who read the lives and writings of Polycarp, Irenæus, and Origen, that these three fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four Evangelists, and had undoubted arguments, that not only St. John, but many others of our Saviour's disciples, published the same accounts of him. To which we must subjoin this farther remark, that what was believed by these fathers on this subject, was likewise the belief of the main body of Christians in those successive ages when they flourished; since Polycarp cannot but be looked upon, if we consider the respect that was paid him, as the representative of the eastern churches in this particular, Irenæus of the western upon the same account, and Origen of those established in Egypt.

X. To these I might add Paul the famous hermit, who retired from the Dician persecution five or six years before Origen's death, and lived till the year 343. I have only discovered one of those channels by which the history of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated through those several ages that produced those pagan philosophers, whose testimonies I make use of for the truth of our Saviour's history. Some or other of these philosophers came into the Christian faith during its infancy, in the several periods of these first three centuries, when they had such means of informing themselves in all the particulars of our Saviour's history. I must farther add, that though I have here only chosen this single link of martyrs, I might find out others among those names which are still extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a successive tradition, till the whole Roman empire became Christian; as there is no question but numberless series of witnesses might follow one another in the same order, and in as short a chain, and that, perhaps, in every single church, had the names and ages of the most eminent primitive Christians been transmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI. But to give this consideration more force, we must take notice, that the tradition of the first ages of Christianity had several circumstances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The Christians, who carried their religion through so many general and particular persecutions, were incessantly comforting and supporting one another with the example and history of our Saviour and his apostles. It was the subject not only of their solemn assemblies, but of their private visits and conversations. "Our virgins," says Tatian, who lived in the second century, "discourse over their distaffs on divine subjects." Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and flourished under the protection of the emperors, men's thoughts and discourses were, as they are now, full of secular affairs; but in the first three centuries of Christianity, men, who embraced this religion, had given up all their interests in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how soon they might be called to it: so that they had little else to talk of but the life and doctrines of that divine person, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a single person

arrived at any degree of age or consideration, who had not heard and repeated above a thousand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

XII. Especially if we consider, that they could not then be received as Christians, till they had undergone several examinations. Persons of riper years, who flocked daily into the church during the first three centuries, were obliged to pass through many repeated instructions, and give a strict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to baptism. And as for those who were born of Christian parents, and had been baptised in their infancy, they were, with the like care, prepared and disciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found upon examination to have made a sufficient progress in the knowledge of Christianity.

XIII. We must farther observe, that there was not only in those times this religious conversation among private Christians, but a constant correspondence between the churches that were established by the apostles or their successors, in the several parts of the world. If any new doctrine was started, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a strict inquiry was made among the churches, especially those planted by the apostles themselves, whether they had received any such doctrine, or account of our Saviour, from the mouths of the apostles, or the tradition of those Christians, who had preceded the present members of the churches which were thus consulted. By this means, when any novelty was published, it was immediately detected and censured.

XIV. St. John, who lived so many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in these emergencies as the living oracle of the church; and as his oral testimony lasted the first century, many have observed that, by a particular providence of God, several of our Saviour's disciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might personally convey the truth of the gospel to those times which were very remote from the first publication of it. Of these, besides St. John, we have a remarkable instance in Simeon, who was one of the seventy sent forth by our Saviour to publish the gospel before his crucifixion, and a near kinsman of the Lord. This venerable person, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, presided over the church established in that city, during the time of its memorable siege, and drew his congregation out of those dreadful and unparalleled calamities which befel his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they should see Jerusalem encompassed with armies, and the Roman standards, or abomination of desolation, set up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the emperor Trajan.

SECTION VI.

I. The tradition of the apostles secured by other excellent institutions; II. But chiefly by the writings of the Evangelists. III. The diligence of the disciples and first Christian converts, to send abroad these writings. IV. That the written account of our Saviour was the same with that delivered by tradition: V. Proved from the reception of the gospel by those churches which were established before it was written. VI. From the uniformity of what was believed in the several churches. VII. From a remarkable passage in Irenæus. VIII. Records which are now lost, of use to the first three centuries, for confirming the history of our Saviour. IX. Instances of such records.

THUS far we see how the learned pagans might apprise themselves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's history. They could hear, in every church planted in every distant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preserved among them, of the history of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of those first missionaries that brought to them these accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty attested their reports. But the apostles and disciples of Christ, to preserve the history of his life, and to secure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shown, but appropriated certain days to the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him. The first day of the week was, in all its returns, a perpetual memorial of his resurrection, as the devotional exercises adapted to Friday and Saturday, were to denote to all ages that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual festivals instituted by the apostles themselves, or, at farthest, by their immediate successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add, the sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those who were eyewitnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some measure, conveyed to posterity the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten, and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the first three centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive pagans in the truth of our Saviour's history, that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. But lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four Evangelists, within about fifty, or as Theodoret affirms, thirty years after our Saviour's

death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the mouths of apostles and disciples. The farther consideration of these holy penmen will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. It will be sufficient to observe here, that in the age which succeeded the apostles, many of their immediate disciples sent, or carried in person, the books of the four Evangelists, which had been written by apostles, or at least approved by them, to most of the churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when Pantænus, a man of learning and piety, had travelled into India for the propagation of Christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the gospel of St. Matthew, which, upon his return from that country, he brought with him to Alexandria. This gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. Bartholomew, the apostle of the Indies, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other Evangelists were published.

IV. That the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the Evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the apostles and disciples, will farther appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. Had these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of Christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was the relation of the apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their tradition and oral attestations made fixed and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by such records as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after-ages; and rectify it, if at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract any thing that was false or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly, we find the same Jesus Christ who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in Palestine, who was crucified, rose again, and ascended into heaven; I say, the same Jesus Christ had been preached, and was worshipped, in Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain, in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Phrygia, Asia and Pamphylia, in Italy, Egypt, Afric, and beyond Cyrene, India, and Persia, and, in short, in all the islands and provinces that are visited by the rising or setting sun: the same account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thousands of preachers, and believed in thousands of places, who all, as fast as it could be conveyed to them, received the same account in writing from the four Evangelists.

VII. Irenæus, to this purpose, very aptly remarks, that those barbarous nations, who in his time were not possessed of the written gospels, and had only learned the history of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity, before the gospels were written, had among them the same accounts of our Saviour which are to be met with in the four Evangelists. An incontestable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy Scripture and the tradition of the churches in those early times of Christianity.

VIII. Thus we see what opportunities the learned and inquisitive heathens had of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, during the first three centuries, especially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain-head: besides which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of Christianity, and particular histories, that then threw light into these matters, but are now entirely lost, by which, at that time, any appearance of contradiction, or seeming difficulties in the history of the Evangelists, were fully cleared up and explained: though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the history of our Saviour, as related by the four Evangelists, than in the accounts of any other person, published by such a number of different historians, who lived at so great a distance from the present age.

IX. Among those records which are lost, and were of great use to the primitive Christians, is the letter to Tiberius, which I have already mentioned; that of Marcus Aurelius, which I shall take notice of hereafter; the writings of Hegisippus, who had drawn down the history of Christianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the second century; the genuine Sibylline oracles, which in the first ages of the church were easily distinguished from the spurious; the records preserved in particular churches, with many others of the same nature.

SECTION VII.

I. The sight of miracles in those ages a farther confirmation of pagan philosophers in the Christian faith. II. The credibility of such miracles. III. A particular instance. IV. Martyrdom, why considered as a standing miracle. V. Primitive Christians thought many of the martyrs were supported by a miraculous power. VI. Proved from the nature of their sufferings. VII. How martyrs farther induced the pagans to embrace Christianity.

THERE were other means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the first three centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our blessed Saviour's history, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The first was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining those miracles, which were on several occasions performed by

Christians, and appeared in the church, more or less, during these first ages of Christianity. These had great weight with the men I am now speaking of, who, from learned pagans, became fathers of the church; for they frequently boast of them in their writings, as attestations given by God himself to the truth of their religion.

II. At the same time that these learned men declare how disingenuous, base, and wicked it would be, how much beneath the dignity of philosophy, and contrary to the precepts of Christianity, to utter falsehoods or forgeries in the support of a cause, though never so just in itself, they confidently assert this miraculous power, which then subsisted in the church, nay, tell us that they themselves had been eyewitnesses of it at several times, and in several instances; nay, appeal to the heathens themselves for the truth of several facts they relate; nay, challenge them to be present at their assemblies, and satisfy themselves, if they doubt of it; nay, we find that pagan authors have in some instances confessed this miraculous power.

III. The letter of Marcus Aurelius, whose army was preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same time that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of lightning, and which the heathen historians themselves allow to have been supernatural, and the effect of magic: I say, this letter, which ascribed this unexpected assistance to the prayers of the Christians, who then served in the army, would have been thought an unquestionable testimony of the miraculous power I am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It is sufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of those miracles which had its influence on the learned converts, because it is related by Tertullian, and the very letter appealed to. When these learned men saw sickness and frenzy cured, the dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the demons and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no gods, by persons who only made use of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of their Saviour's power on the like occasions, as represented to them by the traditions of the church, and the writings of the Evangelists?

IV. Under this head, I cannot omit that which appears to me a standing miracle in the first three centuries. I mean that amazing and supernatural courage or patience, which was shown by innumerable multitudes of martyrs, in those slow and painful torments that were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at Lyons, amid the insults and mockeries of a crowded amphitheatre, and still keeping his seat; or stretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his soul among the exquisite sufferings of such a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaspheme his Saviour. Such trials seem to me above the strength of human nature, and able to overbear duty, reason, faith, conviction, nay, and the most absolute certainty of a future state. Humanity, unassisted in an extraordinary manner, must have shaken off the present pressure, and have delivered itself out of such a dreadful distress, by any means that could have been suggested to it. We can easily imagine, that many persons, in so good a cause, might have laid down their lives at the gibbit, the stake, or the block: but to expire leisurely among the most exquisite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reservation, or an hypocrisy which was not without a possibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveness, has something in it so far beyond the force and natural strength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

V. We find the church of Smyrna, in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of Polycarp their beloved bishop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for Christianity, are of opinion, that our Saviour stood by them in a vision, and personally conversed with them, to give them strength and comfort during the bitterness of their long-continued agonies; and we have the story of a young man, who, having suffered many tortures, escaped with life, and told his fellow Christians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the presence of an angel who stood by him, and wiped off the tears and sweat which ran down his face whilst he lay under his sufferings. We are assured at least that the first martyr for Christianity was encouraged in his last moments, by a vision of that divine person for whom he suffered, and into whose presence he was then hastening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading these terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confessors were engaged, when they passed through such new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and ask himself, however zealous and sincere he is in his religion, whether, under such acute and lingering tortures, he could still have held fast his integrity, and have professed his faith to the last, without a supernatural assistance of some kind or other. For my part, when I consider that it was not an unaccountable obstinacy in a single man, or in any particular set of men, in some extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each sex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near three hundred years together made this glorious confession of their faith, in the midst of tortures, and in the hour of death; I must conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at present, or that they had such miraculous supports as were peculiar to those times of Christianity, when without them perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguished.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and

fferings of the primitive Christians had a eat share in the conversion of those learn-l pagans, who lived in the ages of perse-ution, which, with some intervals and abate-ents lasted near three hundred years after ur Saviour. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, actantius, Arnobius, and others, tell us, that is first of all alarmed their curiosity, rous-d their attention, and made them seriously quisitive into the nature of that religion, hich could endue the mind with so much trength, and overcome the fear of death, ay, raise an earnest desire of it, though it ppeared in all its terrors. This they found ad not been effected by all the doctrines f those philosophers, whom they had horoughly studied, and who had been la-bouring at this great point. The sight of these dying and tormented martyrs, engaged them to search into the history and doctrines of him for whom they suffered. The more they searched, the more they were convinc-ed; till their conviction grew so strong, that they themselves embraced the same truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readiness to do it, rather than depart from them.

SECTION VIII.

I. The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirm-ed pagans in their belief of the gospel. II. Origen's observation on that of his disciples being brought be-fore kings and governors. III. On their being perse-cuted for their religion; IV. On their preaching the gospel to all nations; V. On the destruction of Jeru-salem, and ruin of the Jewish economy. VI. These arguments strengthened by what has happened since Origen's time.

THE second of those extraordinary means, of great use to the learned and inquisitive pagans of the first three centuries, for evinc-ing the truth of the history of our Saviour, was the completion of such prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evangelists. They could not, indeed, form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled dur-ing his life, because both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were published by the Evangelists; though, as Origen observes, what end could there be in forging some of these predictions, as that of St. Peter's denying his master, and all his disciples forsaking him in the greatest ex-tremity, which reflects so much shame on the great apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the Evangelists to relate a circumstance so dis-advantageous to their own reputation; as that father has well observed.

II. But to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Sa-viour recorded by the Evangelists, which were not completed till after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so, when they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour. Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that "they should be brought before gover-nors and kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles," Matth. x. 28. with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his disciples were to be per-secuted. "Is there any other doctrine in the world," says this father, "whose follow-ers are punished? Can the enemies of Christ say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that therefore he might well conjecture and foretell what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? What likelihood that men should be brought before kings and gover-nors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the Epi-cureans, who absolutely denied a Provi-dence; nor to the Peripatetics themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the Divinity? Are there any but the Christians, who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before kings and governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath, by their respective judges, to re-nounce Christianity, and to procure their liberty and rest, by offering the same sa-crifices, and taking the same oaths that others did?"

III. Consider the time when our Saviour pronounced those words, Matth. x. 32. "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven: but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Had you heard him speak after this man-ner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself, if these speeches of Jesus are true, and if, according to his prediction, governors and kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples, we will believe, not only that he is a prophet, but that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and dis-couraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, or, as Origen (who rather quotes the sense than the words,) to serve for a conviction to kings and people, when at the same time he finds that his gospel has accordingly been preached to Greeks and barbarians, to the learned and to the igno-rant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting to the doctrine of Christ. "As for us," says this great author, in another part of his book against Celsus, "when we see every

day those events exactly accomplished which our Saviour foretold at so great a distance: that 'his gospel is preached in all the world,' Matth. xxiv. 14. 'That his disciples go and teach all nations,' Matth. xxviii. 19. 'And that those who have received his doctrine are brought for his sake before governors, and before kings,' Matth. x. 18. we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer and stronger proofs can Celsus ask for the truth of what he spoke?"

V. Origen insists likewise with great strength on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, pronounced at a time, as he observes, when there was no likelihood nor appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by so many others, that I shall refer you to what this father has said on the subject in the first book against Celsus. And as to the accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy, shall only observe, that whoever reads the account given us by Josephus, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the historian had been a Christian, and that he had nothing else in view but to adjust the event to the prediction.

VI. I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that Origen would still have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to have seen the Roman emperors, and all their governors and provinces, submitting themselves to the Christian religion, and glorying in its profession, as so many kings and sovereigns still place their relation to Christ at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he seen our Saviour's prophecy stand good in the destruction of the temple, and the dissolution of the Jewish economy, when Jews and pagans united all their endeavours under Julian the apostate, to baffle and falsify the prediction? The great preparations that were made for rebuilding the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire that destroyed the work, and terrified those employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many historians of the same age, and the substance of the story testified both by pagan and Jewish writers, as Ammianus Marcellinus and Zamath David. The learned Chrysostom, in a sermon against the Jews, tells them this fact was then fresh in the memories even of their young men, that it happened but twenty years ago, and that it was attested by all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, where they might still see the marks of it in the rubbish of that work, from which the Jews desisted in so great a fright, and which even Julian had not the courage to carry on. This fact, which is in itself so miraculous, and so indisputable, brought over many of the Jews to Christianity; and shows us that after our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the cafe of Titus, who would fain have prevented its destruction; and that instead of being re-edified by Julian, all his endeavours towards it did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that "not one stone should be left upon another."

The ancient Christians were so entirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the Jews had drawn upon themselves and upon their children, for the treatment which the Messiah had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, a hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day. In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of Christians, and which preserved the church of Christ among all the conflicts, difficulties, and persecutions in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the Jewish government and economy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. Origen, in his fourth book against Celsus, mentioning their being cast out of Jerusalem, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the Babylonish captivity, and the oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred years before his own time, the Jews had made such a powerful effort for their re-establishment under Barcochab, in the reign of Adrian, as shook the whole Roman empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of fifteen hundred years, that he was not mistaken, nay, that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the Jews are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when Origen wrote.

SECTION IX.

I. The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned pagans into their religion. II. The change and reformation of their manners. III. This looked upon as supernatural by the learned pagans; IV. And strengthened the accounts given of our Sa-

iour's life and history. V. The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens' belief: VI. Pursued: VII. Pursued.

THERE was one other means enjoyed by e learned pagans of the first three cen-ries, for satisfying them in the truth of our viour's history, which I might have flung der one of the foregoing heads; but as it so shining a particular, and does so much nour to our religion, I shall make a dis-ct article of it, and only consider it with gard to the subject I am upon: I mean the es and manners of those holy men, who lieved in Christ during the first ages of hristianity. I should be thought to ad-nce a paradox, should I affirm that there ere more Christians in the world during ose times of persecution, than there are at esent in these, which we call the flourish-g times of Christianity. But this will be und an indisputable truth, if we form our lculation upon the opinions which prevail-l in those days, that every one who lives in e habitual practice of any voluntary sin, tually cuts himself off from the benefits d profession of Christianity, and, whatever e may call himself, is in reality no Chris-an, nor ought to be esteemed as such.

II. In the times we are now surveying, e Christian religion showed its full force d efficacy on the minds of men, and by any examples demonstrated what great d generous souls it was capable of pro-ucing. It exalted and refined its proselytes a very high degree of perfection, and set em far above the pleasures, and even the ains of this life. It strengthened the in-rmity, and broke the fierceness of human ature. It lifted up the minds of the igno-ant to the knowledge and worship of him at made them, and inspired the vicious ith a rational devotion, a strict purity of eart, and an unbounded love to their fel-w-creatures. In proportion as it spread hrough the world, it seemed to change man-ind into another species of beings. No ooner was a convert initiated into it, but by n easy figure he became a new man, and oth acted and looked upon himself as one egenerated and born a second time into nother state of existence.

III. It is not my business to be more par-icular in the accounts of primitive Chris-anity, which have been exhibited so well y others, but rather to observe, that the agan converts, of whom I am now speak-ng, mention this great reformation of those who had been the greatest sinners, with that udden and surprising change which it made n the lives of the most profligate, as having omething in it supernatural, miraculous, and nore than human. Origen represents this ower in the Christian religion as no less wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. Many others represent it in the same light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a cer-ain divinity in that religion, which showed itself in such strange and glorious effects.

IV. This therefore was a great means not only of recommending Christianity to honest and learned heathens, but of confirm-ing them in the belief of our Saviour's his-tory, when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his ex-ample, animated by his precepts, and ac-tuated by that Spirit which he had promised to send among his disciples.

V. But I find no argument made a stronger impression on the minds of these eminent pagan converts, for strengthening their faith in the history of our Saviour, than the pre-dictions relating to him in those old prophetic writings, which were deposited among the hands of the greatest enemies to Christianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were astonished to see the whole history of their Saviour's life publish-ed before he was born, and to find that the Evangelists and Prophets, in their accounts of the Messiah, differed only in point of time, the one foretelling what should happen to him, and the other describing those very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himself was pleased to make use of as the strongest argument of his being the promised Messiah, and without it would hardly have reconciled his disciples to the ignominy of his death, as in that re-markable passage which mentions his con-versation with the two disciples, on the day of his resurrection, St. Luke, xxiv. 13. to the end.

VI. The heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and sciences, were particularly qualified to examine these prophecies with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepossession. If the Jews on the one side put an unnatural interpretation on these pro-phecies, to evade the force of them in their controversies with the Christians; or if the Christians on the other side overstrained se-veral passages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the best understanding, when their minds are heated with any consideration that bears a more than ordinary weight with it; the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all these prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indif-ferent. Besides, these learned men among the primitive Christians knew how the Jews, who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted these predictions, and the several marks by which they acknowledged the Messiah would be discovered, and how those of the Jewish doctors who succeeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpose to stifle their own conviction.

VII. This set of arguments had therefore an invincible force with those pagan philo-sophers who became Christians, as we find in most of their writings. They could not

disbelieve our Saviour's history, which so exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of those circumstances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any person that lived in the world besides himself. This wrought the greatest confusion in the unbelieving Jews, and the greatest conviction in the Gentiles, who every where speak with astonishment of these truths they met with in this new magazine of learning which was opened to them, and carry the point so far as to think whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among pagan writers, had been stole from their conversation with the Jews, or from the perusal of these writings which they had in their custody.

ESSAY ON VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who ıtroduced three new kinds of poetry among he Romans, which he copied after three of he greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus nd Homer have still disputed for the advanage over him in Pastoral and Heroics, but I hink all are unanimous in giving him the ırecedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The ruth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a 'astoral cannot be so well expressed in any ther tongue as in the Greek, when rightly nixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; ıor can the majesty of a heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can ɔe often rendered more deep and sonorous by he pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the niddle style, where the writers in both tongues ıre on a level, we see how far Virgil has exɔelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids; but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration, most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with Pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to Pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader, whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras—or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius—or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry, I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. "A Georgic, therefore, is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry." Now, since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural, unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious braid of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells

us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other:

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
——— Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes,
Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
——— Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it: for here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business, but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest awhile for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions, (as it is generally thought,) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance, at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned, even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines:

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at throughout the whole poem:

——— Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: æqualent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvos rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and, indeed, this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought, in particular, to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing, which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore*, but *sydere*, in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some

rther notion of the excellence of the Georics. To begin with Hesiod: if we may ness at his character from his writings, he ad much more of the husbandman than ne poet in his temper: he was wonderfully rave, discreet, and frugal; he lived altoether in the country, and was probably, r his great prudence, the oracle of the hole neighbourhood. These principles of ood husbandry ran through his works, and irected him to the choice of tillage and nerchandise, for the subject of that which the most celebrated of them. He is every here bent on instruction, avoids all manner f digressions, and does not stir out of the eld once in the whole Georgic. His method, n describing month after month, with its roper seasons and employments, is too rave and simple; it takes off from the surrise and variety of the poem, and makes ne whole look but like a modern almanac n verse. The reader is carried through course of weather, and may beforehand uess whether he is to meet with snow or ain, clouds or sunshine, in the next descripon. His descriptions, indeed, have abunance of nature in them; but, then, it is naire in her simplicity and undress. Thus hen he speaks of January; "The wild easts," says he, "run shivering through the oods, with their heads stooping to the round, and their tails clapped between eir legs; the goats and oxen are almost ayed with cold; but it is not so bad with ne sheep, because they have a thick coat of ool about them. The old men too are itterly pinched with the weather, but the oung girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home ith their mothers by a warm fireside." hus does the old gentleman give himself p to a loose kind of tattle, rather than eneavour after a just poetical description. for has he shown more of art or judgment n the precepts he has given us, which are own so very thick, that they clog the poem o much, and are often so minute and full f circumstances, that they weaken and unerve his verse. But after all, we are beolden to him for the first rough sketch of Georgic: where we may still discover omething venerable in the antiqueness of ne work; but if we would see the design nlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring aid on, and the whole piece finished, we nust expect it from a greater master's and.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage nd planting into two books, which Hesiod as dispatched in half one; but has so raised ne natural rudeness and simplicity of his ubject with such a significancy of expreson, such a pomp of verse, such variety of ransitions, and such a solemn air in his reections, that if we look on both poets toether, we see in one the plainness of a ownright countryman, and in the other, omething of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough tail. He deivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has, indeed, as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description; for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

——O quis me gelidis sub montibus Haemi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fireside.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winterpiece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And, as in his Æneis, he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and

water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was, indeed, very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should, in the next place, endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*——And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and, indeed, the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, by singling out the particular circumstances of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellaneous Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis, indeed, is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

ow long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
ovoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
n neither injuries of time, nor age,
ump thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
t so thy Ovid in his exile wrote, [thought;
ief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising
naive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
e Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
nd second youth is kindled in thy breast;
hou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
nd England boasts of riches not her own;
hy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
nd Horace wonders at himself in thee.
hou teachest Persius to inform our isle
smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
nd Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
dges his satire, and improves his rage.
hy copy casts a fairer light on all,
nd still outshines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
nd tells his story in the British tongue;
hy charming verse, and fair translations, show
low thy own laurel first began to grow:
low wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
nd frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.
O mayst thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wond'ring read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide, [tried.
Have liv'd a second life, and different nature's
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

MAG. COLL. OXON. *June* 2, 1693.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS, LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by NASSAU'S sword.
To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious Prince, and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but tried in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse;
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noon-day sweats, and midnight cares!
But still the godlike man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;

Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and sung the man,
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in WILLIAM's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquest show,
And Boyne be sung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read,
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
The race of Nassaus was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarn'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressy swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show,
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Oppress religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations blest the labours of his sword.
Thus, when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Denied the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rar'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives intrusted to thy care.
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd, and the treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkley stands;
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coasts his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling tow'rs;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;

re crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
re molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
fury reaches the remotest coast,
d strews the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighb'ring main,
ok after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
more his wonted marks he can descry,
t sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
hilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose
here crowded citizens he lately view'd, [stood.
d singles out the place where once St. Maloes
Here Russel's actions should my muse require;
d would my strength but second my desire,
all his boundless bravery rehearse,
d draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;
igh on the deck should the great leader stand,
rath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
ke Homer's Hector when he flung his fire [tire.
midst a thousand ships, and made all Greece re-
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
nd count the flames dispers'd on every shore?
'ho can describe the scatter'd victory,
nd draw the reader on from sea to sea?
lse who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse,
rmond, the theme of every Oxford muse?
ain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
ttend him in the noble chase of fame,
hrough all the noise and hurry of the fight,
bserve each blow, and keep him still in sight.
h, did our British peers thus court renown,
nd grace the coasts their great forefathers won!
ur arms would then triumphantly advance,
'or Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
'hat might not England hope, if such abroad
urchas'd their country's honour with thier blood:
'hen such, detain'd at home, support our state
William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
he schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
nd blast the counsels of the common foe;
irect our armies, and distribute right,
nd render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
'ach British heart Maria still does wound,
nd tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
'arkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But see, at length, the British ships appear!
ur Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
he rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
nd all his pompous navy floats in sight.
'ome, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
Say heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
'ome, and let longing crowds behold that look,
'hich such confusion and amazement struck
'hrough Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
et nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
ut for awhile forget the trumpet's sound;
'ell pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
ccept their duty, and enjoy their love.
'or as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
'ou plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
'hole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
nd steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground:
o crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
round you blooming joys, and peaceful blessings flow.

A TRANSLATION OF ALL VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC, EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Ethereal sweets shall next my muse engage,
And this, Mecenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures' wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when laden homeward, from their hive. [stores,
Nor sheep nor goats, must pasture near their
To trample under foot the springing flow'rs;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along,
Convey their tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass,
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighb'ring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed. [hive,
Though barks and plaited willows make your
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glue, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or bird-lime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strew'd;
But let no baleful yew tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out streams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepared———

When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream:
And thus they feed their young with strange delight, [sweet.
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all back'ning from afar; [choose,
While shady coverts and fresh streams they
Milfoil and common honeysuckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice;
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms, [arms;
Run through the hive, and call them to their
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are diff'rent; one of better note
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are diff'rent as their king's;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a mawkish froth.
The first are best——————
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that, mingling in the glass,
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay h
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for f
Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cell
And gardens all perfum'd with native sw
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow g
Wild thyme and pine trees from their barr
Transplant, and nurse them in the neigh soil,
Set fruit trees round, nor e'er indulge thy s
But water them, and urge the shady grow
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o
And striking sail, and making to the shor
I'd show what art the gard'ner's toils requ
Why rosy Paestum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dr
What with a cheerful green does parsley g
And writhes the bellying cucumber alo twisted grass:
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle trees that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow w
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show t yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drench'd the washy sail,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the fal
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The Spring did first his opening roses blow,
First rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and ling'ring western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foa
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard dress'd
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough
In rows his elms and knotty pear trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And spreading plane trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath th shade.
But these, for want of room, I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;

stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
a provident of cold in summer flies
ugh fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
in the common stock unlades his thighs.
e watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
e ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
lst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
per Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
the first ground-work of the golden comb;
his they found their waxen works, and raise
yellow fabric on its gluey base.
e educate the young, or hatch the seed
h vital warmth, and future nations breed;
ilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
into purest honey work the juice;
n fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
th luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
vey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.
turns they ease the laden swarms, or drive
e drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
e work is warmly plied through all the cells,
d strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
hen with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
nd all th' unshapen thunder-bolt complete;
ternately their hammers rise and fall;
hilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
ith puffing bellows some the flames increase,
nd some in waters dip the hissing mass;
heir beaten anvils dreadfully resound, [ground.
nd Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their diff'rent labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows' spoils.
On lavender and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teil they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
Again, when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;
And lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.
But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
But often in their journeys as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such gen'rous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state, [date,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital
Their ancient stocks eternally remain, [reign.
And in an endless race their children
No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war.
Some from such instances as these, have taught
"The bees, extract is heav'nly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffused throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heav'n;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life that again flows into this at last.
That no compounded animal could die,
But, when dissolved, the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees, [drive
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
And once when hast'ning from the wat'ry sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drone's that riot on another's toils;

Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are formed, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condensed by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dried roses, thyme, and centry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.
For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strew'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are dress'd.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows, [foes.
When twanging strings first shoot them on the
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cesar, tow'ring to divinity;
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retired and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

1.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see,
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs, [of thee:
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

2.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark! how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the bass.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

3.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.

Music can noble hints impart,
ngender fury, kindle love;
ith unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
moving woods attended as he play'd,
Rhodope was left without a shade.

4.

Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
d seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
loft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our
hen time itself shall be no more, [prayers.
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
usic shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
l heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
he whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

nsecrate the place and day
o music and Cecilia.
st no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
or rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
or mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song.
nd imitate the blest above,
n joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. H. S., APRIL 3, 1694.

Since, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then, a mighty genius, wrote,
O'errun with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glitt'ring thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky way a shining white
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain!
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
nobler flight. [lays
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and tow'ring high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines! [scare,
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture, can
express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men!
His other works might have deserv'd applause.
But now the language can't support the cause;

While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse:
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry: [show
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers
The best of critics and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs [tears.
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dyed waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewel.

A LETTER FROM ITALY, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

> Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
> Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
> Virg. Georg. 2.

While you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For her advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme:
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream.
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd
Its rising billows through the world resound,

'here'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
r where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
'ith warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
nnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
nd Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
hat shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
r when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
urse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
lere kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
'o nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
v'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
nd trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
lear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
r cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Vhere western gales eternally reside,
nd all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
nd the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown; [sued,
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
O liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swells with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED, IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame

Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.
'Tis said that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep low'ring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd;
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopp'd short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurs'd.
"'Tis true, I fought among the Greeks, that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
"Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
"Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale:—
I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore; and human limbs
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks; in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the groundsel edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapp'd the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less meanwhile
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and curdled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously applied,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curs'd detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they pass'd,
Skulking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out stretch'd arms around him grop'd;
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly! we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at a distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM, TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——— Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno varias discordia cessit
Ordinibus: lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, sed terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et absque jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.
LIV. Hist. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great leader! what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; seiges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain, [mur'd,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks im-
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began, [ran;
And half its course through the new conquests
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereigns' fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hoped, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyrranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,

Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul; with virtue overrul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of human kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her haraas'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charmed with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight they broke,
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain:
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donawert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness cross'd,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there; surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loath to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangours animates the war,

onfed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
nd echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
allia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
nfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
he daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
nd while the thick embattled host he views
retch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
is heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
hat the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
ates that their new captivity bemoan'd,
rmies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
ghs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
nd prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
urope's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
nd Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
he day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
is care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
he long-extended squadrons shape their way!
eath, in approaching terrible, imparts
n anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
et do their beating breasts demand the strife,
nd thirst of glory quells the love of life.
o vulgar fears can British minds control;
eat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
essen his numbers, and contract his host;
ho' fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
hat unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
or fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
Then her proud foe rang'd on her borders stands.
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
o sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
he victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
he dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
nd all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
'hat, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
midst confusion, horror, and despair,
xamin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
n peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
'o fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
nspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
nd taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memingen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd:
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword;
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, though the dogstar had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlbro's sword, and Hocstat's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief beset
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place:
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlbro's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increased in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And bless'd by rescued nations as he goes
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbro' presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal care:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereso'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty;
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people bless'd.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

PROLOGUE TO THE TENDER HUSBAND.*

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please;
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool;
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court:

* A comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.

s love of pleasure, or of place, invites:
nd sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
reeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
hat scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
nd wont be blockheads in the common road.
o but survey this crowded house to-night:
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
ocks with variety of fools his play:
nd that there may be something gay and new,
wo ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
ne first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
ne other more refin'd; she comes from France:
escue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger; [stranger.
nd kindly treat, like well-bred men, the

'ILOGUE TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

HEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
vers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
hile list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
ne soft musician in a moving shade. [find,
nat this night's strains the same success may
ne force of magic is to music join'd:
here sounding strings and artful voices fail,
ne charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
et sage Urganda wave the circling wand
n barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
ne desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
he birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
enes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
nd pall the sense with one continued show:
ut as our two magicians try their skill,
he vision varies, though the place stands still,
'hile the same spot its gaudy form renews,
hifting the prospect to a thousand views.
hus (without unity of place transgress)
h' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
right objects disappear, and brighter rise:
here's none can make amends for lost delight,
'hile from that circle we divert your sight.

ROLOGUE TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.†

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

ONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
hat rant by note, and through the gamut rage:
songs and airs express their martial fire,
ombat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
'hile lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
alm and serene you indolently sit:
nd from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
ear the facetious fiddles' repartee:
ur homespun authors must forsake the field,
nd Shakspeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new taste the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, musically coy, [joy,
Shun'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolytus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day.
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes:
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd; [yoke.
He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke.
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.
Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The tow'ring pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,

* A dramatic poem written by the lord Lansdown.
† A tragedy written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more:
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curs'd detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise,
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two: [spread,
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew
A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their army's head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his work confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
But hold, my muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

Kneller, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, thro' his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, has vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And, touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:

Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Tho' heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
  Wise Phidias, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
  Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with upcast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills allied
In impious leagues their king defied.
  This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

The sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffused a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægæon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a diff'rent landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god.
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages stand.
Here spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so." [plies,
"Light of the world," the trembling youth re-
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
"The parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymene
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
"By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth, transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
"My son," says he, "some other proof require;
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire,
"I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
"Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality:
"There is not one of all the gods that dares
"(However skill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
"Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
"The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
"And when the middle firmament they gain,
"If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
"And see the earth and ocean hang below,
"Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
"And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
"A mighty downfall steeps the ev'ning stage,
"And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
"Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
"Down headlong from the precipice of heaven
"Besides, consider what impetuous force
"Turns stars and planets in a diff'rent course:
"I steer against their motions; nor am I
"Borne back by all the current of the sky.
"But how could you resist the orbs that roll
"In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?

it you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
nd stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
hile thro' a thousand snares your progress lies,
here forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
or, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
he Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
ext him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
nd next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
he Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
nd here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
or would you find it easy to compose
he mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
he scorching fire that in their entrails glows.
v'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
et not my son a fatal gift require,
ut, oh! in time, recall your rash desire;
ou ask a gift that may your parent tell,
et these my fears your parentage reveal;
nd learn a father from a father's care:
ook on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
ould you but look, you'd read the father there.
hoose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
or open to your wish all nature lies,
nly decline this one unequal task,
or 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
ou ask a real mischief, Phaeton;
ay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice, [choice."
hoose what you will, but make a wiser
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
t he still longs to travel through the skies.
hen the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
t length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
golen axle did the work uphold, [gold.
old was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with
he spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
he seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
pollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
he youth with secret joy the work surveys:
hen now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
he stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
he stars away, and fled himself at last.
oon as the father saw the rosy morn,
nd the moon shining with a blunter horn,
e bid the nimble hours without delay
ring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
rom their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
ropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
till anxious for his son, the god of day,
o make him proof against the burning ray,
is temples with celestial ointment wet,
f sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;
hen fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
nd fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
'Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
'The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
'Your art must be to moderate their haste.
'Drive them not on directly through the skies,
'But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
'Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
'Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
'The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
'But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
'That no new fires or heav'n or earth infest;
'Keep the midway, the middle way is best.
"Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
"Direct your course, nor where the altar shines.
"Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
"And better for thee than thyself provide!
"See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
"Aurora gives the promise of a day;
"I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
"Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake
"And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
"While yet securely on the earth you stand;
"Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
"Let me alone to light the world, while you
"Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud.
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
And all the waste of heav'n before them lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the sev'n stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Bootes too, that fain
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain. [head,
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request denied:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright;
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.

There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropp'd the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œta glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appenine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.
Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren, waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymone fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Even Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost,
Enrag'd Caicus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cayster often tried [dial.
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said:
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
"If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
"And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
"If I must perish by the force of fire,
"Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
"See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapp'd in clouds of smoke)
"See my singed hair, behold my faded eye,
"And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
"And does the plough for this my body tear?
"This the reward for all the fruits I bear
"Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
"That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
"And food for man, and frankincense for you?
"But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
"Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
"The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
"Why does it waste, and farther shrink from heaven?
"If I nor he your pity can provoke, [smoke!
"See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to
"Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
"Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
"Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
"And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
"If heaven, and earth, and sea together burn,
"All must again into their chaos turn.
"Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
"And succour nature, ere it be too late." [spread,
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.

raight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
rom whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
rom whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
ut now could meet with neither storm nor show'r.
hen, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
ull at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
a dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty sire
uppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
h' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n.
he horses started with a sudden bound,
nd flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
he studded harness from their necks they broke;
ere fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
ere were the beam and axle torn away;
nd, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
he breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
hot from the chariot, like a falling star,
hat in a summer's evening from the top
f heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
ill on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
ar from his country, in the western world.

THAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
n the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
nd, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
is shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
nd o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he died."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
nd, if the story may deserve belief,
he space of one whole day is said to run,
rom morn to wonted eve, without a sun:
he burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
upply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
day that still did nature's face disclose:
his comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,
nd as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
o seek where'er his body might be cast;
ill on the borders of the Po, at last
he name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
he dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears:
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh, forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below.
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, allied
To their dead brother, on their mortal side
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd;
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan.
His voice was lessen'd, as he tried to speak,
And issued through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I've borne
"A long ungrateful toil without return;
"Let now some other manage, if he dare,
"The fi'ry steeds, and mount the burning car;
"Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
"And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
"Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
"My son deserv'd not so severe a fate." [pray
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,

Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe; the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once: but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow embrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed:
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
"Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl! How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer here."
"To Jove himself, though Jove himself were present,
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace:
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss,
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmers through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
"Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain."
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
"It is enough! I'm fully satisfied!
"This boy shall stand a living mark to prove
"My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love;
"But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
"That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
"No longer shall their wonted force retain,
"Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same

he furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
nd heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
nd begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
e could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
nd haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
ow often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
hilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
ow did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
he shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
ow from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
lthough the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
ierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
hen, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
e chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay;
he knew her son and kept him in her sight,
nd fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
nd aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
nd would have slain his mother in the beast;
ut Jove forbade, and snatch'd them through the air,
n whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there,
Vhere the new constellations nightly rise,
nd add a lustre to the northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
pangled with stars, and circled round with light,
he sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here, heav'n is no place for me.
"You'll see when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
"Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly roll
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
"When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
"Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
"But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
"And, as he acted after Io's rape,
"Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape;
"Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
"The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
"And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
"Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
"Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was given;
Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told:
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew, [true.
While true she was, or while he thought her
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milkwhite pinions to the god he plied:
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teazing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.
"Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
"Be warn'd by my example: you discern
"What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
"My foolish honesty was all my crime;
"Then hear my story. Once upon a time
"The two-shap'd Erichthonius had his birth
"(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
"Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
"Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
"The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
"To guard the chest, commanded not to look
"On what was hid within. I stood to see
"The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
"The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep [peep,
"The strict command; Aglauros needs would
"And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
"And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;
"A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
"But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
"I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
"But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
"The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
"And for her fav'rite chose the bird of night.
"Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
"Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
"But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
"As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
"But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
"Though Pallas hate me now, she wont deny:
"For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
"Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true,)
"A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
"A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
"My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
"Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
"Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
"He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
"And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
"Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
"Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
"I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air;
"To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
"A virgin goddess heard a virgin's pray'r.
"For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
"I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
"I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
"My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:

"My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
"Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
"Lightly I tripp'd, nor weary as before
"Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
"Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
"To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
"Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
"Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
"On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
"(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
"And of her dire amours you must have heard,
"For which she now does penance in a bird,
"That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
"And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
"The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
"The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cried,
"Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
"What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
"That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ripp'd her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYROE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyroe was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale:
"Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
"Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
"Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
"Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
"Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
"Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
"And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
"Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
"Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
"And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
"To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
"How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
"And quit thy claim to immortality! [pains,
"When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward
"The hydra's venom rankling in thy veins!
"The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
"And give thee over to the pow'r of fate."
Thus, ent'ring into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears. [fails;
"My voice," says she, "is gone, my language
"Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
"Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
"And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
"What new desires are these? I long to pace
"O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;
"I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
"But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
"My sire does half a human shape retain,
"And in his upper parts preserve the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and misshapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare;
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH-STONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd:
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd;
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed [breed.
His favourite mares, and watch the generous
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"And take that milkwhite heifer for thy fee."

Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;" and showed a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
n speech and habit like a country swain;
nd cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
he peasant quick replies, "You'll find them there
In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
he double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
he god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
hen to a touchstone turns the faithless spy,
nd in his name records his infamy.

HE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
nd wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
ll the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
ler yearly homage to Minerva paid;
a canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
ligh on their heads their mystic gifts they bore:
nd now, returning in a solemn train,
he troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
nd saw the bright procession pass below;
hen veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
nd hover'd o'er them: as the spreading kite,
hat smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
lies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
nd sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
o kept the god the virgin choir in view,
nd in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
r, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
o much did Herse all the rest outvie,
nd gave a grace to the solemnity.
Iermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
o the cold bullet, that with fury slung
rom balearic engines mounts on high,
lows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
t length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
he form divine, the features of a god.
Ie knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
nd yet he strives to better them by art.
Ie hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
Ie seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That richly mix'd in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Herse grac'd;
Ier virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descried,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.

"I come," replied the god, "from heaven, to woo
"Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the son and messenger of Jove,
"My name is Mercury, my business love;
"Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your sister's heart."
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast:
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possest,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight:
"On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
"And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: the hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,

Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state:
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Giv'n up to Envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god denied.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd: "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till hard'ning everywhere, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express.
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
"Thy sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
"Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
"And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
"There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
"The neighb'ring hill, and drive them to the shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove them to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride,)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand:
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and express
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milkwhite bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there,
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin dress
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Thro' storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter lost,
e sent his son to search on every coast;
nd sternly bid him to his arms restore
he darling maid, or see his face no more,
ut live an exile in a foreign clime;
hus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
ut how can Jove in his amours be found?
Then tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
o shun his angry sire and native soil,
e goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
here asks the god what new-appointed home
hould end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
he Delphic oracles this answer give:
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
ig with the promise of the Delphic god,
Then in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
'or gall'd with yokes nor worn with servitude:
ler gently at a distance he pursued;
nd as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
o the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
ler way through flow'ry Panope she took,
nd now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
Then to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
nd bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
n those behind, till on the destin'd place
he stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
he new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
nd thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
o see his new dominions round him lie;
hen sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
or living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
f aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
midst the brake a hollow den was found,
'ith rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
acred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
loated with poison to a monstrous size;
ire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
lis tow'ring crest was glorious to behold,
lis shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
'hree tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
lis teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
'he Tyrians in the den for water sought,
nd with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods the impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amidst their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date;
"But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe;
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and raged in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein:
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around them wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course.

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh:)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
"Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cried out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquests long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods:
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face,
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
"The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by consent abstain from farther spoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
"And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the chase."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, laden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so played her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,

ith blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
e ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
d though the crowded nymphs her body hide,
lf backward shrunk, and view'd him from
aside. [bow,
rpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her
t sees the circling waters round her flow:
ese in the hollow of her hand she took,
d dash'd them in his face, while thus she
spoke: [clos'd,
Tell if thou can'st the wondrous sight dis-
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."
This said, the man began to disappear
y slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
rising horn on either brow he wears,
nd stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
ough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
is bosom pants with fears before unknown.
ransform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
nd wonders why he flies away so fast.
ut as by chance within a neighb'ring brook,
e saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Vretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
e tried to speak, but only gave a groan;
nd as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
e saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
un trickling down a savage hairy face.
Vhat should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
r herd among the deer, or skulk in woods?
Iere shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
nd each by turns his aching heart assails.
s he thus ponders, he behind him spies
is opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
r snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
Per craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous
cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman, grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name,
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produced on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed:
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
"'Tis time I then pursue another course:
"It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
"If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
"If rightly styl'd among the powers above
"The wife and sister of the thund'ring Jove,
"(And none can sure a sister's right deny,)
"It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
"She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
"Pregnant, she rises to a mother's name;
"While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
"And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
"But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
"By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
"'Tis well," says she, "if all be true that's said;
"But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
"Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
"Many an honest well-designing maid,
"Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
"But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
"Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
"Descend triumphant from th' etherial sky,
"In all the pomp of his divinity;
"Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
"With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."
Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she
said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
"Fear not," replied the god, "that I'll refuse
"Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
"Choose what you will, and you shall have your
choice." [my arms,
"Then," says the nymph, "when next you seek
"May you descend in those celestial charms,
"With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
"And fill with transport heaven's immortal
dame." [voice:
The god, surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice:

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, disposed to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth," says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
"More dull and dead than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said denied;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had tried
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But after seven revolving years he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
"That he who dares your slimy folds untie
"Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first th' unerring prophet justified;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids e'en then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
The babbling echo had descried his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cried, "That tongue, for this thy crime
"Which could so many subtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own
This lovesick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"

'hamnusia pitied the neglected fair,
nd with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
for stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
'ntroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
'nsullied by the touch of men or beasts;
ligh bowers of shady trees above it grow,
nd rising grass and cheerful greens below.
lear'd with the form and coolness of the place,
nd over-heated by the morning chase,
arcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
ut whilst within the crystal fount he tries
o quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
or as his own bright image he survey'd,
e fell in love with the fantastic shade;
nd o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
or knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
he well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
he spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
he hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
nd hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
'ith all the purple youthfulness of face,
hat gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
y his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
nd gives himself the wound by which he dies.
o the cold water oft he joins his lips,
ft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
is arms, as often from himself he slips.
or knows he who it is his arms pursue
'ith eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
'hat could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
'hat kindle in thee this unpitied love?
hy own warm blush within the water glows,
'ith thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
s empty being on thyself relies;
ep thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
indless of sleep, and negligent of food;
ill view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
t length he rais'd his head, and thus began
o vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My l ps to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd,
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
"Whene'er I speak his moving lips appear
"To utter something, which I cannot hear.
"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
"To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
"It is myself I love, myself I see;
"The gay delusion is a part of me.
"I kindle up the fires by which I burn.
"And my own beauties from the well return.
"Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
"Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
"And too much plenty makes me die for want.
"How gladly would I from myself remove!
"And at a distance set the thing I love.
"My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
"I wish him absent whom I most desire.
"And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
"In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
"Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
"O might the visionary youth survive,
"I should with joy my latest breath resign!
"But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
"Ah whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
"Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
"Let me still see, though I'm no farther blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show;
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away;
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery, [see.
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan, [groan:
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies. [fell
"Farewell," says he: the parting sound scarce
From his faint lips, but she replied, "Farewell."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.

To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head: [thee
"'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for
"If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
"For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
"When the young god's solemnities appear;
"Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
"Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
"Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
"Then, then remember what I now foretel,
"And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
"What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
"Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
"And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
"Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
"Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
"Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
"Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
"And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
"And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
"Will you without a stroke your city yield,
"And poorly quit an undisputed field?
"But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
"Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
"Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
"Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face;
"Remember him to whom you stand allied:
"The serpent for his well of waters died.
"He fought the strong; do you his courage show
"And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
"If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
"A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
"Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
"But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
"Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
"Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
"But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
"The purple vests, and flow'ry garlands please.
"Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
"Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
"Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd [yield?
"This boasted power; why then should Pentheus
"Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
"I'll try the force of his divinity." [fane;
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites pro-
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood.
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands while thus he spoke: [pursue,
"Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall
"And terrify thy base seditious crew:
"Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
"And why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
"From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
"Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
"My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
"His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
"His whole estate within the waters lay;
"With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
"His art was all his livelihood; which he
"Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
"'In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
"There swims,' said he, 'thy whole inheritance.'
"Long did I live on this poor legacy;
"Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
"To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
"Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
"Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
"The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
"The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
"With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
"Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
"My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
"Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
"And all the following night in Chios spent.
"When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
"Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
"Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
"Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
"Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
"Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
"With more than female sweetness in his look,
"Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
"With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
"And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
"I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
"Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
"And saw divinity in all his face.
"'I know not who,' said I, 'this god should be;
"But that he is a god I plainly see:
"And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
"These men have us'd; and oh! befriend our course!"
"'Pray not for us,' the nimble Dictys cried;
"Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride
"And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
"To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
"Who overlook'd the oars, and timed the stroke;
"The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
"Such impious avarice their souls possest.
"'Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
"Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
"Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
"When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
"From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
"With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
"Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
"His base confederates the fact approve;
"When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,

'ak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd; [gaz'd:
nd shook his drowsy limbs, and round him
What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betray'd?
h! whither, whither must I be convey'd?'
'ear not,' said Proreus, 'child, but tell us where
ou wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
'o Naxos then direct your course,' said he;
Naxos a hospitable port shall be
'o each of you, a joyful home to me.'
y every god, that rules the sea or sky,
'he perjur'd villains promise to comply,
nd bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
'ith eager joy I launch into the deep;
nd, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
'hey whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
nd give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
'o tack about, and steer another way.
Then let some other to my post succeed,'
aid I, 'I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.' [crew
What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole
'ollow your humour, and depend on you?'
nd straight himself he seated at the prore,
nd tack'd about, and sought another shore.
'The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
nd from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
nd seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'
In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.
And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
The god we now behold with open eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard; first perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround; [thy look?'
'Ah what,' cries one, 'has thus transform'd
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
"With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
"The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
"Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
"Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
"And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
"Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
"A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
"I only in my proper shape appear,
"Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
"Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
"With him I landed on the Chian shore,
"And him shall ever gratefully adore."
"This forging slave," says Pentheus, "would prevail,
"O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
"Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
"And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echoed with their song.
And as the fiery warhorse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, "the boar that lays our country waste!
"The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
"And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cried;
"Remember how your own Actæon died."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretched-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and heedless of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cried, "shall be Agave's share."
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

BOOK IV.

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore;
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
"Fie, Salmacis! what, always idle! fie,
"Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
"And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair. [prove
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features
"A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
"But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
"Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
"But, oh! how blest! how more than blest thy
"Allied in bliss, if any yet allied. [bride,
"If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be:
"If not, behold a willing bride in me." [shame,
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became;
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy
Replies, "or leave me to myself alone,
"You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll begone."
"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind!
"Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
"Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own.)
You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

NOTES

ON

SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES

IN

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON, PAGE 436.

THE story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book:

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret;

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

——Cœli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.

Fumat uterque polus—comes up to *correptaque regia cœli.*—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving such intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 436. l. 7. *For in the portal*, &c. We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

——Balnearumque prementem
Ægeona suis immania terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

——Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity:

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, silvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a group.

——Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

P. 436. l. 5. 2d col. *And flung the blaze*, &c. It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had laid aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them, who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
Dextra sed Ausonio mensus est subjecta Peloro,
Læva, Pachyne tibi, Lilibeo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub qua resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhœus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shown us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a schoolboy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the dauphin's use, who has very well shown the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to show him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confessed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 436. l. 18. 2d col. *My son says he*, &c. Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *Terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput*—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son:

Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,
Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longe
Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

For one while he scares him with bugbears in the way:

——Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextra
Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pœna,
Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis:

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which, by the way, makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent:

——Patrio pater esseratu probor, aspice vultus
Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectora possem
Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 427. l. 27. *A golden axle*, &c. Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the transition to Argenteus, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty:

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aureæ summæ
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 427. l. 62. *Drive them not on directly*, &c. Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The dauphin's notes tell us, that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arctos,

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 427. l. 9. 2d col. *And not my chariot*, &c. Ovid's verse is *consilitis non curribus utere nostris*. This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid, but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—*Pariterque, animique, rotisque expulit auriga*m, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (*animé expulit auriga*m,) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 427. l. 94. 2d col. *The youth was in a maze*, &c. It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Sumique oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen ortæ.*

Ibid. l. 27. *Then the seven stars*, &c. I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 428. l. 25. *Athos and Tmolus*, &c. Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 428. l. 51. *'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor*, &c. This is the only metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him, who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle, that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 428. l. 3. 2d col. *The frighted Nile*, &c. Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccaque est campus arena;

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

——Quos altum tenerat æquor
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cyclades augent;

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäystre,

——Medio volucres calnere Caystro,

and that the dolphins durst not leap,

——Nec se super æquora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 428. l. 26. 2d col. *The earth at length*, &c. We have here a speech of the earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest prosopopœia of any in the old poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE, PAGE 444.

L. 10. 2d col. *The dignity of empire*, &c. This story is prettily told and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

Nun bene convenient, nec in una sede morantur.
Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

P. 444. l. 51. 2d col. *The frighted nymph looks*, &c. This consternation and behaviour of Europa

——Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putares.
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque verari
Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of Tatius his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK, PAGE 445.

FAB. I.

This is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid, indeed, shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 445. l. 9. 2d col. *Spire above spire*, &c. Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he overlooked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

——Phœnices, sive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat.——

P. 445. l. 16. 2d col. *In vain the Tyrians*, &c. The poet could not keep up his narration all along in the grandeur and magnificence of a heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent.

——*Tegimen direpta leoni*
Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.

in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse the sake of one of his little turns. How does he ruish in that which seems a laboured line! *Tristia guinea lambentem vulnera lingua.* And what pains he take to express the serpent's breaking the force he stroke, by shrinking back from it!

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsæque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat.

. 446. l. 39. *And flings the future*, &c. The descrip- of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a sage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very ongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and ir multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

bid. l. 45. *The breathing harvest*, &c. *Messis clyta virorum.* The beauty of these words would have en greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed hout *clypeata;* for the reader's mind would have en delighted with two such different ideas compound- together, but can scarce attend to such a complete age as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one ase, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great auty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in e nature of the thing that is described. The Latin ets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, r the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the ature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. Then any thing we describe has accidentally in it some uality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very ex- ordinary and uncommon in things of that species, ch a compounded image as we are now speaking of is ade, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we escribe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of rystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes e advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, recious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect rystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in etting his words and ideas at variance among one ano- her. He has a great many beauties of this nature in im, but he gives himself up so much to this way of riting, that a man may easily know where to meet with hem when he sees the subject, and often strains so hard or them, that he many times makes his descriptions ombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough had he been to de- scribe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures; when we see Virgil contented with his *auri frondentis;* and what is the same, though much finer expressed,—*frondescit virga metallo.* This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where cir- cumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the La- tin poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it,) in their de- scriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, me- tamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; *Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum*, Æn. 8. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputa- tion and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we con- sider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being en- graven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says, *rupit cælestia crimina.* I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's poem to the king; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honoura- ble wound as king William's at the fight of the Boyne:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.

P. 446. l. 1. 2d col. *Here Cadmus reign'd.* This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess and her maids undressing her are described with diverting circumstances. Ac- tæon's flight, confusion, and griefs are passionately rep- resented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

——*Ut abesse queruntur,*
Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.

FAB. II.

P. 447. l 32. *A generous pack*, &c. I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme; Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own cata- logue with a kind of jest on it, *quosque referre mora est* —which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons' names: in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the pre- cedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is other- wise very natural, and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an an- swerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer or Vir- gil only told us, in two or three lines, before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagi- nation could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 447. l. 14. 2d col. *How Semele*, &c. This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

Què tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo constimuerunt dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit iræ,
Tela secunda vocant superi.——

P. 447. l. 44. 2d col. "*'Tis well,*" *says she*, &c. Virgil has made a Heroe of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her namesake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more ma- jestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much al- tered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 448. l. 48. 2d col. *She can't begin*, &c. If playing on words be excusable in any poem it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understand- ing, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can any where be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resem- blance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pic- tures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unex- pected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or whole words, as pune, echoes, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of

one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snowball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and, by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets, scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder, therefore, how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers, in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
——Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos——
Urer amore mei flammas movesque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth; but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 449 l. 12. *But whilst within*, &c. *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was a raw inexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, and was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore so he supposed converant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 449. l. 43. *You trees, says he*, &c. Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgment to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lachryma subito excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*inopem me copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 450. l. 19. *When Pentheus thus*, &c. There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis; pro fontibus ille, lacusque
Interiit, si vos pro fama vincite ventrâ,
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate decus.——

FAB. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors' characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a war horse in the present.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU,

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non exsineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris,

Humanitatis tuæ
Cultor devotissimus,
JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulacraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem abiste triumphis
Expletus, pemitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros;
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia nauris,
Vexillum intrepidus* fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat æter in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreas, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovi que latus sociis armis [cent.
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura mis-
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis,† ductor fortissime, turmis
Exere, tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti

---

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts. Baro de Gowran, etc.

† Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum* qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instrastus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor, ardor.
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora cum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: tibi Jupiter annuum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas [umpho.
Ridet hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne tri-
Jamque† nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva puellæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne. civis
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quis, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

* Muscoviæ Imperator.

† Celsissimus princeps dux Glocestrencis.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

ua penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
æcunda informi, rudibusque nitientia venis;
um stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
ruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
ui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Iec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
ed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
ervat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
'erficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
ın potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
ırgentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
luicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Iec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
ʃum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aer
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura,
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec motuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit at æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem e nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessu vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna et securo crepitat grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis comiaus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpé juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque vi rumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos, motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture resco

Rana dolet, pedibusque abscesso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans, omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Marcotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Strageseque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aere concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immenses tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila transent
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, institutque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus hominum telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iras
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum [rentem.
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque fe-
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Func densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera pluæ,
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recollligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem exercitat acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc perennis eingunt
Cerpora fusa gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic dl volnere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere tota
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, seminataque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus pygmeia tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyrios imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentisque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
signit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
estiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
gnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
abstravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
er muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
quallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
e spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
er cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
linc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Iox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
ıtan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
ynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
cintillare polus, nunc fulgor lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
nducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Alligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defuncti sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque vivorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus,* sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tennesque absumpta receda,
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequioquam, et sero in lachrymas effundatur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami leginus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supernam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assidue saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere tecto.

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* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina creba minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eleo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes,
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens cripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperique
Præsidium haud leve Montacutus.
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis, tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes:
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat; mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio ranca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus; [gens
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet in-

. tergo gibbus; pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur sollenni seria pompa
Permit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Ignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Amque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Larvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Hanc patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem [luptas
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera vo-
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protenseque hastæ, fulgentisque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Eruerintque truces animos, Jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci.
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artibus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Voceaque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditor ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppositas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens er timido pede —
Incedat orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globulum!
En læta vernantis Favoni
Flamina, perpetuoque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

ROSAMOND, AN OPERA.

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE THE

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Sylva tegit.——————— Virg. Æn. 6.

A COPY OF VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF ROSAMOND.

——————Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

BY MR. TICKELL.

The opera first Italian masters taught,
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong. [ceive.
From words so sweet new grace the notes re-
And music borrows helps she us'd to give.
The style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
Landscapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!
No farther could imagination roam, [dome.
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die:
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves;
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made them wretched, makes them great;
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.
Unrival'd as they merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies;
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

ROSAMOND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

KING HENRY.
SIR TRUSTY, *keeper of the bower.*
PAGE.
MESSENGER.

WOMEN.

QUEEN ELEANOR.
ROSAMOND.
GRIDELINE, *wife to* SIR TRUSTY.
GUARDIAN ANGELS, &c.

SCENE, *Woodstock Park.*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A prospect of Woodstock park, terminating in the bower.

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

Queen. WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise,
As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.
Page. There gentle Rosamond immured
Lives from the world and you secured.
Queen. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy.—— [*Aside.*
Page. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.
Queen. Death and confusion! I'm too slow—— [*Aside.*
Show me the happy mansion, show——
Page. Great Henry there——
Queen. Trifler, no more!——
Page. ——Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.

* Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock park.

Queen. No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.
Page. Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.
Queen. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love,
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.
Page. The path yon verdant field divides
Which to the soft confinement guides.
Queen. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent:
How could the fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave. [ear?
Page. Hark, hark! what sound invades my
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes!
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
In dreadful concert join'd.
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.
Queen. Henry returns from danger free!
Henry returns!——but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows, to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain,)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.

No, no, 'tis decreed
The trait'ress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.

The entry of the bower.

SIR TRUSTY, *knight of the bower, solus*

How unhappy is he,
That is tied to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and* SIR TRUSTY.

Grid. Faithless varlet, art thou there? [fair!
Sir Trusty. My love, my dove, my charming
Grid. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
Sir Trusty. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
Grid. Cheat not me with false caresses.
Sir Trusty. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.
Grid. Those to fair Rosamond are due.
Sir Trusty. She is not half so fair as you.
Grid. She views thee with a lover's eye.
Sir Trusty. I'll still be thine, and let her die.
Grid. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!
Sir Trusty. O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.
Grid. O how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight! [cease,
Sir Trusty. At length the storm begins to
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aside.*
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, begone.
Grid. ——I love thee so
I cannot go.
Sir Trusty. Fly from my passion, beldame, fly!
Grid. Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?
Sir Trusty. Thou'rt the plague of my life.
Grid. I'm a foolish, fond wife.
Sir Trusty. Let us part,
Let us part.
Grid. Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?
Sir Trusty. I will if I can.
Grid. O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow?
Sir Trusty. Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold.
Grid. Thou art a rustic to call me so,
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so,
Thou traitor, adieu!
Sir Trusty. Farewell, thou shrew!
Grid. Thou traitor.
Sir Trusty. Thou shrew!
Both. Adieu! Adieu! [*Exit Grid.*

SIR TRUSTY, *solus.*

How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils,
Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty king Harry.
But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and* SIR TRUSTY.

Ros. From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracks I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine,
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
Sir Trusty. What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps so doleful join! [*Apart.*
Ros. How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets
In all her colours, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent;
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,

he breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bow'rs,
lPd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
Nature's softest, sweetest store,)
harm my tortur'd soul no more.
e powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
'hy so slow! great Henry, why!
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
ly to my arms, my monarch fly!
Sir Trusty. How much more bless'd would lovers be,
id all the whining fools agree
o live like Grideline and me! [*Apart.*
Ros. O Rosamond, behold too late,
nd tremble at thy future fate!
urse this unhappy, guilty face,
very charm, and every grace,
'hat to thy ruin made their way,
nd led thine innocence astray:
t home thou seest thy queen enraged;
broad thy absent lord engaged
n wars, that may our loves disjoin,
nd end at once his life and mine.
Sir Trusty. Such cold complaints befit a nun:
f she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apart.*
Ros. Beneath some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams. [*Exit Ros.*

SIR TRUSTY *solus*.

What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But ha! a sound my bower invades,
[*Trumpets flourish.*
And echoes through the winding shades;
'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
A messenger! It must be so.

SCENE V.

A MESSENGER *and* SIR TRUSTY.

Mes. Great Henry comes! with love oppress't;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers chok'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Laden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror. [drest,
Sir Trusty. The bower and lady both are
And ready to receive their guest.
Messenger. Hither the victor flies (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the British shores he reach'd
Hither his foaming courser stretch'd;
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!
Sir Trusty. Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour,
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter KING HENRY *after a flourish of trumpets.*

King. Where is my love! my Rosamond!
Sir Trusty. First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand.
King. Where is my life! my Rosamond!
Sir Trusty. Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land!
King. Where is the tender, charming fair!
Sir Trusty. Let me appear, great sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.
King. Where is my love, O tell me where?
Sir Trusty. For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.
King. These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where? [eyes,
Sir Trusty. I speak, great sir, with weeping
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies. [fear.
King. What dost thou say? I shake with
Sir Trusty. Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
King. Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.
Sir Trusty. At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you choose
For first interviews?
King. Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The party-colour'd gay alcove.
Sir Trusty. Your highness, sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.
King. Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor lovesick jealousy appear:
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
Oh the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [*Exeunt*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A pavilion in the middle of the bower.

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

King. Thus let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.
Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.
King. Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestow'd
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.
Ros. My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.
King. O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!
Both. O may the present bliss endure!
King. My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds could ever hear:
But oh! with noonday heats oppress,
My aching temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit King*.

ROSAMOND *sola*.

From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracts of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deserts borne,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable way.
They're phantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endless joys in store.
Farewell sorrow, farewell fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.

A postern gate of the bower.

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

Grid. My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born
When I did town and court adorn.
Page. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?
Grid. He does, my child; or tell me why,
With weeping eyes, so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoestrings tied,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulderbelt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.
Page. If Rosamond his garb has view'd,
The knight is false, the nymph subdued.
Grid. My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks:
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.
Page. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——
Grid. ——And he has charms.
Page. Your fears are too just.
Grid. Too plainly I've prov'd
Both. He loves and is lov'd.
Grid. O merciless fate!
Page. Deplorable state!
Grid. To die————
Page. ————To be slain
Grid. By a barbarous swain,
Both. That laughs at your pain.
Grid. How should I act? canst thou advise?
Page. Open the gate, if you are wise:
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep sir Trusty innocent.
Grid. Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.
Page. I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.
Grid. Of such a faithful spy I've need:*
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [*Exit page*.

GRIDELINE *sola*.

Pr'ythee Cupid no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore,
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free. [*Exit Grid*.

SCENE III.

PAGE *solus*.

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dyes;
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;

* An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

'ountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

Queen. At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart control,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.
Page. Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard—
[*Apart.*
Queen. I see, I see my hands embrued
In purple streams of reeking blood;
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death;
I see my raging dying lord,
And O, I see myself abhorr'd!
Page. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aside.*
Queen. What shall my trembling soul pursue!
Page. Behold, great queen, the place in view!
Queen. Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!
Page. That bow'r will show
The guilty foe.
Queen. —It is decreed—it shall be so;
[*After a pause.*
I cannot see my lord repine,
(O that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love?
Page. Her heart with rage and fondness glows,
O jealousy! thou hell of woes! [*Aside.*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbours rise.
Queen. Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear!
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The scene changes to the pavilion as before.

ROSAMOND *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it?
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!
A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
—Death to my eyes; what sight is this?
The queen, th' offended queen I see!
—Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN, *with a bowl in one hand, and a dagger in the other.*

Queen. Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by this, or this, shall end.
Ros. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd majesty?
Queen. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue control.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.
Ros. Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!
Queen. How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe? [*Aside.*
Ros. When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!
Queen. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.
Ros. Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with lovesick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!
Queen. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore?
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!
Ros. O queen your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!
Queen.——— They flow in vain.
Ros. Look with compassion on my fate;
O hear my sighs!——
Queen. —— They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.
Ros. Tho' I live wretched, let me live!
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heav'n I'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.
Queen. Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. [*Aside.*
Ros. What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance!——
Queen. —— Thou shalt die.
[*Offering the dagger.*

Ros. Give me but one short moment's stay.
—O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*
Queen. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore.—— [*Offering the dagger.*
Ros. —— O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*
Queen. Ye powers, how pity rends my soul!
[*Aside.*
Ros. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call!
[*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great queen, like injur'd heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.
Queen. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*
Ros. Thus I prevent the fatal blow,
—— Whither, ah! whither shall I go!
[*Drinks.*
Queen. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.
Ros. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so:
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,
With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams;
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry shall revenge my cause
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive,
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.
[*Falls on the couch.*
Queen. Hear and observe your queen's commands, [*To her Attendants.*
Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.
[*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquish'd foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to live! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

SIR TRUSTY *in a fright.*

A breathless corse! what have I seen!
And follow'd by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve!
No! though I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing: [*Writes.*
"Great Sir,
"Your Rosamond is dead—
"As I am at this present writing."
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance——I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.
[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN *solo.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair.
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.
My Henry shall be mine alone,
The hero shall be all my own!
Nobler joys possess my heart,
Than crowns and sceptres can impart.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A grotto, HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels, supposed to be the guardian spirits of the British kings in war and in peace.*

1st Ang. Behold the unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!
2d Ang. In fields of death around his head,
A shield of adamant I spread.
1st Ang. In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.
2d Ang. When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed hero rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.
1st Ang. When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.
Both. But oh! what influence can remove
The pangs of grief and rage of love!
2d Ang. I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
Till love before ambition fly.
1st Ang. I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams,
Till grief in joyful raptures die.
2d Ang. Whatever glorious and renown'd
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancied fields the Gaul shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.
1st Ang. See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance.

s brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
outing armies, clashing arms,
e softer prints of love deface:
d trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.
Both. Glory strives!
The field is won!
Fame revives
And love is gone.
1st Ang. To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
hat, after long revolving years,
Thy bow'r shall be!
hen time its beauties shall deface,
d only with its ruin grace,
e future prospect of the place.
hold the glorious pile ascending!*
lumns swelling, arches bending,
mes in awful pomp arising,
t in curious strokes surprising,
es in figur'd fights contending,
hold the glorious pile ascending!
2d Ang. He sees, he sees the great reward
r Anna's mighty chief prepar'd:
is growing joys no measure keep,
o vehement and fierce for sleep.
1st Ang. Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead——
2d Ang.——And grief may rage,
Both. But both shall plead and rage in vain.
The angels descend, and the vision disappears.

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

here have my ravish'd senses been!
hat joys, what wonders, have I seen!
he scene yet stands before my eye,
thousand glorious deeds that lie
deep futurity obscure,
ights and triumphs immature,
eroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
ipening for mighty years to come,
reak forth, and to the day display'd,
y soft inglorious hours upbraid.
ransported with so bright a scheme,
y waking life appears a dream.
Adieu ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!
Rosamond! O rising woe!
hy do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
Rosamond! O fair distress'd,
low shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
s unrelenting purpose tell;
nd take the long, the last farewell!
Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,
Spread thy glided banners round,
Make thy thund'ring courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all. [*Exit.*

* Scene changes to the plan of Blenheim castle.

SCENE II.

The scene changes to that part of the bower where SIR TRUSTY *lies upon the ground, with the bowl and dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence,
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Mysterious love, uncertain treasure
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!
But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage.*

SCENE III.

KING *and* QUEEN.

King. Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show,
This pomp of death, this scene of woe?
Support me, heav'n! what's this I read?
O horror! Rosamond is dead!
What shall I say, or whither turn?—
With grief, and rage, and love I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirl of passion lost,
Why did I not in battle fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!
Distracted with woe
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!
Queen. Fain would my tongue his griefs appease.
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [*Aside.*
King. But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.
Queen. Why do I here my lord receive?
King. Is this the welcome that you give?
Queen. Thus should divided lovers meet?
Both. And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!
Queen. What in these guilty shades could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?
King. Cruel woman, what could you?
Queen. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.
King. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.

Queen. A heart so unrepenting.
King. A rage so unrelenting.
Both. Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.
King. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas! is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lilly was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.
Queen. How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My lord, I cannot see you mourn:
The living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, could die.
King. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?
Queen. Were your lov'd Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?
King. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu.
Queen. How am I bless'd if this be true!—— [*Aside.*
King. And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!——
Queen. ——Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.
King. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive;
Does Rosamond live?
Queen. The bowl, with drowsy juices fill'd,
From cold Egyptian drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes;
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu.
King. How am I bless'd if this be true! [*Aside.*
Queen. Atoning for herself and you.
King. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead.
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.
Queen. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise,
Though distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn;
And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the potion shall survive
Believe your Rosamond alive.
King. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My queen forgives——
Queen. ——My lord is true.
King. No more I'll change.
Queen. No more I'll grieve:
Both. But ever thus united live.

SIR TRUSTY *awaking.*

In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush, and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb, and mien!
They ne'er would bury me in green!

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and* SIR TRUSTY.

Grid. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bow'r?
Sir Trusty. Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou should'st thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak, and veil.
Grid. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why should not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?
Sir Trusty. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see;
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode, and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous knight.
Grid. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.
Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis. [nis.
Sir Trusty. And Sir Trusty shall be thy Ado-

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

King. Who to forbidden joys would rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love!
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Cheerful days and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere,
From future grief and present fear.
Both. Who to forbidden joys would rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love!

CATO, A TRAGEDY.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, deus! Ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN. *de Divin. Prov.*

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, NOVEMBER, 1714.

The muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair princess, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee, perhaps, e'en now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heav'n's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please;
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find:
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

'HILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
nd Cato with an equal virtue draw,
'hile envy is itself in wonder lost,
nd factions strive who shall applaud you most;
ngive the fond ambition of a friend,
'ho hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
nd join th' applause which all the learn'd bestow
n one to whom a perfect work they owe.
o my* light scenes I once inscrib d your name,
nd impotently strove to borrow fame:
oon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
et me then live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

HOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
rescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
'hough Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
'he Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
rawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
y thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
nd awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
'e hear his voice asserting virtue's cause;
'is fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
xcites by turns our various hopes and fears,
nd all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On Tiber's banks thy thought was first inspir'd,
'was there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
ome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
'hy happy muse this manly work design'd:
r in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
nd, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
oint out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
nd ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
'hile nobler morals grace the British stage!
reat Shakspeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
'ill hover o'er the scene, and wond'ring view
'is favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
uch Roman greatness in each action shines,
uch Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the sibyl's books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was seen enroll'd,
"Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
"Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
"When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
"His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
"An isle remote his monument shall rear,
"And ev'ry gen'rous Briton pay a tear."

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign:"
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

EDWARD YOUNG.

All Souls' College, Oxon.

'Tis nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To show how endless joys from freedom spring;
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few. [ease,
With so much strength you write, and so much
Virtue and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapp'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures which they felt.

---

* Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus died,
And Cato told the gods, "I'm satisfied."
See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catos heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancied glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vow'd equal toils:
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From blooming mountains, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough was your darling song;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the hero's glow'd the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in the poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Though nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
The libertine, in pleasures used to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how "the stream refines,
"Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?"
While hurricanes "in circling eddies play,
"Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away."
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden-sounding ruin hear.
When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride.
But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel.
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wand'ring eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardian stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confus'dly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN.

Trinity college, Cambridge.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes;
The sweet infection, mix'd with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart,
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight,
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fix'd deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight.
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame.
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms, and British wit:
No more she'll wonder (forc'd to do us right,)
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word express,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast.
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;

s know thy worth; and, give us leave to boast,
s most admire, because we know thee most.

THOMAS TICKELL.

Queen's College, Oxon.

SIR,

HEN your generous labour first I view'd,
d Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued;
at scene of death so terrible appears,
y soul could only thank you with her tears.
t with such wond'rous art your skilful hand
es all the passions of the soul command,
at even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
d envied the great death which first I mourn'd.
What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
f honour struggling with the love of life?
escribe the patriot, obstinately good,
s hovering o'er eternity he stood:
be wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
is piercing sight, and heav'n the distant shore.
ecure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
e grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
nd rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.
How would old Rome rejoice, to hear you tell
ow just her patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
ecount his wond'rous probity and truth,
nd form new Jubas in the British youth.
heir generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
re pleas'd with ruin, and in love with death.
nd when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
esolve to perish, or defend her cause.
ow first on Albion's theatre we see,
perfect image of what man should be;
he glorious character is now exprest,
f virtue dwelling in a human breast.
rawn at full length by your immortal lines,
n Cato's soul, as in her heav'n she shines.

DIGBY COTES.

All Souls' College, Oxon.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER

BY AN UNKOWN HAND.*

ow we may speak, since Cato speaks no more;
is praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
hen crowded theatres with Ios rung
ent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
ven civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
nd factions strove but to applaud thee most:
or could enjoyment pall our longing taste,
ut every night was dearer than the last.
As when old Rome in a malignant hour
epriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
So in thy pompous lines has Cato far'd,
Grac'd with an ample, though a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's temple rear'd on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend!
How great his genius when the traitor crowd
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and list'ning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, stanch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs, pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O! sacred freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If taught by thee, the poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his hero's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure,
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British heart.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued;
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her freeborn sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS

* George Jeffreys, Esq.—JOHNSON.

PROLOGUE, BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its wo.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast.
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

CATO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO.
LUCIUS, *a senator.*
SEMPRONIUS, *a senator.*
JUBA, *prince of Numidia.*
SYPHAX, *general of the Numidians.*
PORTIUS, } *sons of* CATO.
MARCUS, }
DECIUS, *ambassador from* CÆSAR.
MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

WOMEN.

MARCIA, *daughter to* CATO.
LUCIA, *daughter to* LUCIUS.

SCENE, *a large hall in the governor's palace of Utica.*

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

Portius. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!——
Marcus. ——Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
With the calm lights of calm philosophy;
I am tortur'd, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!——I see
The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
Oh! Portius, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?
Portius. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envied:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness?
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.
Marcus. Who knows not this! but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate;
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Portius. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search:
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
Marcus. These are suggestions of a mind at ease;
Oh Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—
Portius. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.
Marcus. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness,
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,

Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts———

Portius. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him,
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marcus. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Portius. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marcus. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity. [my eyes

Portius. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold
Even whilst I speak—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf. [instead

Marcus. Why then dost treat me with rebukes,
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

Portius. O Marcus, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it. [friends!

Marcus. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sink as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—but Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

Semp. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aside.*

Good morrow Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty. [together

Portius. My father has this morning call'd
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Semp. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!

Portius. Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspicuous.

Portius. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour——I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet,
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS, *solus.*

Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious?——but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quickened to the course.
——Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!———

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax. ———Sempronius, all is ready,
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline, [ter.
And wait but the command to change their mas-

Semp. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Even whilst we speak our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march:
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
Syphax. ———Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues:——but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Nimidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.
Semp. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.
Syphax. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.
Semp. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device, [earnest,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in
Clothe the feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.
Syphax. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct gray hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit! [Juba.
Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPHAX *solus.*

I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason [Cato.
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us——
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me;
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Syphax. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Syphax. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Lanch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Syphax. Patience, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?
Juba. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Syphax. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, wont discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory

Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him! [ness of soul:

Syphax. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughti-
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syphax. Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Juba. What would'st thou have me do?

Syphax. ——Abandon Cato. [an orphan

Juba. Syphax, I should be more than twice
By such a loss. [you!

Syphax. ——Ay, there's the tie that binds
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Juba. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syphax. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing cried,
Prithee be careful of my son!——his grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Juba. Alas! thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syphax. By laying up his counsels in your heart. [directions:

Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syphax. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Juba. I do believe thou would'st; but tell me how? [foes.

Syphax. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's

Juba. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syphax. ——And therefore died.

Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour,

Syphax. ——Rather say your love.

Juba. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syphax. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces fresh'd with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Syphax. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Juba. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—she moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me. [both!

Syphax. Ten thousand curses fasten on them
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

Juba. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Marcia. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe. [attend

Marcia. My prayers and wishes always shall
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marcia. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Juba. ———Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp: then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Lucia. ———Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?
Marcia. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.
Lucia. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?
Marcia. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?
Lucia. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
Marcia. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?
Lucia. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.
Marcia. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
Lucia. Which is it Marcia wishes for?
Marcia. ———For neither—
And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?
Lucia. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem, [him?
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—
Marcia. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?
Lucia. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
—O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves:
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is overwarm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Marcia. Alas, poor youth! how can'st thou throw him from thee? [thee;
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Lucia. ———You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Marcia. ———Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
Lucia. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.
Marcia. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.
Lucia. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.
Marcia. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours. [stains
So the pure limpid stream, when foul with
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

THE SENATE.

Semp. Rome still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Lucius. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
(*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Semp. ———My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains,
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is towering phrenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care!
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious!
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther use; our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.
[*Aside to* Cato.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public counsels,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs [round us:
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time!
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Marcus. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived [Decius,
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter. [*Exit* Marcus.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

Decius, Cato, &c.

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato.—

Cato. ———Could he send it [come.
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be wel-
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Decius. My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Decius. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar.
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.
Decius. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. ——No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Decius. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship;
And name your terms.
Cato. ——Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Decius. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
Decius. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
Decius. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.
Decius. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him; [black
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Decius. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself,
Decius. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

SCENE III.

Sempronius, Lucius, Cato, &c.

Semp. ——Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
Lucius. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.
Semp. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony!
Lucius. ——Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.
Semp. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.
Cato. ——Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.
Semp. ——Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reprov'd.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Lucius. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.
Semp. We ought to hold out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell!—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

Cato, Juba.

Cato. Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica

(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, "My son," said he,
"Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them."

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.

Juba. ——My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. ——And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric!

Juba. ——Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all! learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. ——What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

Juba. ——I would fain retract them,
Give them me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Juba. ——Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. ——What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse?

Juba. ——I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. ——What wouldst thou say?

Juba. ——Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest; liberty or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

Syphax. How is this, my prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Juba. ——Syphax, I'm undone!

Syphax. I know it well.

Juba. ——Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syphax. And so will all mankind.

Juba. ——I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syphax. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.

Juba. ——Oh! I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?

Syphax. Alas! my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise, before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Prithee, no more!

Syphax. ——How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flow'd
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever!

Syphax. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. ——What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Syphax. Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. ——As how, dear Syphax?

Syphax. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unused to the restraint

Of curbs and bits, and fleeter than the wind:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Juba. ——Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

Syphax. Gods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Juba. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian? [men,

Syphax. The boasted ancestors of these great
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Juba. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syphax. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Juba. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syphax. Go, go, you're young.

Juba. ——Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syphax. ——I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

Juba. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syphax. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence. [age,

Syphax. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service?
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Juba. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy prince with scorn? [such expressions?

Syphax. Why will you rive my heart with
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

Juba. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk. [faith to Juba,

Syphax. Not hear me talk! what, when my
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince. [I've offer'd

Syphax. What greater instance can I give?
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.

Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty. [me traitor.

Syphax. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd

Juba. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so. [me traitor:

Syphax. You did indeed, my prince, you called
Nay, farther, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service.

Juba. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
Honour's sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection, [her,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syphax. ——By heavens! [chide me!
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, though you
Alas! I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

Juba. Syphax, thou now beginn'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Syphax. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Juba. Syphax, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Syphax. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burthensome, I sha'n't support it.

Juba. Syphax, farewell: I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

SYPHAX *solus.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear,
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine—

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

Syphax. ———All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields. [fate:
Semp. Syphax, we both were on the verge of
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruin.
Syphax. But how stands Cato?
Semp. ———Thou has seen mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Syphax. But what's this messenger?
Semp. ———I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?
Syphax. ———Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've tried the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight;
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.
Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Syphax. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her! [curse
Semp. Syphax, I love that woman; though I
Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.
Syphax. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?
Semp. ———All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
Syphax. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marcus. Thanks to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
Portius. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Marcus. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then prithee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Portius. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.
Marcus. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbs longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burthen;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone, while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me. [help?
Portius. What can thy Portius do to give thee
Marcus. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.
Portius. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office [temper.
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my
Marcus. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
Portius. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.
But here believe me, I've a thousand reasons—
Marcus. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season;
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts,
But what's all this to one that loves like me;

Oh Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.
Portius. What should I do? if I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*
Marcus. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.
Portius. She sees us, and advances—
Marcus. ———I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

Lucia. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Portius. Oh Lucia! language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life:
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul! [him;
Oh, Lucia, I'm distress'd! my heart bleeds for
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, though thou smilest upon me.
Lucia. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Portius. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—
Lucia. No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.
Portius. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck?—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Lucia. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
Portius. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!
Lucia. At length I've acted my severest part;
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Portius. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Lucia. ———O stop those sounds, [me?
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure;
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves:
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!
Portius. Talk not of love: thou never knew'st its force.
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done?
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.
Lucia. O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.
Portius. Name not the word; my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Lucia. What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on Lucia! what could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!
Portius. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,

Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!
Lucia. Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius,
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!
Portius. Stay, Lucia stay! what dost thou say—for ever?
Lucia. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word—for ever!
Portius. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
Lucia. ———If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!
Portius. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.
Lucia. ———What dost thou say! not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder o'er us!
—But see! thy brother Marcus bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

Marcus. Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?
Portius. ———What wouldst thou have me say?
Marcus. What means this pensive posture; thou appearest
Like one amazed and terrified.
Portius. ———I've reason.
Marcus. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
Portius. ———I'm grieved I undertook it.
Marcus. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!
Portius. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs:
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
Marcus. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Prithee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—
Portius. Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment? [give me!
Marcus. What have I said! O Portius, O for-
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its self—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm? [war?
Portius. ———A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Marcus. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart; 'tis death must give me ease.
Portius. Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stand sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS, *with the* LEADERS OF THE MUTINY.

Semp. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high;
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.
First Leader. We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But, hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?
Semp. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*
Cato. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fired with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day! why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men!
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?

Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!
Semp. ——By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*
Cato. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
Semp. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
Lucius. See, Cato, see th' unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Semp. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.
Lucius. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men? [bellion?
Semp. ——How? wouldst thou clear re-
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Semp. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence

SCENE VI.

Sempronius, *and the* Leaders of the Mutiny.

First Leader. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself. [earnest.
One would have thought you had been half in
Semp. Villain, stand off! base, groveling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
Second Leader. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius: [friends.
Throw off the mask, there are none here but
Semp. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

First Leader. ——Nay, since it comes to this— [out their tongues,
Semp. Despatch them quick, but first pluck
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syphax. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted; the Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Syphax. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave? [soft
Semp. Think not thy friend can ever feel the
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syphax. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Semp. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Syphax. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Semp. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With growing beauty, and disorder'd charms,

While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremenduous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Lucia. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?
Marcia. O Lucia! Lucia! might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Lucia. I know thou'rt doom'd, alike, to be belov'd
By Juba and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius! [Sempronius?
Marcia. Still must I beg thee not to name
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero [ness:
Adds softest love, and more than female sweet-
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.
Lucia. And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain [well
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too
The inward glowings of a heart in love. [right
Marcia. While Cato lives, his daughter has no
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Lucia. But should this father give you to Sempronius? [should—
Marcia. I dare not think he will: but if he
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with Numidian guards.*

Semp. The deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But, hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.—Hah! dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter JUBA.

Juba. What do I see? who's this that dare usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?
Semp. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!
Juba.——What can this mean? Sempronius!
Semp. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart. [barous man!
Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, bar-
[SEMP. *falls. His guards surrender.*
Semp. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*
Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Lucia. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.
Marcia. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!
Lucia. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.
Marcia. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
Lucia. What can I think or say to give thee comfort? [ills:
Marcia. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.
[*Enter* JUBA *listening.*
I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
Juba. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,

And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy! [woes,
Lucia. Here will I stand, companion in thy
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own. [breast.
Marcia. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
Juba. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart? [charms,
Marcia. Oh! he was all made up of love and
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Juba. I shall run mad--
Marcia. ———O Juba! Juba! Juba!
Juba. What means that voice! did she not call on Juba? [dead!
Marcia. Why do I think on what he was! he's
He's dead, and never knew how much I loved him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd called me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Juba. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!
Marcia. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—
Juba. ———See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Marcia. With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Juba ———A wretch,
Disguised like Juba on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Marcia. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Juba. I'm lost in ecstacy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?
Marcia. ———And dost thou live to ask it?
Juba. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!
Marcia. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I loved thee.
Juba. O fortunate mistake!
Marcia. ———O happy Marcia! [wish!
Juba. My joy! my best beloved! my only
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Marcia. Lucia, thy arm! O let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
Juba. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph;
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

SCENE IV.

A march at a distance.

CATO, LUCIUS.

Lucius. I stand astonish'd! what, the bold Sempronius! [patriots,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. ———Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.
[*Enter* PORTIUS.
But see where Portius comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?
Portius. ———My heart is grieved.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Portius. ———Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and called to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato. Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
[*Exit Portius.*
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.
Lucius. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Lucius. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba! the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.
Lucius. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
Cato. ——What's thy crime?
Juba. I'm a Numidian.
Cato. ——And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.
Juba. ——Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?
Cato. ——Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Juba. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distrest.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Juba. What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Portius. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—
Cato. ——Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
Portius. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm satisfied.
Portius. ——Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.
Portius. ——Long may they keep asunder!
Lucius. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Juba. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
Cato. ——Alas! my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flowed not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*
Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
Lucius. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Lucius. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
—Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—
Juba. ——If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great: at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Cæsar toiled with his own hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Portius. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune, crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

CATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untried being, [pass?
Through what new scenes and changes must we
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

SCENE II.

CATO, PORTIUS.

Cato. But, hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?
Portius. ———Alas! my father! [death?
What means this sword? this instrument of
Let me convey it hence!
Cato. ———Rash youth, forbear!
Portius. O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends, [you.
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—
Portius. ———Look not thus sternly on me:
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—
Portius. ———O, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? be not displeased,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Portius. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart. [duct.
Cato. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my con-
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him:
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.
Portius. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS, MARCIA.

Portius. O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!

Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

Marcia. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

SCENE IV.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Marcia. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Lucia. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Marcia. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Lucia. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplext distress,
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Marcia. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

Lucia. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?

Marcia. Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar thou canst not hurt me.

Marcia. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

Lucius. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Lucius. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Portius. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty. [way,
But hark! what means that groan! O give me
And let me fly into my father's presence.
[*Exit* PORTIUS

Lucius. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country—hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—

Marcia. ———Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Portius. ———O sight of woe:
O Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—

Lucius. ———O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

Portius. ———I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.
[*The back scene opens, and discovers* CATO.

Marcia. O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

Lucius. Now is Rome fallen indeed!
[CATO *brought forward in his chair.*

Cato. ———Here set me down—
Portius come near me—are my friends embarked?
Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children:
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia,
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have matched his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—
—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh!
[*Dies.*

Lucius. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath,
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

EPILOGUE, BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do:
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weighed;
Too oft they're cancelled, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse;
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix:
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate!
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

THE DRUMMER,

OR

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A COMEDY.

——Falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus.——————
Hor.

PREFACE.

Having recommended this play to the town, and delivered the copy of it to the bookseller, I think myself obliged to give some account of it.

It had been some years in the hands of the author, and falling under my perusal, I thought so well of it, that I persuaded him to make some additions and alterations to it, and let it appear upon the stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and liked it the better, for the want of those studied similes and repartees which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play, by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Moliere's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother-sharers were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good action as ever I saw on the stage.

The reader will consider that I speak here, not as the author, but as the patentee; which is, perhaps, the reason why I am not diffuse in the praises of the play, lest I should seem like a man who cries up his own wares only to draw in customers.

RICHARD STEELE.

PROLOGUE.

In this grave age, when comedies are few,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Though 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the author fair,
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and blank verse have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,
Roundheads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe,)
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.
Our author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And bashful in his first attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.
Censure, when no man knows who writes the play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty critics will not blast, for shame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Goodnatur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend:
Each wit may praise it, for his own dear sake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take.
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,
Depend upon it—he'll remain incog.
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,
And, like a culprit, join the hue-and-cry.
If cruel men are still averse to spare
These scenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Though with a ghost our comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, jointure-hunting devil;
An am'rous ghost, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of flesh and blood—as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this house is too much haunted.

THE DRUMMER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR GEORGE TRUMAN.
TINSEL.
FANTOME, *the Drummer.*
VELLUM, *Sir George Truman's steward.*
BUTLER.
COACHMAN.
GARDENER.

WOMEN.

LADY TRUMAN.
ABIGAIL.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A great hall.

Enter the BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDENER.

But. There came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to inquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always lived in sober families. I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a very good woman—if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her—come, here's her health.

But. It's a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar last night, that I'm afraid he'll sour all the beer in my barrels.

Coach. Why then, John, we ought to take it off as fast as we can—here's to you. He rattled so loud under the tiles last night, that I verily thought the house would have fallen over our heads. I durst not go up into the cockloft this morning, if I had not got one of the maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my bedposts—I marvel, John, how he gets into the house when all the gates are shut.

But. Why look ye, Peter, your spirit will creep you into the auger-hole:—he'll whisk ye through a keyhole, without so much as justling against one of the wards.

Coach. Poor madam is mainly frighted, that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my master that was killed in the last campaign.

But. Out of all manner of question, Robin, 'tis Sir George. Mrs. Abigail is of opinion it can be none but his honour; he always loved the wars, and you know was mightily pleased from a child with the music of a drum.

Gard. I wonder his body was never found after the battle.

But. Found! why, ye fool, is not his body here about the house? Dost thou think he can beat his drum without hands and arms?

Coach. 'Tis master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last night in the town-close.

Gard. Ah! how did he appear?

Coach. Like a white horse.

But. Pugh, Robin, I tell ye he has never appeared yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lantern, I fell across a beam that lay in my way, and faith my heart was in my mouth—I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw; why a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle—As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue, and the spayed bitch looked as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay, poor cur, she's almost frightened out of her wits.

Gard. Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

But. My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

Coach. Why may not our parson of the parish lay him?

But. No, no, no, our parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another man?

But. Why, ye fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the oaths.

Gard. Why, d'ye think John, that the spirit would take the law of him?—faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]—I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

Coach. Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

But. Pugh, this is all froth! you understand nothing of the matter—the next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done,—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

Gard. There you have it—He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'll tell him his own! but, alack, what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read.

But. Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter, thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For aught I know, he might flay thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin to cover his drum with.

Gard. A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my life! I never committed murder!

But. I verily believe thee, keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why, that's well said, John; an honest man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—why, how if he should come this minute, here would I stand. Ha! what noise is that?

But. and *Coach.* Ha! where?

Gard. The devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

But. Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! a good mistake! 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house? why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are not you at work in your garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together, and methought they looked as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

But. And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. Abagail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

Coach. I am resolved to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no farther occasion for a coach now he walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after all, to fright madam and his old servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living,) without double wages.

Abig. Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it; you first frighten yourselves, and then your neighbours.

Gard. Frightened! I scorn your words. Frightened, quoth-a!

Abig. What, you sot! are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frightened with a drum! that's a good one! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no bloodshed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a trainband drum as ever I heard in my life.

But. Prithee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

Abig. Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [*Aside.*

Gard. I scorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old Dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take him—

But. Prithee hold thy tongue.

Gard. I would take him—[*The drum beats, the* GARDNER *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

But. and *Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

Gard. Spare my life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar.

[*They all run off.*

ABIGAIL, *solo.*

Abig. So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer.—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—don't stay to beat a parley. [*The back scene opens, and discovers* FANTOME *with a drum.*

Fant. Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms, and kiss thee—if my drum did not stand in my way.

Abig. Well, o' my conscience, you are the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

Fant. There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town cannot come up to.

Abig. Oh! death may have altered you, you know—besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

Fant. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

Abig. 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter informed her.

Fant. It happens luckily that this suit of clothes of Sir George's fits me so well,—I think I can't fail hitting the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Abig. You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fant. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Abig. Pray what good did your being visible

do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty, noisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

Fant. Why, really I love thy lady so well, that though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, I could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

Abig. Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have not you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady, that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a thousand pound?

Fant. Thou art always reminding me of my promise—thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our project to bear; dost not know that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money?

Abig. Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

Fant. Dear Abigail, how I admire thy virtue!

Abig. No, no, Mr. Fantome, I defy the worst of my enemies to say I love mischief for mischief's sake.

Fant. But is thy lady persuaded that I am the ghost of her deceased husband?

Abig. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her every time your drum rattles, that her husband is chiding her for entertaining this new lover.

Fant. Prithee make use of all thy art, for I am tired to death with strolling round this wide old house, like a rat, behind a wainscot.

Abig. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the world for you to play your tricks in? there's none of the family that knows every hole and corner in it, besides myself.

Fant. Ah! Mrs. Abigail! you have had your intrigues—

Abig. For you must know, when I was a romping young girl, I was a mighty lover of hide-and-seek.

Fant. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the house as yourself.

Abig. You are very much mistaken, Mr. Fantome; but no matter for that; here is to be your station to-night. This is the place unknown to any one living, besides myself, since the death of the joiner; who, you must understand, being a lover of mine, contrived the wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I designed it for a wardrobe for my lady's cast clothes. Oh! the stomachers, stays, petticoats, commodes, laced shoes, and good things, that I have had in it—pray take care you don't break the cherry-brandy bottle that stands up in the corner.

Fant. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I hire this closet of you but for this one night—a thousand pound you know is a very good rent.

Abig. Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

Fant. I'm a thinking how Tinsel will stare when he sees me come out of the wall: for I'm resolved to make my appearance to-night.

Abig. Get you in, get you in, my lady's at the door.

Fant. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late as she did last night, or depend upon it I'll beat the tattoo.

Abig. I'm undone! I'm undone!—[*As he is going in.*] Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome, you have put the thousand pound bond into my brother's hands.

Fant. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it. [*Fantome goes in.*

Abig. No more words—vanish, vanish.

Enter LADY.

Abig. [*opening the door.*] Oh, dear madam, was it you that made such a knocking? my heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to death—I thought verily it had been the drummer.

Lady. I have been showing the garden to Mr. Tinsel; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this story of the drum.

Abig. Indeed, madam, he's a very loose man! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor master from resting in his grave.

Lady. Well! an *infidel* is such a novelty in the country, that I am resolved to divert myself a day or two at least with the oddness of his conversation.

Abig. Ah, madam! the drum begun to beat in the house as soon as ever this creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. Fantome made his addresses to you, there was not a mouse stirring in the family more than used to be—

Lady. This baggage has some design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Fantome was always thy favourite.

Abig. Ay, and should have been your's too, by my consent! Mr. Fantome was not such a slight fantastic thing as this is.—Mr. Fantome was the best-built man one should see in a summer's day! Mr. Fantome was a man of honour, and loved you! poor soul! how has he sighed when he has talked to me of my hard-hearted lady.—Well! I had as lief as a thousand pounds you would marry Mr. Fantome!

Lady. To tell thee truly, I loved him well enough till I found he loved me so much. But Mr. Tinsel makes his court to me with so much neglect and indifference, and with such an agreeable saucinesa—Not that I say I'll marry him.

Abig. Marry him, quoth-a! no, if you should, you'll be awakened sooner than married couples generally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

Lady. I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*

Abig. Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open your curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, "what dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shanked fellow?"

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always loved him while he was living,

and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk, but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

Abig. That's a likely matter indeed; did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man, when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

Lady. He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

Abig. Familiar! madam, in troth, he's downright rude.

Lady. But that you know, Abigail, shows he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

Abig. Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

Lady. But that you know, Abigail, may be only to show his wit—Then it must be owned, he is extremely talkative.

Abig. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that you know, Abigail, is a sign he has been used to good company—Then, indeed, he is very positive.

Abig. Positive! why, he contradicts you in every thing you say.

Lady. But then you know, Abigail, he has been educated at the inns of court.

Abig. A blessed education indeed! it has made him forget his catechism!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Abig. You talk as if you loved him.

Lady. Hold your tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

Tinsel. My dear widow!

Abig. My dear widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

Lady. Let him alone, Abigail, so long as he does not call me my dear wife, there's no harm done.

Tinsel. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you—your servants have made a convert of my booby. His head is so filled with this foolish story of a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a message by moonlight.

Lady. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux would that be to many a fine lady!

Abig. Then you still believe this to be a foolish story? I thought my lady had told you that she had heard it herself.

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Why, you would not persuade us out of our senses.

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

Lady. Admirably rallied! that laugh is unanswerable! now I'll be hanged if you could forbear being witty upon me if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last night.

Tinsel. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I should tell you my maid was with me!

Tinsel. Vapours! vapours! pray, my dear widow will you answer me one question?—Had you ever this noise of a drum in your head all the while your husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me ask you another question? Do you think we can hear in the country as well as you do in town?

Tinsel. Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you a cure for these imaginations.

Abig. Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have heard it myself.

Tinsel. Hark thee, child—art thou not an old maid?

Abig. Sir, if I am it is my own fault.

Tinsel. Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed, Mrs. Abigail.

Abig. Marry, sir, by your talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

Lady. Why, truly, I don't very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

Abig. A very pretty subject, indeed, for a lover to divert his mistress with.

Lady. But I suppose that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

Tinsel. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky hit, that's certain.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

Tinsel. Ah, widow, 'tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits?

Tinsel. Simplicity!

Abig. I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye sir?

Tinsel. Foolish enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. Tinsel; I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

Tinsel. Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashioned word—I'm a freethinker, child.

Abig. I am sure you are a free speaker.

Lady. Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amazed where you got all this learning! I wonder it has not spoiled your breeding.

Tinsel. To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in an error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled—

Abig. Madam, how can you hear such a profligate? he talks like the London prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying—she need not be afraid to lie by herself.

Tinsel. Ah! my dear! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits? dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other comforts of matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a man of so much knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my ignorance—you learned men are so apt to despise one!

Tinsel. No, child! I'd teach thee my principles, thou shouldst be as wise as I am—in a week's time.

Lady. Do you think your principles would make a woman the better wife?

Tinsel. Prithee, widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

Tinsel. Well enough, faith! where's the jest of rallying any thing else!

Abig. Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome talk at this rate? [*Aside.*

Tinsel. But where's this ghost! the son of a whore of a drummer? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

Abig. Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the ghost such ill language, especially when you have reason to believe it is my master.

Tinsel. That's well enough, faith, Nab; dost thou think thy master is so unreasonable as to continue his claim to his relict after his bones are laid? Pray, widow, remember the words of your contract, you have fulfilled them to a tittle—did not you marry Sir George to the tune of "till death us do part?"

Lady. I must not hear Sir George's memory treated in so slight a manner—this fellow must have been at some pains to make himself such a finished coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Give me but possession of your person, and I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a country lady come to London with frightful stories of the hall-house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy, played at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two, has been so little afraid of bugbears, that she has ventured home in a chair at all hours of the night.

Abig. Hum—saucebox. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a ghost heard of at London, except in the playhouse. 'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where there's something to amuse you every hour of the day. Life's not life in the country.

Lady. Well then, you have an opportunity of showing the sincerity of that love to me which you profess. You may give a proof that you have an affection to my person, not my jointure.

Tinsel. Your jointure! how can you think me such a dog! but child, won't your jointure be the same thing in London as in the country?

Lady. No, you're deceived! you must know it is settled on me by marriage articles, on condition that I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in repair.

Tinsel. How!

Abig. That's well put, madam.

Tinsel. Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel drum!

Tinsel. Something so venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the drum!

Tinsel. For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the drum!

Tinsel. How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

Lady. Ay, but the drum! the drum!

Tinsel. My dear, take my word for't 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bedchamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,
And act my joys though thunder shook the room.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers VELLUM *in his office, and a letter in his hand.*

Vellum. This letter astonisheth; may I believe my own eyes—or rather my spectacles—"To Humphrey Vellum, Esq. steward to the lady Truman."

"VELLUM.—I doubt not but you will be glad to hear your master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an hour. The report of my being slain in the Netherlands, has, I find, produced some disorders in my family. I am now at the George Inn; if an old man with a grey beard, in a black cloak, inquires after you, give him admittance. He passes for a conjurer, but is really Your faithful friend,

G. TRUMAN."

P. S. "Let this be a secret, and you shall find your account in it."

This amazeth me! and yet the reasons why I should believe he is still living, are manifold—First, because this has often been the case of other military adventurers.

Secondly, because the news of his death was first published in Dyer's Letter.

Thirdly, because this letter can be written by none but himself—I know his hand, and manner of spelling.

Fourthly,—

Enter BUTLER.

But. Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious! I wish he ben't a jesuit.

Vellum. Admit him immediately.

But. I wish he ben't a jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

Vellum. He says right—he is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in, and withdraw.

[*Exit* Butler.

And, fourthly, as I was saying, because—

Enter Butler *with* Sir George.

But. Sir, here is the conjurer—what a devilish long beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*

Sir George. Dear Vellum, you have received my letter; but before we proceed lock the door.

Vellum. It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*

Sir George. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

Vellum. It is his shape.

Sir George. So, now lay my beard upon the table.

Vellum. [*After having looked at* Sir George *through his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament!

Sir George. Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

Vellum. Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you were born. Your name was in all the newspapers, in the list of those that were slain.

Sir George. We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement for several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any farther arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vellum. I am—and moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her ho-nour is a discerning lady.

Sir George. I'm only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is not she pleased with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

Vellum. Sorely.

Sir George. How long did her grief last?

Vellum. Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

Sir George. Three days, say'st thou? three whole days? I'm afraid thou flatterest me!—O woman! woman!

Vellum. Grief is twofold.

Sir George. This blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*

Vellum. There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief; she was drowned in tears till such a time as the tailor had made her widow's weeds—indeed they became her.

Sir George. Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation!

Vellum. But, I must needs say, she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

Sir George. That was kind indeed! I find she grieved with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

Vellum. Her jointure is considerable.

Sir George. How this fool torments me! [*Aside.*

Vellum. Her person is amiable—

Sir George. Death! [*Aside.*

Vellum. But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope—

Sir George. And has had as many suitors.

Vellum. Several have made their overtures.

Sir George. Several!

Vellum. But she has rejected all.

Sir George. There thou revivest me—but what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

Vellum. He is young.

Sir George. Does she listen to him?

Vellum. He is gay.

Sir George. Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

Vellum. He is not ill made.

Sir George. Are the vows and protestations that past between us come to this! I can't bear the thought of it! Is Tinsel the man designed for my worthy successor?

Vellum. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months——;

Sir George. Was there ever such a dog? [*Aside.*

Vellum. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho-nour.

Sir George. I think she loved me; but I must search into this story of the drummer before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me, as a most profound person, that by my great knowledge in the curious arts can silence the drummer, and dispossess the house.

Vellum. I am going to lay my accounts before my lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho-nour to admit the trial of your art.

Sir George. I have scarce heard of any of these stories that did not arise from a love intrigue—amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho-nour who troubles the house.

Sir George. That convinces me 'tis a cheat, for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

Vellum. I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha!

Sir George. Abigail had always an ascendant over her lady, and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hanged if this ghost be not one of Abigail's familiars.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

Sir George. I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements, and she knows I have picked up a competency in your ho-nour's service.

Sir George. If thou hast, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like thee the better for

ving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In ort, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by e advice which thou givest me.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail was never deaf to me, hen I talked upon that subject. I will take an portunity of addressing myself to her in the ost pathetic manner.

Sir George. In the mean time lock me up in our office, and bring me word what success you ave—Well, sure I am the first that ever was nployed to lay himself.

Vellum. You act indeed a threefold part in his house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my o-noured master, Sir George Truman; he, he, e! you will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir George. O, Mr. Vellum, with all my eart. You know I love you men of wit and umour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou ost thy business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will emember, Vellum, your commission is twofold, rst to gain admission for me to your lady, and, econdly, to get the secret out of Abigail.

Vellum. It sufficeth. [*The scene shuts.*

Enter LADY, *solo.*

Lady. Women, who have been happy in a irst marriage, are the most apt to venture upon second. But for my part, I had a husband so very way suited to my inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another man. I have now been a widow but fourteen months, and have had twice as many lovers, all of them professed admirers of my person, but passionately in love with my jointure. I think it is a revenge I owe my sex to make an example of this worthless tribe of fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are obliged to provide for 'em. But of all my captives, Mr. Tinsel is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the diversion I give myself with him is unblamable. I'm sure 'tis necessary, to turn my thoughts off from the memory of that dear man, who has been the greatest happiness and affliction of my life. My heart would be a prey to melancholy, if I did not find these innocent methods of relieving it. But here comes Abigail. I must teaze the baggage, for I find she has taken it into her head that I am entirely at her disposal.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Madam! madam! yonder's Mr. Tinsel has as good as taken possession of your house. Marry, he says, he must have Sir George's apartment enlarged; for truly, says he, I hate to be straitened. Nay, he was so impudent as to show me the chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild fellow.

Abig. Indeed he's a very sad man, madam.

Lady. He's young, Abigail; 'tis a thousand pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

Abig. Reform him! marry, hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of life?

Abig. Ay, enough to make your heart ache.

Lady. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable fellow.

Abig. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

Lady. He's very good natured!

Abig. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

Lady. Dost thou think he loves me?

Abig. Mr. Fantome did, I am sure.

Lady. With what raptures he talked!

Abig. Yes, but 'twas in praise of your jointure-house.

Lady. He has kept bad company.

Abig. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

Lady. I have a strong fancy a good woman might reform him.

Abig. It would be a fine experiment, if it should not succeed.

Lady. Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the steward, I have no farther occasion for you at present.

[*Exit* ABIGAIL.

Enter VELLUM.

Vellum. Madam, is your ho-nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high—housekeeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to pass? I hope the drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your account, Vellum.

Vellum. [*Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene.*] A hogshead and a half of ale—it is not for the ghost's drinking—but your ho-nour's servants say they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frightened all the year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

Vellum. *Item*, two sheep, and a—where is the ox?—oh, here I have him—and an ox—your ho-nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. *Item*, bread, ten peck loaves—they cannot eat beef without bread. *Item*, three barrels of table-beer—they must have drink with their meat.

Lady. Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works. [*Aside.*

Vellum. *Item*, to Mr. Tinsel's servants, five bottles of port wine—it was by your ho-nour's order. *Item*, three bottles of sack for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

Lady. I suppose that was by your own order.

Vellum. We have been long friends, we are your ho-nour's ancient servants; sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their bus'ness; he, he, he, pardon me for being jocular.

Lady. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

Vellum. *Item*, a dozen pound of watch lights for the use of the servants.

Lady. For the use of the servants! What, are the rogues afraid of sleeping in the dark? What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wit's end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

Vellum. Madam, your ho-nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, to retrench these extravagant expenses, which so many strangers bring upon you—Secondly, to clear the house of this invisible drummer.

Lady. This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

Vellum. I beseech your ho-nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But prithee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vellum. I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a long hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white witch, a conjurer, a cunning man, a necromancer, a—

Lady. No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

Vellum. Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

Lady. Pugh, these are idle stories to amuse the country people; this can do us no good.

Vellum. It can do us no harm, my lady.

Lady. I dare say thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

Vellum. I cannot say I do; there is no danger however in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means at least get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

Vellum. I have already discoursed him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains, till he has done his work;—no cure, no money.

Lady. That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one would imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vellum. I am gone. He shall be forthcoming forthwith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardener.

But. Rare news, my lads, rare news!

Gard. What's the matter? hast thou get any more vails for us?

But. No 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another stranger come to the house?

But. Ay, such a stranger as will will make all our lives easy.

Gard. What! is he a lord?

But. A lord! no, nothing like it. He's a conjurer.

Coach. A conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my lady?

But. No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

Coach. Ay, marry, that's good news indeed; but where is he?

But. He's locked up with the steward in his office, they are laying their heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a figure.

Gard. Prithee, John, what sort of a creature is a conjurer?

But. Why he's made much as other men are, if it was not for his long grey beard.

Coach. Look ye, Peter, it stands with reason, that a conjurer should have a long grey beard—for did ye ever know a witch that was not an old woman?

Gard. Why! I remember a conjurer once at a fair, that to my thinking was a very smock-faced man, and yet he spewed out fifty yards of green ferret. I fancy, John, if thou'dst get him into the pantry and give him a cup of ale, he'd show us a few tricks. Dost think we could not persuade him to swallow one of thy case-knives for his diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter, thou art such a wiseacre! Thou dost not know the difference between a conjurer and a juggler. This man must be a very great master of his trade. His beard is at least half a yard long, he's dressed in a strange dark cloak, as black as a coal. Your conjurer always goes in mourning.

Gard. Is he a gentleman? had he a sword by his side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a man for that, a conjurer is as grave as a judge—but he had a long white wand in his hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of virtue in that wand—I fancy 'tis made out of witch-elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drumstick out of his hand.

But. No; the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him when he has him there?

But. Why then he'll overpower him with his learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in lob's pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I would advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red sea—and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

Gard. Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red sea—I warrant ye they are as plenty as fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

But. As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages—but hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay, lads! if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too—we should lead merry lives.

For to a man like me that's stout and bold,
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Scene opens, and discovers SIR GEORGE *in* VELLUM'S *office.*

Sir George. I wonder I dont hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. The fellow has been so used to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour, which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

Enter VELLUM.

Well, Vellum, I am impatient to hear your success.

Vellum. First, let me lock the door.

Sir George. Will your lady admit me?

Vellum. If this lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir George. Prithee let the lock alone at present, and answer me.

Vellum. Delays in buisness are dangerous—I must send for the smith next week—and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir George. What says your lady?

Vellum. This pen is naught, and wants mending—My lady, did you say?

Sir George. Does she admit me?

Vellum. I have gained admission for you as a conjurer.

Sir George. That's enough! I'll gain admission for myself as a husband. Does she believe there is any thing in my art?

Vellum. It is hard to know what a woman believes.

Sir George. Did she ask no questions about me?

Vellum. Sundry—she desires to talk with you herself, before you enter upon your buisness.

Sir George. But when?

Vellum. Immediately. This instant.

Sir George. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while! Why didst not tell me so? give me my cloak.—have you yet met with Abigail?

Vellum. I have not yet had an oppurtunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged some languishing glances.

Sir George. Let thee alone for that, Vellum, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy spectacles. Well! this is a most venerable cloak, after the business of this day is over, I'll make thee a present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vellum. He, he, he! would you make a conjurer of your steward?

Sir George. Prithee don't be jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my beard.

Vellum. And what will your ho–nour do with your cast beard?

Sir George. Why, faith, thy gravity wants only such a beard to it; if thou wouldst wear it with the cloak, thou wouldst make a most complete heathen philosopher. But where's my wand?

Vellum. A fine taper stick! it is well chosen. I will keep this till you are sheriff of the county. It is not my custom to let any thing be lost.

Sir George. Come, Vellum, lead the way. You must introduce me to your lady. Thou'rt the fittest fellow in the world to be a master of the ceremonies to a conjurer. *Exeunt.*

Enter ABIGAIL *crossing the stage,* TINSEL *following.*

Tinsel. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast, child?

Abig. Keep your hands to yourself. I'm going to call the steward to my lady.

Tinsel. What? Goodman Twofold? I met him walking with a strange old fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the furniture of this old mansion-house.

Abig. What does the man mean? dont think to palm me as you do my lady.

Tinsel. Prithee, Nabby, tell me one thing; what's the reason thou art my enemy?

Abig. Marry, because I'm a friend to my lady.

Tinsel. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come hither, hussy, give me a kiss: dont be ill-natured.

Abig. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—this rogue will carry off my lady if I dont take care. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Thy lips are as soft as velvet, Abigail, I must get thee a husband.

Abig. Ay, now you dont speak idly I can talk to you.

Tinsel. I have one in my eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty son of a whore?

Abig. Laud, how you talk!

Tinsel. This is a thundering dog.

Abig. What is he?

Tinsel. A private gentleman.

Abig. Ay! where does he live?

Tinsel. In the horse-guards—But he has one fault I must tell thee of. If thou canst bear with that, he's a man for thy purpose.

Abig. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what may that be?

Tinsel. He's but five-and-twenty years old.

Abig. 'Tis no matter for his age, if he has been well educated.

Tinsel. No man better, child; he'll tie a wig, toss a die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

Abig. Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate—Pray what has he?

Tinsel. Not a farthing.

Abig. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aside.*

Tinsel. But as for that I would make it up to him.

Abig. How?

Tinsel. Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

Abig. This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—[*Aside.*]—Hark! my lady's a coming!

Tinsel. Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

Abig. Ay, and so will I too—to your cost. [*Aside. Exit* ABIGAIL.

Tinsel. My dear is purely fitted up with a maid,—but I shall rid the house of her.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment, that wont be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town.—There may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer and this conceited ass. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. She loves me to distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*]—Prithee, widow, explain thyself

Lady. You must know here is a strange sort of a man come to town, who undertakes to free the house from this disturbance. The steward believes him a conjurer.

Tinsel. Ay; thy steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd figure of a man.

Tinsel. Oh! I warrant you he has studied the black art! Ha, ha, ha! Is he not an Oxford scholar?—Widow, thy house is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any widow's this day in Christendom—I think thy four chief domestics are—a withered Abigail—a superannuated steward—a ghost—and a conjurer.

Lady. [*Mimicking Tinsel.*] And you would have it inhabited by a fifth, who is a more extraordinary person than any of all these four.

Tinsel. It's a sure sign a woman loves you, when she imitates your manner. [*Aside.*]—Thou'rt very smart, my dear. But see! smoke the doctor.

Enter VELLUM, *and* SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit.*

Vellum. I will introduce this profound person to your ladyship, and then leave him with you—sir, this is her ho-nour.

Sir George. I knew it well. [*Exit* VELLUM. [*Aside, walking in a musing posture.*] That dear woman! the sight of her unmans me. I could weep for tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an indignation rise in me, to see that wretch with her: and yet I cannot but smile to see her in the company of her first and second husband at the same time.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, do you speak to him; you are used to the company of men of learning.

Tinsel. Old gentleman, thou dost not look like an inhabitant of this world; I suppose thou art lately come down from the stars. Pray what news is stirring in the zodiac?

Sir George. News that ought to make the heart of a coward tremble. Mars is now entering into the first house, and will shortly appear in all his domal dignities.—

Tinsel. Mars! Prithee, Father Grey-beard, explain thyself.

Sir George. The entrance of Mars into his house, portends the entrance of a master into this family—and that soon.

Tinsel. D'ye hear that, widow? The stars have cut me out for thy husband. This house is to have a master, and that soon.—Hark thee, old Gadbury, is not Mars very like a young fellow called Tom Tinsel?

Sir George. Not so much as Venus is like this lady.

Tinsel. A word in your ear, doctor; these two planets will be in conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir George. [*Aside, walking disturbed.*] Curse on this impertinent fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering myself.—Madam, I am told that your house is visited with strange noises.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a curiosity to see the person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your aspect shows that you have had much experience in the world. You must be a very aged man.

Sir George. My aspect deceives you; what do you think is my real age?

Tinsel. I should guess thee within three years of Methuselah. Prithee, tell me, wast not thou born before the flood?

Lady. Truly I should guess you to be in your second or third century. I warrant you, you have great grandchildren with beards of a foot long.

Sir George. Ha, ha, ha! If there be truth in man, I was but five and thirty last August. *O!* the study of the occult sciences makes a man's beard grow faster than you would imagine.

Lady. What an escape you have had, Mr. Tinsel, that you were not bred a scholar!

Tinsel. And so I fancy, doctor, thou thinkest me an illiterate fellow, because I have a smooth chin?

Sir George. Hark ye, sir, a word in your ear. You are a coxcomb by all the rules of physiognomy: but let that be a secret between you and me. [*Aside to* TINSEL.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, what is it the doctor whispers?

Tinsel. Only a compliment, child, upon two or three of my features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, doctor, examine this gentleman's face, and tell me his fortune.

Sir George. If I may believe the lines of his face, he likes it better than I do, or—than you do, fair lady.

Tinsel. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinced he's a cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a witch—go on, doctor.

Sir George. He will be cross'd in love; and that soon.

Tinsel. Prithee, doctor, tell us the truth. Dost not thou live in Moorfields?

Sir George. Take my word for it, thou shalt never live in my lady Truman's mansion-house.

Tinsel. Pray, old gentleman, hast thou never been plucked by the beard when thou wert saucy?

Lady. Nay, Mr. Tinsel, you are angry! do you think I would marry a man that dares not have his fortune told?

Sir George. Let him be angry—I matter not—he is but short-lived. He will soon die of—

Tinsel. Come, come, speak out, old Hocus, he, he, he! this fellow makes me burst with laughing. [*Forces a laugh.*

Sir George. He will soon die of a fright—or of the—let me see your nose—ay—'tis so!

Tinsel. You son of a whore! I'll run you through the body, I never yet made the sun shine through a conjurer—

Lady. Oh, fie, Mr. Tinsel! you will not kill an old man?

Tinsel. An old man! the dog says he's but five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fie, Mr. Tinsel, I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor's body. I would but have drilled a little eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

Sir George. Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or, if you will show your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

Tinsel. And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee, by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be tossed in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

Sir George, I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—And, lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves.

[*Exit* Sir George.

Tinsel. The sauciest dog I ever talked with in my whole life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting fellow; one may see he's no fool.

Tinsel. No fool! Ay, but thou dost not take him for a conjurer.

Lady. Truly I dont know what to take him for: I am resolved to employ him however. When a sickness is desperate, we often try remedies that we have no great faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Madam, the tea is ready in the parlour, as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. Tinsel, we may there talk of this subject more at leisure.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinsel.

Abigail, *sola.*

Sure never any lady had such servants as mine has! Well, if I get this thousand pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight girl—just such as I was ten years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me—for I will be flattered, that's pos! My lady's cast suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a thousand pound, I shall certainly carry off the steward—madam Vellum!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam Vellum's chaise—nay, I do not know but it may be a chariot—it will break the attorney's wife's heart—for I shall take place of everybody in the parish but my lady. If I have a son, he shall be called Fantome. But see, Mr. Vellum, as I could wish. I know his humour, and will do my utmost to gain his heart.

Enter Vellum, *with a pint of sack.*

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail, dont I break in upon you unseasonably?

Abig. Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

Vellum. I have brought with me a taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Abig. Pray set it down—I have a dram glass just by—[*Brings in a rummer.*] I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

Vellum. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

Abig. Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

Vellum. Why, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

Abig. Your debtor; for what, Mr. Vellum?

Vellum. For my heart, Mrs. Abigail—and our accounts will not be balanced between us, till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.

Vellum. But I am not used to be paid by words only, Mrs. Abigail; when will you be out of my debt?

Abig. Oh, Mr. Vellum, you make one blush—my humble service to you.

Vellum. I must answer you, Mrs. Abigail, in the country phrase—"Your love is sufficient." Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry man!

Vellum. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. Abigail, since I first broke my mind to you—it was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi,*—we have conversed together these fifteen years—and yet, Mrs. Abigail, I must drink to our better acquaintance. He, he, he—Mrs. Abigail, you know I am naturally jocose.

Abig. Ah, you men love to make sport with us silly creatures.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail, I have a trifle about me which I would willingly make you a present of. It is, indeed, but a little toy.

Abig. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vellum. It is but a little toy—scarce worth your acceptance.

Abig. Pray do not keep me in suspense; what is it, Mr. Vellum?

Vellum. A silver thimble.

Abig. I always said Mr. Vellum was a generous lover.

Vellum. But I must put it on myself, Mrs. Abigail—you have the prettiest tip of a finger—I must take the freedom to salute it.

Abig. Oh fie! you make me ashamed, Mr. Vellum; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a confusion— [*A feigned struggle.*

Vellum. This finger is not the finger of idleness: it bears the honourable scars of the needle—but why are you so cruel as not to pare your nails?

Abig. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my finger again.

Vellum. This middle finger, Mrs. Abigail, has a pretty neighbour—a wedding ring would become it mightily. He, he, he!

Abig. You're so full of your jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it?

Vellum. I design this thimble only as the forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are—indeed a twofold emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good housewife, and the other of being a good wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Abig. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

Vellum. Indeed I am serious.

Abig. I thought you had quite forsaken me—I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated vows and promises you formerly made me.

Vellum. I should as soon forget the multiplication table.

Abig. I have always taken your part before my lady.

Vellum. You have so, and I have itomed it in my memory.

Abig. For I have always looked upon your interest as my own.

Vellum. It is nothing but your cruelty can hinder them from being so.

Abig. I must strike while the iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—Well, Mr. Vellum there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching tongue!

Vellum. How? speak that again!

Abig. Why, then, in plain English, I love you.

Vellum. I'm overjoyed!

Abig. I must own my passion for you.

Vellum. I'm transported.

[*Catches her in his arms.*

Abig. Dear charming man!

Vellum. Thou sum total of all my happiness! I shall grow extravagant! I can't forbear!—to drink thy virtuous inclinations in a bumper of sack. Your lady must make haste, my duck, or we shall provide a young steward to the estate, before she has an heir to it—prithee, my dear, does she intend to marry Mr. Tinsel?

Abig. Marry him! my love, no, no! we must take care of that! there would be no staying in the house for us if she did. That young rake hell would send all the old servants a grazing. You and I should be discarded before the honeymoon was at an end.

Vellum. Prithee, sweet one, does not this drum put the thoughts of marriage out of her head?

Abig. This drum, my dear, if it be well managed, will be no less than a thousand pound in our way.

Vellum. Ay, say'st thou so, my turtle?

Abig. Since we are now as good as man and wife—I mean, almost as good as man and wife—I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vellum. Certainly my dove, not from thy yoke-fellow, thy helpmate, thy own flesh and blood!

Abig. Hush! I hear Mr. Tinsel's laugh, my lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole contrivance.

Vellum. Give me your hand, chicken.

Abig. Here, take it, you have my heart already.

Vellum. We shall have much issue.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

Vellum. John, I have certain orders to give you—and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! ay, let me alone for that.—I suppose he means being sober. [*Aside.*

Vellum. You know I have always recommended to you a method in your business; I would have your knives and forks, your spoons and napkins, your plates and glasses, laid in a method.

But. Ah, master Vellum, you are such a sweet spoken man, it does one's heart good to receive your orders.

Vellum. Method, John, makes business easy, it banishes all perplexity and confusion out of families.

But. How he talks! I could hear him all day.

Vellum. And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your sideboard, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

But. Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

Vellum. It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

But. Why, look you, master Vellum, if it be for the conjurer, the cook maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

Vellum. This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature—but he eats and drinks like other men.

But. Marry, master Vellum, he should eat

and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

Vellum. Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

But. Ha! I understand you, he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vellum. He is married, and he is not married—he hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, master Vellum, you could make a riddle. The same man old and young? How do you make that out, master Vellum?

Vellum. Thou hast heard of a snake casting his skin, and recovering his youth. Such is this sage person.

But. Nay, 'tis no wonder a conjurer should be like a serpent.

Vellum. When he has thrown aside the old conjurer's slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young gentleman as ever was seen in this house.

But. Does he intend to sup in his slough?

Vellum. That time will show.

But. Well, I have not a head for these things. Indeed, Mr. Vellum, I have not understood one word you have said this half hour.

Vellum. I did not intend thou shouldst—but to our business—let there be a table spread in the great hall. Let your pots and glasses be washed, and in readiness. Bid the cook provide a plentiful supper, and see that all the servants be in their best liveries.

But. Ay! now I understand every word you say. But I would rather hear you talk a little in that t'other way.

Vellum. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by.—Bid Susan lay two pillows upon your lady's bed.

But. Two pillows! Madam wont sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double woman too?

Vellum. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. Abigail! I think I hear her chiding the cook maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my turn next; she, I am sure, speaks plain English, one may easily understand every word she says.

[*Exit* BUTLER.

VELLUM, *solus.*

Vellum. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them.—But see, Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

Enter ABIGAIL.

Abig. Ha! Mr. Vellum.

Vellum. What brings my sweet one hither?

Abig. I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surprised.

Vellum. That would be as much as thy thousand pound is worth.

Abig. I'll speak low—walls have ears.

[*Pointing at the wainscot.*

Vellum. But hark you, ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

Abig. That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vellum. No, no, my child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Abig. You will always be waggish.

Vellum. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

Abig. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

Vellum. Adieu, my pretty one.

Abig. Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

Vellum. My pretty one.—

[*As he is going off.*

Abig. Dear Mr. Vellum?

Vellum. My pretty one! [*Exit* VELLUM.

ABIGAIL, *sola.*

I have him—if I can but get this thousand pound.

[FANTOME *gives three raps upon his drum behind the wainscot.*

Abig. Ha! three raps upon the drum! the signal Mr. Fantome and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me.

[FANTOME *raps again.*

Abig. Very well, I hear you; come fox, come out of your hole.

Scene opens, and FANTOME *comes out.*

Abig. You may leave your drum in the wardrobe, till you have occasion for it.

Fant. Well, Mrs. Abigail, I want to hear what is doing in the world.

Abig. You are a very inquisitive spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of yourself, you will be laid this evening.

Fant. I have overheard something of that matter. But let me alone for the doctor—I'll engage to give a good account of him. I am more in pain about Tinsel. When a lady's in the case, I'm more afraid of one fop than twenty conjurers.

Abig. To tell you truly, he presses his attacks with so much impudence, that he has made more progress with my lady in two days, than you did in two months.

Fant. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another interview. There's nothing makes a lover so keen as being kept up in the dark.

Abig. Pray no more of your distant bows, your respectful compliments—really, Mr. Fantome, you're only fit to make love across a tea table.

Fant. My dear girl! I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good advice.

Abig. Ay, now I have some hopes of you; but why dont you do so to my lady?

Fant. Child, I always thought your lady loved to be treated with respect.

Abig. Believe me, Mr. Fantome, there is not so great a difference between woman and woman as you imagine. You see Tinsel has nothing but his sauciness to recommend him.

Fant. Tinsel is too great a coxcomb to be capable of love—and let me tell thee, Abigail, a

man who is sincere in his passion; makes but a very awkward profession of it—but I'll mend my manners.

Abig. Ay, or you'll never gain a widow.—Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my lady, and let me see how you'll behave yourself.

Fant. I'm afraid, child, we han't time for such a piece of mummery.

Abig. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your part well.

Fant. Why then, dear Mrs. Ab——I mean lady Truman.

Abig. Ay! but you han't saluted me.

Fant. That's right: faith, I forgot that circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] Nectar and ambrosia!

Abig That's very well—

Fant. How long must I be condemned to languish! when shall my sufferings have an end! my life! my happiness, my all is wound up in you—

Abig. Well! why dont you squeeze my hand?

Fant. What, thus?

Abig. Thus? Ay--now throw your arm about my middle; hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a volley of rapture and nonsense, till you are out of breath.

Fant. Transport and ecstacy! where am I! my life! my bliss!--I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die!

Abig. Go on, go on.

Fant. Flames and darts—bear me to the gloomy shade, rocks and grottoes—flowers, zephyrs, and purling streams.

Abig. Oh! Mr. Fantome, you have a tongue would undo a vestal! you were born for the ruin of our sex.

Fant. This will do then, Abigail?

Abig. Ay, this is talking like a lover. Though I only represent my lady, I take a pleasure in hearing you. Well, o' my conscience when a man of sense has a little dash of the coxcomb in him, no woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the thousand pound is as good as in my pocket.

Fant. I shall think it an age till I have an opportunity of putting this lesson in practice.

Abig. You may do it soon, if you make good use of your time; Mr. Tinsel will be here with my lady at eight, and at nine the conjurer is to take you in hand.

Fant. Let me alone with both of them.

Abig. Well! forewarned, forearmed. Get into your box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your favour. [FANTOME *goes in.*

Exit ABIGAIL.

Enter VELLUM.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail is withdrawn.—I was in hopes to have heard what passed between her and her invisible correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

Tinsel. Vellum! Vellum!

Vellum. Vellum! We are, methinks, very familiar; I am not used to be called so by any but their ho-nours.—[*Aside.*]—What would you, Mr. Tinsel?

Tinsel. Let me beg a favour of thee, old gentleman.

Vellum. What is that, good sir?

Tinsel. Prithee run and fetch me the rent-roll of thy lady's estate.

Vellum. The rent-roll?

Tinsel. The rent-roll? ay, the rent-roll! dost not understand what that means?

Vellum. Why, have you thoughts of purchasing of it?

Tinsel. Thou hast hit it, old boy; that is my very intention.

Vellum. The purchase will be considerable.

Tinsel. And for that reason I have bid thy lady very high—she is to have no less for it than this entire person of mine.

Vellum. Is your whole estate personal, Mr. Tinsel?—he, he, he!

Tinsel. Why, you queer old dog, you dost pretend to jest, d' ye? Look ye, Vellum, if you think of being continued my steward, you must learn to walk with your toes out.

Vellum. An insolent companion! [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that dangling of thy arms.

Vellum. An ungracious bird! [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Thou shalt lend me a couple of thousand pounds.

Vellum. A very profligate! [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Look ye, Vellum, I intend to be kind to you—I'll borrow some money of you.

Vellum. I cannot but smile to consider the disappointment this young fellow will meet with; I will make myself merry with him.—[*Aside.*] And so, Mr. Tinsel, you promise you will be a very kind master to me? [*Stifling a laugh.*

Tinsel. What will you give for a life in the house you live in?

Vellum. What do you think of five hundred pounds?—ha, ha, ha!

Tinsel. That's too little.

Vellum. And yet it is more than I shall give you—and I will offer you two reasons for it.

Tinsel. Prithee, what are they?

Vellum. First, because the tenement is not in your disposal; and secondly, because it never will be in your disposal: and so fare you well, good Mr. Tinsel. Ha, ha, ha, you will pardon me for being jocular. [*Exit* VELLUM.

Tinsel. This rogue is as saucy as the conjurer; I'll be hanged if they are not akin.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, what, all alone? You freethinkers are great admirers of solitude.

Tinsel. No, faith, I have been talking with thy steward; a very grotesque figure of a fellow, the very picture of one of our benchers. How can you bear his conversation?

Lady. I keep him for my steward, and not my companion. He's a sober man.

Tinsel. Yes, yes, he looks like a pot—a queer old dog as ever I saw in my life: we must turn him off, widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

Lady. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the reputation of being a very honest man.

Tinsel. What, I suppose he goes to church.

Lady. Goes to church! so do you too, I hope.

Tinsel. I would for once, widow, to make sure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. Tinsel, a husband who would ot continue to go thither, would quickly forget ne promises he made there.

Tinsel. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiulous! Well then, I warrant thee, widow, hou wouldst not for the world marry a sabbathreaker!

Lady. Truly, they generally come to a bad nd. I remember the conjurer told you you were hort-lived.

Tinsel. The conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tinsel. Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her hand.*

Lady. I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Thou art the idol I adore. Here must I pay my devotion.—Prithee, widow, hast thou any timber upon thy estate?

Lady. The most impudent fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. I take notice thou hast a great deal of old plate here in the house, widow.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, you are a very observing man.

Tinsel. Thy large silver cistern would make a very good coach; and half a dozen salvers that I saw on the sideboard, might be turned into six as pretty horses as any that appear in the ring.

Lady. You have a very good fancy, Mr. Tinsel—what pretty transformations you could make in my house. But I'll see where it will end. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. Then I observe, child, you have two or three services of gilt plate; we'd eat always in china, my dear.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent manager—how quickly you have taken an inventory of my goods!

Tinsel. Now hark ye, widow, to show you the love that I have for you—

Lady. Very well, let me hear.

Tinsel. You have an old-fashioned gold caudle-cup, with the figure of a saint upon the lid on't.

Lady. I have; what then?

Tinsel. Why look ye, I'd sell the caudle-cup with the old saint for as much money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a diamond buckle, and make you a present of it.

Lady. Oh, you are generous to an extravagance. But pray, Mr. Tinsel, dont dispose of my goods before you are sure of my person. I find you have taken a great affection to my moveables.

Tinsel. My dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I see you do, sir, you need not make any protestations upon that subject.

Tinsel. Pugh, pugh, my dear, we are growing serious, and, let me tell you, that's the very next step to being dull. Come, that pretty face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, sir, whatever you may think, marriage is a serious subject.

Tinsel. For that very reason, my dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I should be very much in haste for a husband, if I married within fourteen months after Sir George's decease.

Tinsel. Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question: dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a twelvemonth hence?

Lady. Yes: but decency, Mr. Tinsel—

Tinsel. Or dost thou think thou'lt be more a widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The world would say I never loved my first husband.

Tinsel. Ah, my dear, they would say you loved your second: and they would own I deserved it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what would people think?

Tinsel. Think! why they would think thee the mirror of widowhood.—That a woman should live fourteen whole months after the decease of her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about town, we know many a woman of quality's second husband several years before the death of the first.

Lady. Ay, I know you wits have your common-place jests upon us poor widows.

Tinsel. I'll tell you a story, widow; I know a certain lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband, had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such desperate rivals for her while her husband was alive, that one of them pinked the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

Lady. And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

Tinsel. Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

Tinsel. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the difference, my dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tinsel. Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tinsel. About this time, say'st thou? Come, faith, for the humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tinsel. Serious! never fear me, child. Ha, ha, ha! dost not hear him.

Lady. You break your word already. Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to show your wit or your teeth?

Tinsel. Why, both! my dear.—I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, child; I fancy thou hear'st the drum, dost not?

Lady. Dont talk so rashly.

Tinsel. Why, my dear, you could not look more frightened if you had Lucifer's drum-major in your house.

Lady. Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you

no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of talking.

Tinsel. Child, I thought I had told you what is my opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of tea but just now.—There is no such thing, I give thee my word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

Tinsel. For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this fellow's vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

Tinsel. I'll tell thee what, now, widow,—I would engage by the help of a white sheet and a pennyworth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a whole country village out of their senses, and the vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what noise is that? Heaven defend us! this is more than fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tinsel. 'Tis very dreadful! what a dog have I been to speak against my conscience, only to show my parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not angered it by your foolish discourse.

Tinsel. Indeed, madam, I did not speak from my heart; I hope it will do me no hurt for a little harmless raillery.

Lady. Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it would break through the wall.

Tinsel. What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*Scene opens and discovers* FANTOME.

Tinsel. Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir George! 'tis my husband. [*She faints.*

Tinsel. Now would I give ten thousand pound that I were in town. [FANTOME *advances to him drumming.*] I beg ten thousand pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [FANTOME *still advances drumming.*] By my soul, Sir George, I was not in earnest [*falls on his knees,*] have compassion on my youth, and consider I am but a coxcomb—[FANTOME *points to the door.*] But see he waves me off—ay, with all my heart.—What a devil had I to do with a white sheet?

[*He steals off the stage, mending his pace as the drum beats.*

Fant. The scoundrel is gone, and has left his mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes love in this house any more. I have now only the conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his reverence scamper as fast as the lover, and then the day's my own. But the servants are coming. I must get into my cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAIL *and Servants.*

Abig. O my poor lady! this wicked drum has frighted Mr. Tinsel out of his wits, and my lady into a swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh air, and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my lady, but 'tis all for her good: and I know her so well, that she would not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if my her friends should blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my hand upon my purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand pound, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his conjurer's habit,* BUTLER *marching before him with two long candles, and the two servants coming after him, one bringing a little table, and another a chair.*

But. An't please your worship, Mr. Conjurer, the steward has given all of us orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same respect as if you were our master.

Sir George. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your conjurer's worship, shall I set the table down here?

Sir George. Here, Peter.

Gard. Peter!—he knows my name by his learning. [*Aside.*

Coach. I have brought you, reverend sir, the largest elbow-chair in the house; 'tis that the steward sits in when he holds a court.

Sir George. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else?

Sir George. Paper, and a pen and ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have paper that is fit for your purpose; my lady's mourning paper, that is blacked at the edges—would you choose to write with a crow-quill?

Sir George. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the paper and standish out of the little parlour.

Coach. [*To the* GARDENER.] Peter, prithee do thou go along with me—I'm afraid—you know I went with you last night into the garden, when the cook maid wanted a handful of parsley.

But. Why, you dont think I'll stay with the conjurer by myself!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the pen and ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SIR GEORGE, *solus.*

There's nothing, I see, makes such strong alliances as fear. These fellows are all entered into a confederacy against the ghost. There must be abundance of business done in the family at this rate. But here comes the triple alliance. Who could have thought these three rogues could have found each of them an employment in fetching a pen and ink!

Enter GARDENER *with a sheet of paper,* COACHMAN *with a standish, and* BUTLER *with a pen.*

Gard. Sir, there is your paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your standish.

But. Sir, there is your crow-quill pen—I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

Gard. He forgets that he's to make a circle. [*Aside.*]—Doctor shall I help you to a bit of chalk?

Sir George. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, sir, I showed you the spot ere he's heard oftenest, if your worship can ferret him out of that old wall in the next m——

Sir George. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, John. His worship must fly all his learning at that old wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I uld have a bottle of good October by me. all I set a cup of old stingo at your elbow?

Sir George. I thank thee—we shall do with- it it.

Gard. John, he seems a very good-natured an for a conjurer.

But. I'll take this opportunity of inquiring ter a bit of plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst e is in my lady's pay, one may hedge in a ques- on or two into the bargain. Sir, sir, may I beg word in your ear?

Sir George. What wouldst thou?

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I ost one of my silver spoons last week.

Sir George. Marked with a swan's neck—

But. My lady's crest! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*] How would your worship advise me to recover it again?

Sir George. Hum!

But. What must I do to come at it?

Sir George. Drink nothing but small beer for a fortnight—

But. Small beer! Rot-gut!

Sir George. If thou drink'st a single drop of ale before fifteen days are expired—it is as much—as thy spoon—is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whisper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about Nell—

Coach. I'll take this opportunity of putting a question to him about poor Dobbin: I fancy he could give me better counsel than the farrier.

But. [*To the* GARDENER.] A prodigious man! he knows every thing: now is the time to find out thy pickaxe.

Gard. I have nothing to give him: does not he expect to have his hand crossed with silver?

Coach. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

Sir George. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched—

Sir George. A bay gelding.

Coach. How could he know that?— [*Aside.*

Sir George. Bought at Banbury.

Coach. Whew—so it was o' my conscience. [*Whistles.*

Sir George. Six years old last Lammas.

Coach. To a day. [*Aside.*] Now, sir, I would know whether the poor beast is bewitched by Goody Crouch, or Goody Flye?

Sir George. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be Goody Gurton! for she is the next old woman in the parish.

Gard. Hast thou done, Robin?

Coach. [*To the* GARDENER.] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*To* SIR GEORGE.] Sir I would beg to take you a little farther out of hearing—

Sir George. Speak.

Gard. The butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in love at the same time with a certain person.

Sir George. A woman.

Gard. How could he know that? [*Aside.*

Sir George. Go on.

Gard. This woman has lately had two children at a birth.

Sir George. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

Sir George. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I used to meet her sometimes in the garden, she has laid them both—

Sir George. To thee.

Gard. What a power of learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

Sir George. Hast thou done?

Gard. I would desire to know whether I am really father to them both?

Sir George. Stand before me, let me survey thee round. [*Lays his wand upon his head, and makes him turn about.*

Coach. Look yonder, John, the silly dog is turning about under the conjurer's wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puffed off in a whirlwind immediately.

Sir George. Twins, dost thou say? [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay; are they both mine d'ye think?

Sir George. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. Abigail will have me take care of them both—she's always for the butler—if my poor master Sir George had been alive, he would have made him go halves with me.

Sir George. What, was Sir George a kind master?

Gard. Was he! ay, my fellow-servants will bear me witness.

Sir George. Did ye love Sir George?

But. Every body loved him—

Coach. There was not a dry eye in the parish at the news of his death—

Gard. He was the best neighbour—

But. The kindest husband—

Coach. The truest friend to the poor—

But. My good lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the death of her—

Sir George. I protest these fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter VELLUM.

Vellum. Have you provided the doctor every thing he has occasion for? if so—you may depart. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir George. I can as yet see no hurt in my wife's behaviour; but still have some certain pangs and doubts, that are natural to the heart of a fond man. I must take the advantage of my disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It would neither be for her happiness, nor mine, to make myself known to her till I am so. [*Aside.*] Dear Vellum! I am impatient to hear some news of my wife, how does she after her fright?

Vellum. It is a saying somewhere in my lord Coke, that a widow—

Sir George. I ask of my wife, and thou talk'st to me of my lord Coke—prithee tell me how she does, for I am in pain for her.

Vellum. She is pretty well recovered, Mrs. Abigail has put her in good heart; and I have given her great hopes from your skill.

Sir George. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus—

Vellum. You will still fancy you are a living man.

Sir George. That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife—

Vellum. You have no right in her, after your demise: death extinguishes all property,—*Quoad hanc*—it is a maxim in the law.

Sir George. A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel?

Vellum. He rushed out of the house, called for his horse, clapped spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I—can—tell—ten.

Sir George. This is whimsical enough! my wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day—Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

Vellum. Ev'n as one wedge driveth out another—he, he,he! you must pardon me for being jocular.

Sir George. Was there ever such a provoking blockhead! but he means me well. [*Aside.*] Well! I must have satisfaction of this traitor Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over; all I require of you is despatch, therefore hear me.

Vellum. There is nothing more requisite in business than dispatch—

Sir George. Then hear me.

Vellum. It is indeed the life of business—

Sir George. Hear me then, I say.

Vellum. And as one has rightly observed, the benefit that attends it is fourfold. First—

Sir George. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

Vellum. But your ho-nour will not give me the hearing—

Sir George. Thou wilt not give me the hearing— [*Angrily.*

Vellum. I am still.

Sir George. In the first place, you are to lay my wig, hat, and sword, ready for me in the closet, and one of my scarlet coats. You know how Abigail has described the ghost to you.

Vellum. It shall be done.

Sir George. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this ghost, you are to prepare my wife for the reception of her real husband; tell her the whole story, and do it with all the art you are master of, that the surprise may not be too great for her.

Vellum. It shall be done—but since her honour has seen this apparition, she desires to see you once more before you encounter it.

Sir George. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent rogue Tinsel. I hope thou hast not told Abigail any thing of the secret.

Vellum. Mrs. Abigail is a woman; there are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention six—

Sir George. Hush, here she comes! Oh my heart!

Enter Lady *and* Abigail.

Sir George. [*Aside, while* Vellum *talks in dumb show to* Lady.] O that loved woman! how I long to take her into my arms! If I find I am still dear to her memory, it will be a return to life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this tenderness, and put on a behaviour more suitable to my present character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive posture, waving his wand.*

Lady. [*To* Vellum.] This is surprising indeed! so all the servants tell me; they say he knows every thing that has happened in the family.

Abig. [*Aside.*] A parcel of credulous fools! they first tell him their secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond looks with* Abigail.

Lady. Learned sir, may I have some conversation with you, before you begin your ceremonies?

Sir George. Speak! but hold—first let me feel your pulse.

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir George. I have already learn'd a secret from it that will astonish you.

Lady. Pray what is it?

Sir George. You will have a husband within this half hour.

Abig. [*Aside.*] I'm glad to hear that—he must mean Mr. Fantome; I begin to think there's a good deal of truth in his art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I shall see Sir George's apparition a second time.

Sir George. Have courage, you shall see the apparition no more. The husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

Abig. Mr. Fantome to be sure. [*Aside.*

Lady. Impossible! I loved my first too well.

Sir George. You could not love the first better than you will love the second.

Abig. [*Aside.*] I'll be hanged if my dear steward has not instructed him; he means Mr. Fantome to be sure; the thousand pound is our own!

Lady. Alas! you did not know sir George.

Sir George. As well as I do myself—I saw him with you in the red damask room, when he first made love to you; your mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a visit from Mrs. Hawthorn, on her return from London.

Lady. This is astonishing!

Sir George. You were a great admirer of a single life for the first half hour; your refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what ecstacy did sir George kiss your hand, when you told him you should always follow the advice of your mamma!

Lady. Every circumstance to a title!

Sir George. Then, lady! the wedding night!

I saw you in your white satin night-gown; you would not come out of your dressing-room, till Sir George took you out by force. He drew you gently by the hand—you struggled—but he was too strong for you—you blush'd. He—

Lady. Oh! stop there! go no farther!—He knows every thing. [*Aside*.

Abig. Truly, Mr. Conjurer, I believe you have been a wag in your youth.

Sir George. Mrs. Abigail, you know what your good word cost Sir George, a purse of broad pieces, Mrs. Abigail.

Abig. The devil's in him. [*Aside*.] Pray, sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my lady that I refused to take them.

Sir George. 'Tis true, child, he was forced to thrust them into your bosom.

Abig. This rogue will mention the thousand pound, if I dont take care. [*Aside*.] Pray, sir, though you are a conjurer, methinks you need not be a blab—

Lady. Sir, since, I have no reason to doubt of your art, I must beseech you to treat this apparition gently—it has the resemblance of my deceas'd husband; if there be any undiscovered secret, any thing that troubles his rest, learn it of him.

Sir George. I must to that end be sincerely informed by you, whether your heart be engaged to another; have not you received the addresses of many lovers since his death?

Lady. I have been obliged to receive more visits than have been agreeable.

Sir George. Was not Tinsel welcome?—I'm afraid to hear an answer to my own question. [*Aside*.

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir George. Racks! [*Aside*.

Lady. Of a good family.

Sir George. Tortures! [*Aside*.

Lady. Heir to a considerable estate!

Sir George. Death! [*Aside*.] And you still love him?—I'm distracted! [*Aside*.

Lady. No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my fortune, was base, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that could be expected from a man of the vilest principles!—

Sir George. I'm recovered. [*Aside*.

Abig. Oh, madam, had you seen how like a scoundrel he looked when he left your ladyship in a swoon. Where have you left my lady? says I. In an elbow chair, child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To town, child, says he: for to tell thee truly, child, says he, I I dont care for living under the same roof with the devil, says he.

Sir George. Well, lady, I see nothing in all this that may hinder Sir George's spirit from being at rest.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what passes in my heart, he cannot but be satisfied of that fondness which I bear to his memory. My sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest—Tears will not let me go on—

Sir George. This quite o'erpowers me—I shall discover myself before my time. [*Aside*.] Madam, you may now retire and leave me to myself.

Lady. Success attend you!

Abig. I wish Mr. Fantome gets well off from this old don—I know he'll be with him immediately. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigail.

Sir George, *solus*.

My heart is now at ease, she is the same dear woman I left her.—Now for my revenge upon Fantome—I shall cut the ceremonies short—a few words will do his business.—Now let me seat myself in form—a good easy chair for a conjurer this! Now for a few mathematical scratches—a good lucky scrawl that—faith I think it looks very astrological—these two or three magical pothooks about it, make it a complete conjurer's scheme. [*Drum beats*.] Ha, ha, ha, sir, are you there? Enter drummer. Now must I pore upon my paper.

Enter Fantome, *beating his drum*.

Sir George. Prithee dont make a noise, I'm busy. [Fantome *beats*] A pretty march! prithee beat that over again. [*He beats and advances*.

Sir George. [*Rising*.] Ha! You're very perfect in the step of a ghost. You stalk it majestically. [Fantome *advances*.] How the rogue stares! he acts it to admiration! I'll be hanged if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. Abigail's wardrobe. [Fantome *starts, gives a rap upon his drum*.] Prithee dont play the fool! [Fantome *beats*.] Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. Fantome.

Fant. [*Aside*.] Death! I'm discovered. This jade Abigail has betrayed me.

Sir George. Mr. Fantome, upon the word of an astrologer, your thousand pound bribe will never gain my lady Truman.

Fant. 'Tis plain she has told him all. [*Aside*.

Sir George. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my art, Mr. Ghost will have his bones broke.

Fant. [*To* Sir George.] Look ye, old gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this secret from Mrs. Abigail.

Sir George. I have learnt it from my art.

Fant. Thy art! prithee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my counsel, I'll give thee ten broad pieces—

Sir George. I am not mercenary! Young man, I scorn thy gold.

Fant. I'll make them up twenty—

Sir George. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an apparition, as shall—

Fant. An apparition, old gentleman! you mistake your man, I am not to be frightened with bugbears—

Sir George. Let me retire but for a few moments, and I will give thee such a proof of my art—

Fant. Why, if thou hast any hocus pocus tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir George. The raising of a spirit requires certain secret mysteries to be performed, and words to be muttered in private—

Fant. Well, if I see through your trick, will you promise to be my friend?

Sir George. I will.—Attend and tremble. [*Exit*.

Fantome, *solus*.

A very solemn old ass! but I smoke him—he

has a mind to raise his price upon me. I could not think this slut would have used me thus—I begin to grow horribly tired of my drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However, I have got this by it, that it has driven off Tinsel for good and all; I shant have the mortification to see my mistress carried off by such a rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this old fellow's mouth, I must not be sparing in hush-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George *in his own habit.*

Fant. Ha! what's that! Sir George Truman! This can be no counterfeit. His dress! his shape! his face! the very wound of which he died! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

Sir George. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir George—the enemy has left me master of the field: here are the marks of my victory. This drum will I hang up in my great hall as the trophy of the day.

Enter Abigail.

Sir George *stands with his hand before his face in a musing posture.*

Abig. Yonder he is. O' my conscience he has driven off the conjurer. Mr. Fantome, Mr. Fantome! I give you joy, I give you joy. What do you think of your thousand pounds now? Why does not the man speak?

[*Pulls him by the sleeve.*

Sir George. Ha!

[*Taking his hand from his face.*

Abig. Oh! 'tis my master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

Sir George. Good Mrs. Abigail not so fast.

Abig. Are you alive, sir?—He has given my shoulder such a cursed tweak! they must be real fingers. I feel them I'm sure.

Sir George. What dost think?

Abig. Think, sir? Think? Troth I dont know what to think. Pray, sir, how—

Sir George. No questions, good Abigail. Thy curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your lady?

Abig Oh, I am so frighted—and so glad!—

Sir George. Where's your lady, I ask you—

Abig. Marry I dont know where I am myself—I can't forbear weeping for joy—

Sir George. Your lady! I say your lady! I must bring you to yourself with one pinch more—

Abig. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the steward.

Sir George. Then he has opened the whole story to her, I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter Lady, *followed by* Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his arms! my life! my soul! my husband!

Sir George. Oh! let me catch thee to my heart, dearest of women!

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir George. My heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir George. It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed. There will be now no doubts to dash it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfied that it is not in the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

Sir George. And I am satisfied that it is not in the power of death to destroy that love which makes me the happiest of men.

Lady. Was ever woman so blest! to find again the darling of her soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir George. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the steward told us, lads! look you there, if he ben't with my lady already.

Gard. He, he, he! what a joyful night will this be for madam!

Coach. As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisked by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour.

Gard. Hast given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy head about that, 'tis done.

Sir George. [*To* Lady.] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bless your honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The same good man that ever he was!

Gard. Hurra!

Sir George. Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lovest Abigail, but she's disappointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a thousand pound with her. It is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

Lady. What you do for Abigail, I know is meant as a compliment to me. This is a new instance of your love.

Abig. Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man: pray do you thank my master and my lady.

Sir George. Vellum, I hope you are not displeased with the gift I make you.

Vellum.

The gift is twofold. I receive from you
A virtuous partner, and a portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the donors:
And so we bid good night to both your ho-nors.

THE EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

To-night the poet's advocate I stand,
And he deserves the favour at my hand,
Who in my equipage their cause debating
Has plac'd two lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the first should from their duty swerve,
There's one behind the wainscot in reserve.
In his next play, if I would take this trouble,
He promis'd me to make the number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging creature,
For though 'tis simple, yet it shows good nature.
My help thus ask'd, I could not choose but grant it,
And really I thought the play would want it,
Void as it is of all the usual arts
To warm your fancies, and to steal your hearts:
No court-intrigue, nor city cuckoldom,
No song, no dance, no music—but a drum—
No smutty thought in doubtful phrase exprest;
And, gentlemen, if so, pray where's the jest?
When we would raise your mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in strictness, you should laugh or no,
But turn upon the ladies in the pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis wit.

Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair
Of all conditions are his equal care.
He draws a widow, who of blameless carriage,
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,
Out of one man contrives two wedding-nights;
Nay, to oblige the sex in every state,
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,
With ill-bred raillery supplied the stage;
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
Our author deals not in conceits so stale;
For should th' examples of his play prevail,
No man need blush, though true to marriage vows,
Nor be a jest though he should love his spouse.
Thus has he done you British consorts right,
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.

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